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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Since the publication of the first number of Mr. LELAND's version of "HEINE's Pictures of Travel," the publisher has frequently realized from personal assurances and letters from eminent literary authorities, both in America and Europe, that such an undertaking was not only acceptable to the reading public, but that it has been executed with remarkable fidelity and spirit. He avails himself of this opportunity to return his sincerest thanks to those who have so kindly approved the work, including, of course, those members of the press who have favored it with examination and criticism.

The first translation of a classic work into another language is almost always an unenviable task, particularly when the work in question is of so very difficult a nature as the *Reisebilder*, and in which, as in our "new lands" of the West, a very great proportion of the labor which they demand falls upon him who first breaks ground. In face of these facts, the publisher is both gratified and grateful that the numerous notices, which the work has received from the press, have been, almost without exception, of the most favorable nature, and that those journals, which had most frequently manifested a thorough familiarity with HEINE, have been the ones which have most decidedly praised the merits of Mr. LELAND's translation.

The following selections will satisfy the reader, that the publisher's debt of gratitude to the press is not without foundation :

The *London Leader* of September 1st, 1855, contains a long and brilliant review of Mr. Leland's translation of the Pictures of Travel, from which I extract the following :

"Nature one day resolved to make a witty German. But as this supreme paradox was not to be achieved all at once, it happened that in the ardour of a great purpose, she mistook Hebrew blood for German, and while she was busy adding the wit, allowed the best moral qualities of the German to slip out of her hands. So, instead of the witty Teuton she intended, she would have produced merely a Volturnian Jew, speaking the German language, if she had not, perceiving her mistake before it was too late, superadded, as some compensation for the want of *morale*, a passionate heart, blending its emotions with the most delicate and imaginative sensibility to the beauties of earth and sky, and a supreme lyrical genius which could weave the wit, and the passion, and the imagination into songs light and lovely as the rainbows on the spray of the summer torrent.

"Thus it came to pass that we have that wonderful human com-

pound, Heinrich Heine, a writer who is master of a German prose as light and subtle, and needle-pointed as Voltaire's French, and of a poetic style as crystalline, as graceful, and as musical as that of Goethe's best lyrics; but a writer who is destitute of the distinct moral conviction which often inspired Voltaire, and still more utterly destitute of the profound wisdom and the depth of love and reverence which roll like a deep river under the sparkling, dimpling surface of Goethe's song. Indeed, we know nothing more likely to impress a reader with the grander elements of Goethe's mind than a comparison of his lyrics with Heine's, for the very reason that Heine quite equals Goethe in all the charms of *mere song*; and has one quality mingling itself with his lyrical power which Goethe had not—namely, wit; or rather to express it more specifically, French *esprit*. For, alien as this quality might seem to passionate love-songs and thrilling legendary pictures, such as form the majority of Heine's poems, it is, nevertheless, almost every where present, giving your rising tears the accompaniment of a laugh, and before you have lost the cold shudder at his spectral visions, appealing irresistibly to your sense of fun. We cannot agree with his very clever American translator, that *Humor* is Heine's grand characteristic. He certainly has humor—perhaps even enough to set up an inferior genius as a humorist—but we think it will be found that his greatest effects in prose, and most of the contrasts that startle us in his poetry arise from a Mephistophelean wit, a *verneinender Geist*, rather than from humor which affirms all that is genuinely human, instead of denying it, and is in fact, an exuberant sympathy acting in company with a sense of the ludicrous, while wit is the critical intellect acting in company with that same sense. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there are many passages of Sterne-like humor in Heine, and herein he is least akin to the French, and most nearly allied to the broader, deeper German nature, which atones for the want of *esprit* by something which *esprit* will never supersede—loving earnestness."

"But it is time to turn from such rambling remarks to the object that suggested them—namely, the translation of Heine's *Reisebilde*, by a very gifted American. Of Heine, more even than of the majority of poets, we must say he is untranslatably felicitous. Hence when we praise Mr. Leland's translation—and we do so very sincerely—we must not be understood to mean that it will give the English reader a true conception of Heine's genius. Mr. Leland has that grand requisite of a translator, rigorous faithfulness; he has also poetical sensibility, command of language, and an evidently acute perception of wit; in short he spoils Heine's poems perhaps as little as it is possible to spoil them in a translation. This may not seem to be high praise, but we firmly believe that it is the very highest praise that can ever be given to a translation of Heine's poems, and we recommend the reader who is hopeless of knowing these poems in the original to make his acquaintance with them through Mr. Leland's version."

The *London Athenæum* of December 29, 1855, contains a review of the "Pictures of Travel by HENRY HEINE, translated by CHARLES G. LELAND," As the *Athenæum*, from its frequent and admirably written articles on HEINE is entitled to the consideration due to the highest English authority on the subject; the American publisher takes the liberty of giving the main portion of its views both as to the merits and demerits of *the translation*. As regards the very few inaccuracies subsequently pointed out by the reviewer, he feels called on to state that the circumstances under which the version was produced were such as to render it a matter of surprise that they are so limited in number.

"Mr. Leland has ably acquitted himself of a very difficult task,—reproducing the spirit of the original as much, perhaps as is possible, where so eccentric a writer, whose wit turns so much upon peculiarities of expression, has to be dealt with, and bringing to bear a copious knowledge of things as an assistance in finding proper equivalents for words. Particularly prominent is his erudition in the "Burschikos" language—*i. e.* the slang of the students,—which frequently occurs in the '*Reisebilder*,' and the notes that he appends in explanation of the phrases, proper to this classic tongue, will render his translation valuable to many even of those who can read Heine in the original.

"We would however suggest a careful revision of the work in case a subsequent impression is intended. Mr. Leland is evidently too familiar with the language and the allusions of Heine to sin from mere ignorance, but here and there we have noticed a mistake of carelessness which might as well be weeded out."

'The *London Literary Gazette* of Oct. 13, 1855, in a brief notice speaks of Heine's Pictures of Travel, translated by CHARLES G. LELAND, as a literal translation which will give an idea of the original subject to those not acquainted with German.

DR. R. W. GRISWOLD'S "Poets and Poetry of America," edition of 1855, p. 595, contains the following :

"MR. LELAND'S 'Pictures of Travel,' translated from the German of HENRY HEINE, is an admirable rendering of the great wits, '*Reisebilder*,' in which the spirit of the original is given with a point and elegance rarely equalled in English versions of German poetry, while the whole is singularly literal and exact."

The *New York Knickerbocker Magazine* of February, 1856, contains the following :

"MR. LELAND has made translations of popular songs, ballads, and minor poems from almost all the languages of ancient and modern Europe. From the French of all *patois*, and from the Langue d'Oc and the Langue d'Oil of the Troubadour and the Trouvere; from the German of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine; from the most obscure

and corrupted German of the provinces, and from the German of the '*Nibelungen Lied*,' and of the Minnesingers; from Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Russ, Polish, Bohemian and Croatian; from the Italian of Tuscany, and from the Venetian and other dialects; from the Horatian Latin, from Monk-Latin, from the Latin of the rhyming versifiers, and from the Latin of the Macaronic poets. Here is enough, in all conscience, when we consider that these translations were carefully executed, and, as we have been informed, are strikingly after the spirit of the originals. His latest and most important effort of this kind is a translation of the '*Reisebilder*,' or 'Pictures of Travel,' of Heine, already noticed in our pages. Heine, as every one knows, is the literary idol of young Germany. His free mode of thought in religion, politics, morals, and criticism, has won him a host of admirers among a nation who are thirsting for liberty in any form, and who eagerly grasp at the shadow if the substance be denied them. Apart from the liberal tendencies of Heine, which he possesses in common with his more enlightened countrymen, no one can deny his transcendent genius. Among the more sedate and orderly lights of German literature, he blazes like a wild and erratic meteor. A poet, a humorist, a wit, a satirist, a critic, a scholar, in the highest sense of all these terms; his is a genius the like of which Germany has not seen since Goethe, and in all his fulness may never see again. To the translation of this remarkable author, Mr. Leland brings as remarkable qualifications, and faithfully has he performed his task. The common faults of translators are, that they are either so literal as to preserve the dead form of their original, in all its strange wrappings of foreign idioms, while the subtler spirit escapes, or so free as to endeavor to make the spirit manifest without the intervention of its visible form. Mr. Leland has steered a middle course between these two extremes. Both the form and essence of Heine are preserved in his translation; but without resorting to the aid of German idioms to convey ideas which can be more truthfully reproduced in our own. We shall not be guilty of the presumption of pronouncing authoritatively on the merits of Mr. Leland's translation as a translation. To do that, is to set up the claim of an equal knowledge of both languages. There are, doubtless, many who, with not half our German, or a tithe of Mr. Leland's, will write pages upon the subject. All that we wish to say is, that the 'Pictures of Travel,' in its English dress, is a delightful volume, and deserving of the widest popularity.

From the *New York Tribune*, July 31st, 1855.

No modern German writer, for either wit or wickedness, can be compared with Henry Heine. A Jew in lineage, an atheist in feeling, a devotee of the apotheosis of matter in doctrine, and a worshipper of aesthetic voluptuousness in religion, he has launched the keenest darts of satire against the most warmly cherished opinions and customs of the age. Whatever change may have come over him in his recent days of bed-ridden infirmity, he has left his stamp on

German literature, as the boldest, sharpest, wittiest, profanest and most reckless writer in the language. Still as we are bound to give the devil his due, it must be admitted that Heine exhibits an immense fund of vitality, a surprising insight into the weakness of human nature, and a certain vein of sincerity which somewhat mitigates the bitterness of his sardonic scorn. It is well remarked by the translator of this work in his discriminating preface: "It were worse than folly to attempt to palliate Heine's defects. That they exist engrained, entwined and integrate with his better qualities, admits no doubt or denial. But they have been in every age so strikingly characteristic of every writer of his class, that we are forced to believe them inseparable."

* * * * *

"The Pictures of Travel," of which we have here the first monthly instalment, has never before been published in an English translation, and is entirely beyond the reach of most "oversetters" of German. Mr. Leland, however, has acquitted himself of presumption by the manner in which he has executed his task. He not only shows an intimate knowledge of the original, but a remarkable facility in retaining the spirit of the author's pungent humor, which so easily evaporates in translation. In the poetical pieces, his mastery of English versification enables him to preserve the odd turns of the original, without too great a sacrifice of verbal fidelity.

The *Commonwealth* (Glasgow, Scotland) of September 6th, 1855, in commenting upon the *London Leader's* notice of Heine, remarks that

"We seize with delight upon the specimens of translation given in the *Leader*. The second we have not seen before. The first we happen to know with perfect intimacy and can express our assent to the cordial applause bestowed on the translator by the *Leader*. These English verses are an achievement in poetical translation."

The New York *Albion* of July 14th, 1855, says of the translation of Heine.

"It is well that an author exercising so vast an influence over the great German world should become known beyond the limits of his native tongue, and that he should have found an interpreter in this country, of a turn of mind that fits him to comprehend and appreciate so peculiar a genius, and of such skill and taste as enable him worthily to execute the difficult task of rendering him from one language into another. Mr. Leland, judging from his contributions to literature—a few of which have from time to time appeared in our columns—must have been long familiar with Heine and the school at the head of which he stands. We are not, therefore, surprised to find that this first portion of Heine's *Reisebilder*, done into English, promises us a faithful, genial, and scholarly work. * * *

We augur for it—if not the popularity that greets many a trashy bit of fustian—a cordial welcome from the elite of readers. There are,

we know, men by the score, who cannot for the life of them discover the merits of Rabelais, Sterne, Swift, Beranger, Carlyle, and others, who—widely as they differ from each other, possess in common the rare gift of originality. To such we cannot recommend Heine. We turn him over to the few who can pardon much that runs counter to their views or prejudices, for the sake of what they may gather that is earnest, suggestive, humorous, or pathetic, in a “witty, wise and wicked” writer. * * * We only hope that Mr. Leland will have given our readers half the pleasure we have derived from his conscientious and spirited labours.”

The *Westminster Review* of January, 1856, in a long article on HEINE based on the publisher's (WEIK'S) German edition of HEINE'S Works and on HOFFMANN and CAMPE'S “*Vermischte Schriften von Heinrich Heine*,” mentions in a brief but complimentary manner “the meritorious translation of HEINE'S Works by CHARLES LELAND.”

The Philadelphia *North American* of September 15th, 1855, says, that

“The Pictures of Travel, as will ere this have doubtless been perceived by many of our readers, consist in a series of aesthetical sketches, in prose and verse, of various wanderings, through various years, over the States of Germany. It would be a work of supererogation to dwell upon the merits of the original. Popular opinion breathing as well from the wayside *auberge* of the Tyrol as from the most difficult and hypercritical *salons* of France, England and Germany, has for a quarter of a century possessed but one phase of judgment on this point. Our business, however, is with the merits of Mr. Leland's translation. And here, the task is happily an easy one. For though the temptation, on a perusal of this work, is irresistible, a comparison of the respective merits of Mr. Leland and Professor Longfellow as translators, is manifestly unfair. The latter selects the gem from his author, and devotes a peculiar talent and an unwearied industry to their polishing and preparation for the English and American market. The former takes his subject *en bloc*, and accomplishes his task from beginning to end; giving us not only the richest, but the dullest sides of the tapestry; and while he vies successfully with any competitor in the rendering of those *chef d'œuvres* on which an artist's fame depends with the general reader, spares not to devote equal attention to the remaining passages, to which the accurate student looks for the sustainment of an author's reputation. This is what constitutes a chief merit of the pages before us. In the verses the reader will recognize many of the most exquisite passages of the German lyre; and in the prose portions he will be surprised and delighted with the mixture of wild pathos and intense humor.

The *London Illustrated News* in speaking of the poems of Heine, says, that

“It is scarcely necessary to state, that the poetry will be found, for the most part, *very well* done in Mr. Leland's translation.”

The New York *Abendzeitung* of July 12, 1855, contains the following judgment of a German as to the merits of this translation. A translation of this scholarly *critique* from the *Abendzeitung* has appeared in the New York *Home Journal*.

John Weik, of Philadelphia, is at present publishing an *English translation* of Henry Heine's *Pictures of Travel*. The translator is CHARLES G. LELAND. We confess that we opened the first number with great distrust. We believed that the luxuriant wealth of language and of sentiment, the eccentric, humorous specimens of literary ground and lofty tumbling, the harsh transitions from almost cynical frivolity to deep mournful feeling, and the innumerable delicate shades of thought with which the *Pictures of Travel* abound, would make any attempt to translate them into another language, impossible. But what was our astonishment to find that Mr. Leland had surmounted all these apparently unconquerable difficulties, and that he had given Heine's thoughts and feelings so perfectly in English idioms, that it is well nigh impossible to distinguish the impression conveyed by the translation from that of the original.

"It is evident in every line of this translation that Mr. Leland has deeply penetrated the peculiarities of German thought and feeling (*sich tief in die Deutsche Denk- und Gefühlsweise hineingelebt hat*) and that he has reproduced Heine's poems from the most vivid and internal observation. In this translation there is not lost the most subtle breath of the perfume which the songs give forth; the refined irony, the grotesque drollery, the roguish tittering, the deep sentiment and the stern naturalness which flow through Heine's poems are all given again in the most accurate manner. Even the most desperate puns—for instance "a wicket is always ready to open when a wicked one will," are successfully imitated, and effects which it would appear impossible to call up in a foreign tongue (as for instance the well known "*Madame ich liebe Sie*") are as complete in the translation as in the original * * * We sincerely trust that Mr. Weik will be amply rewarded by the support of the public, for endeavouring to give to those who read English, the best of our modern German poets."

From the *New York Herald*.

"An admirable translation of Heine's inimitable *Reisebilder* or "Pictures of Travel" has been made by Charles G. Leland of Philadelphia. Competent critics pronounce it the best reproduction of the very life of a German classic ever effected by an American scholar."

From the *Philadelphia Morning Times*.

Charles G. Leland, Esq., of this city, has undertaken a task as honorable to himself, as it is creditable to the literary reputation of the country. He has translated the "Pictures of Travel" of Heine into English—the most difficult of modern German writers to render

into a foreign tongue. Mr. Leland has not only given a faithful version of the sense of the original author, but he has transfused into English his minutest idiosyncrasies, and has even succeeded in imitating his play on words, as well as in preserving his peculiar phraseology. Mr. L. handles the poetry of Heine with equal facility as his prose, and the rythm of the former, and the roll of verse, is as smooth as the easy flowing periods of the latter.

Mr. Leland possesses what is essential to form a good translator—an equally profound acquaintance with his own and the foreign tongue, and the consequent ability to catch the faintest shades of thought in the German, and to reflect them with corresponding exactness of expression in English. None but a genuine artist can give a faithful copy of the works of the great masters; and none but a scholar and man of genius can correctly transfer into another language the style and sentiments of a writer of such a high order of intellect as Heine. If Mr. Leland had not already won for himself a fair fame in the world of letters, this feat of scholarship would have been sufficient to cover his brow with laurels. We most earnestly hope that the patronage extended to this work will encourage him to proceed to the translation of the other brilliant productions of Heine, justly styled "the most influential living classic writer of Germany."

J. WEIK.



Friedrich Schlegel

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

HENRY HEINE.

BY

CHARLES G. LELAND.

SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA :

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

No living German writer has exerted an influence comparable to that of Heine, and it is not less true, that since Goethe, no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society. Universality of popularity is the surest test of the existence of genius, just as a faithful reflex of the spirit of the age, in which it was conceived is the surest test of the genuineness of a work of art. That which grows from and is extolled by a class, may owe its birth to prejudice, and its subsequent life to the spirit of rivalry to which it ministers, and we consequently find at times, writers endowed with the faintest talent, achieving a world-wide reputation,—not by the force of innate genius,—but by dexterously turning to account the enthusiasm of a faction. But where, as in Heine's case, we find friend and enemy alike *interested*, and the adherents of all parties unanimous as to his abilities, regretting only the direction which they have taken; then we become at once convinced that we have before us, that rarest and most brilliant phenomenon—a true genius—and one who, as such, imperatively demands the attention of all who lay claim to information and intelligence.

Whether Heine's genius and influence has been invariably and immediately exerted for good or for evil, is, and ever should be, for the impartial student of literature and of history, a matter of supreme indifference. The greatest and most important developments are those whose real aims and value are first

appreciated by posterity. If progress be the peculiar law of humanity, it is not less certain, that *agitation* is the main spring of progress, and that as a general rule, all agitations, however disagreeable they may have appeared to cotemporaries, have advanced the world. Those who extol the advantages of civilization, and yet decry Alexander and Cæsar, the Crusades, the French Revolution and Napoleon, resemble the lady who loved veal but would fain have the butcher punished for cruelty. In an extended common sense view, those who thus lose all thought of the effect in the cause, are no better than thoughtless thieves, who would fain defraud the Spirit of Progress of the high yet legal price which he sets upon his wares. Such goods as happiness, and improved social culture, can only be bought for blood and suffering. Such is the law, but we must, in justice to the merchant, admit, that as his business has improved and his run of custom increased, he has shown a commendable alacrity in lowering his prices.

Heine most emphatically belongs to that class of writers, who are a scandal to the weaker brethren, a terror to the strong, and a puzzle to the conservatively wise of their own day and generation, but who are received by the intelligent cotemporary with a smile, and by the after comer with thanks. He belongs to that great band, whose laughter has been in its inner-soul more moving than the most fervid flow of serious eloquence—to the band which numbered Lucian and Rabelais, and Swift, among its members,—men who lashed into motion the sleepy world of the day, with all its “baroque-ish” virtues and vices. Woe to those who are standing near when a humorist of this stamp is turned loose on the world. He knows nothing of your old laws,—like an Azrael-Napoleon, he advances conscienceless, feeling nothing but an overpowering impulse, as of some higher power which bids him strike and spare not.

HEINE has endeared himself to the German people by his universality of talent, his sincerity, and by his weaknesses.

His very affectations render him more natural, for there is no effort whatever to conceal them, and that which is truly natural, will always be attractive, if from no other cause than because it is so readily intelligible. He possesses in an eminent degree, the graceful art of communicating to the most uneducated mind, (of a sympathetic cast,) refined secrets of art and criticism; and this he does, not like a pedantic professor, *ex-cathedra*, as if every word were an apocalypse of novelty, but rather like a friend, who with a delicate regard for the feelings of his auditor, speaks as though he supposed him already familiar with the subject in question. Pedantry and ignorant self-sufficiency appear equally and instinctively to provoke his attacks, and there is scarcely a modern form of these reactionary negative vices which he has not severely lashed.

Perhaps the most characteristic position which Heine holds, is, that of interpreter or medium between the learned and the people. He has popularized philosophy, and preached to the multitude those secrets which were once the exclusive property of the learned. His writings have been a "flux" between the smothered fire of universities and the heavy ore of the public mind. Whether the process will evolve pure and precious metal, or noxious vapors,—in simple terms, whether the knowledge thus popularized, and whether the ultimate tendency of this "witty, wise, and wicked" writer has been for the *direct* benefit of the people, is not a question open to discussion. All that we know is, *that he is here*—that he cannot be thrust aside—and that he exerts an incredible and daily increasing influence. But to judge from every analogy and precedent, we must conclude that the agitation which he has caused, though eminently disagreeable to many, even friends, who are brought within its immediate action, will be eminently beneficial in the end.

It were worse than folly to attempt to palliate Heine's defects. That they exist engrained, entwined, and integrate

with his better qualities, admits no doubt or denial. But they have been in every age so strikingly characteristic of every writer of his class, that we are forced to believe them inseparable. They are the shades which render the lights of the picture apparent, and without which the latter would in all probability never have excited attention. It is a striking characteristic of true humor, that it is "all-embracing," including the good and the bad, the lofty and the low. There is no characteristic appreciable by the human mind, which does not come within the range of *humor*, for wherever *creation* is manifested, *there* will be contradiction and opposites, striving into a law of harmony. Humor appreciates the contradiction—the lie disguised as truth, or the truth born of a lie—and proclaims it aloud, for it is a strange quality of humor, that it must out, be the subject what it may. Unfortunately, no subject presents so many and such absurdly vulnerable points as the proprieties and improprieties of daily life and society. Poor well meaning civilization, with her allies, morality and tradition, maintain a ceaseless warfare with nature, vulgarity, and a host of "outside barbarian" foes, while HUMOR, who always had in his nature more of the devil than the angel, stands by, laughing, as either party gets a fall.

To understand the vagaries of HEINE'S nature, we must regard him as influenced by humor in the fullest sense of the word. For as humor exists in the appreciation and reproduction of the contrasts, of contrarieties and of *appearances*, it would not be humor, did its existence consist merely of merriment. The bitterest and saddest tears are as often drawn forth by humor as by mere pathos—nay, it may be doubted if grief and suffering be ever so terrible as when supported by some strange coincidence or paradox. Consequently, we find in his works some of the most sorrowful complaints ever uttered by suffering poet, but contrasted with the most uproarious hilarity. Nay, he often contrives to delicately weave the opposing sentiments into one. "Other bards," says

a late review of Heine, in *The Athenæum*, "have passed from grave to gay within the compass of one work ; but the art of constantly showing two natures, within the small limit of perhaps three ballad verses, was reserved for **HERR HEINE**. No one like him understands how to build up a little edifice of the tenderest and most refined sentiment, for the mere pleasure of knocking it down with a last line. No one like him approaches his reader with doleful countenance,—pours into the ear a tale of secret sorrow,—and when the sympathies are enlisted, surprises his confidant with a horse-laugh. It seems as though nature had endowed him with a most delicate sensibility and a keen perception of the ridiculous, that his own feelings may afford him a perpetual subject for banter."

A writer of Heine's character can be judged only by the broadest and most comprehensive rules of criticism, if indeed, in many instances he be open to criticism at all. A reviewer is said to have remarked of Carlyle, that one might as well attempt to criticise a porcupine, and this may be said with much greater truth of **HEINE**. What *can* be done with a writer who parades every virtue mingled with every defect, including occasional flashes of studied stupidity and deliberate weakness, and impresses on your mind a conviction that all is right, and that all will be perceived to form a harmonious whole, if you yourself are only intelligent enough to master the mysterious law of harmony which governs these incongruous elements. Heine, in fact, can only be fully comprehended, as a whole, and the *more* we read him, the better we appreciate him. This is a characteristic of all truly great writers who do not reproduce themselves.

There are undoubtedly in Heine, many passages which the majority of readers might wish omitted, but which the translator feels bound, by a sense of literary fidelity to retain. The duty of a translator, like that of the historian, is not to select, but to preserve for those cotemporaries or after-comers, who may possibly make good use of material which he would cast

away. It is therefore intended, that the following translation shall be strictly true to the original.

The translator sincerely trusts that the following version of the **PICTURES OF TRAVEL**—the first ever presented to the American and English public, may be found comparatively free from defects, but above all, that it may be accepted in the spirit in which it is given, as an attempt to set forth the most influential living classic writer of Germany, and not as an endorsement of anything which that writer asserts or denies.

PHILADELPHIA, May 15, 1855.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

(1823—1824.)

Trivial half-way joys we hate,
Hate all childish fancies.
If no crime weigh down the soul,
Why should we endure control
And groan in death-like trances?
The puling wight looks down and sighs,
But the brave man lifts his eyes
Up to Heaven's bright glances.

IMMERMAN.

1.

THROUGH a life too dark and dreary
Once gleamed an image bright;
That lovely form hath vanished,
And I am lost in night.

When children stray in darkness,
And fears around them throng,
To drive away their terror,
They sing some merry song.

Thus like a child I'm singing
As Life's dark shades draw near;
And though my lay lack music,
It drives away my fear.

2.

I know not what sorrow is o'er me,
What spell is upon my heart ;
But a tale of old times is before me—
A legend that will not depart.

Night falls as I linger, dreaming,
And calmly flows the Rhine ;
The peaks of the hills are gleaming
In the golden sunset shine.

A wondrous lovely maiden
Sits high in glory there ;
Her robe with gems is laden,
And she combeth her golden hair.

And she spreads out the golden treasure,
Still singing in harmony ;
And the song hath a mystical measure,
And a wonderful melody.

The boatman, when once she hath bound him
Is lost in a wild sad love :
He sees not the black rocks around him,
He sees but the beauty above.

Till he drowns amid mad waves ringing,
And sinks with the fading sun ;
And that, with her magical singing,
The witch of the Lurley hath done.

3.

My heart, my heart is weary,
Yet merrily beams the May ;
And I lean against the linden,
High up on the terrace gray.

The town-moat far below me
Runs silent and sad, and blue ;
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,
Still fishing and whistling too.

And a beautiful varied picture,
Spreads out beyond the flood,
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,
And cattle, and meadow, and wood.

Young maidens are bleaching the linen,
They laugh as they go and come ;
And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds,
I list to its far away hum.

And high on yon old gray castle
A sentry-box peeps o'er ;
While a young red-coated soldier
Is pacing beside the door.

He handles his shining musket,
Which gleams in the sunlight red,
He halts, he presents, and shoulders :—
I wish that he'd shoot me dead !

4.

I wander in the woods and weep,
The thrush sits on the spray,
She springs and sings right daintily :
“ Oh why so sad to-day ? ”

“ Thy sister birds, the swallows, sweet,
Can tell thee why, full well,
For they have built their cunning nests,
Where she I love doth dwell.”

5.

The night is wet and stormy,
The Heaven black above,
Through the wood 'neath rustling branches,
All silently I rove.

From the lonely hunter's cottage,
A light beams cheerily,
But it will not tempt me thither
Where all is sad to see.

The blind old grandmother's sitting
Alone in the leathern chair ;
Uncanny and stern as an image,
And speaketh to no one there.

The red-headed son of the hunter
Walks cursing up and down ;
And casts in a corner his rifle,
With a bitter laugh and a frown.

A maiden is spinning and weeping,
And moistens the flax with tears ;
While at her small feet, whimpering,
Lies a hound with drooping ears.

6.

As I once upon a journey
Met my loved one's family,
Little sister, father, mother,
All so kindly greeted me.

Asking if my health was better ?
Hoping that it would not fail ;
For I seemed,—although unchanged,
Just *a little* thin and pale.

I inquired of aunts and cousins,
All within the social mark ;
And about their little grayhound
With his soft and tiny bark.

Of the loved one,—long since wedded,
Then I asked,—though somewhat late ;
And the father, smiling, whispered
Of her “interesting state.”

And I gave congratulation
On the delicate event ;
And to her,—and all relations,
“Best remembrances” were sent.

But a little sister murmured,
That the dog, which once was mine,
Had gone mad in early summer,
“So we drowned him in the Rhine.”

That young girl is like her sister,
Scarce you'd know their tones apart;
And she has the same soft glances
Which so nearly broke my heart.

7.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
The lamps shone out on high;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors, and how they live;
Of journies 'twixt sky and water
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair;
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there.

Of perfume and lights on the Ganges,
Where trees like giants tower;
And beautiful silent beings
Still worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed and small;
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more ;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

8.

Thou gentle ferry-maiden,
Come—draw thy boat to land ;
And sit thee down beside me,
We'll talk with hand in hand.

Lay thy head against my bosom,
And have no fear of me ;
Dost thou not venture boldly
Each day on the roaring sea ?

My heart is like the ocean,
It hath storm, and ebb, and flow ;
And many a pearl is hidden
In its silent depths below.

9.

The moon is high in heaven,
And shimmers o'er the sea ;
And my heart throbs like my dear one's,
As she silently sits by me.

With my arm around the darling,
I rest upon the strand ;
“ And fearest thou the evening breezes—
Why trembles thy snow-white hand ? ”

Those are no evening breezes,
But the mermaids singing low ;
The mermaids, once my sisters,
Who were drowned long, long ago.”

10.

The quiet moon, amid the clouds,
Like a giant orange glows,
While far beneath, the old gray sea,
All striped with silver, flows.

Alone I wander on the strand,
Where the wild surf roars and raves ;
But hear full many a gentle word,
Soft spoken 'mid the waves.

But oh, the night is far too long,
And my heart bounds in my breast ;
Fair water-fairies come to me,
And sing my soul to rest.

Oh, take my head upon your lap,
Take body and soul, I pray ;
But sing me dead—caress me dead—
And kiss my life away.

11.

Wrapped up in gray cloud-garments,
The great Gods sleep together ;
I hear their thunder-snoring,
And to-night we've dreadful weather.

Dreadful weather ! what a tempest
Around the weak ship raves !
Ah, who will check the storm-wind,
Or curb the lordless waves ?

Can't be helped though, if all nature
A mad holiday *is* keeping ;
So I'll wrap me up and slumber,
As the gods above are sleeping.

12.

The wild wind puts his trousers on—
His foam-white pantaloons ;
He lashes the waves, and every one
Roars out in furious tunes.

From yon wild height, with furious might,
The rain comes roaring free.
It seems as if the old black Night
Would drown the old dark Sea.

The snow-white sea-gull, round our mast,
Sweeps like a winged wraith ;
And every scream to me doth seem
A prophecy of death.

13.

The wind pipes up for dancing,
The waves in white are clad ;
Hurrah !—how the ship is leaping !
And the night is merry and mad.

And living hills of water
Sweep up as the storm-wind calls ;
Here a black gulph is gaping,
And there a white tower falls.

And sounds as of sickness and swearing
From the depths of the cabin come ;
I keep a firm hold on the bulwarks,
And wish that I now were at home.

14.

The night comes stealing o'er me,
And clouds are on the sea ;
While the wavelets rustle before me
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing
Before me, fair and pale ;
And snow-white breasts were springing
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,
Till I wished her arms away :
“Why hast thou so caressed me,
Thou lovely Water Fay?”

“Oh thou need'st not alarm thee,
That thus thy form I hold;
For I only seek to warm me,
And the night is black and cold.”

“The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away;
And tears down thy cheek are falling,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!”

“The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'Tis the water which drips from my locks.”

“The ocean is heaving and sobbing,
The sea-mews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!”

“My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth;
For I love thee, past all telling—
Thou beautiful mortal youth.”

15.

“When early in the morning
I pass thy window, sweet;
Oh what a thrill of joy is mine,
When both our glances meet!”

“With those dark flashing eye-balls
Which all things round thee scan;
Who art thou, and what seek'st thou?
Thou strange and sickly man!”

"I am a German poet,
Well known in the German land;
Where the first names are written,
Mine own with right may stand.

"And what I seek, thou fairest,
Is that for which many pine.
And where men speak of sorrows,
Thou'lt hear them speak of mine."

16.

The ocean shimmered far around,
As the last sun-rays shone;
We sat beside the fisher's hut,
Silent and all alone.

The mist swam up,—the water heaved:
The sea-mew round us screamed;
And from thy dark eyes full of love,
The scalding tear-drops streamed.

I saw them fall upon thy hand,
Upon my knee I sank;
And from that white and yielding hand,
The glittering tears I drank.

And since that hour I waste away,
'Mid passion's hopes and fears;
Oh, weeping girl!—oh, weary heart!—
Thou'rt poisoned with her tears!

17.

High up on yonder mountain,
There stands a lordly hall,
Where dwell three gentle maidens,
And I was loved by all.

On Saturday Hetty loved me,
The Sabbath was Julia's day,
And on Monday, Kunigunda,
Half kissed my breath away.

On Tuesday, in their castle,
My ladies gave a ball;
And thither, with coaches and horses,
Went my neighbours, their wives and all.

But I had no invitation,
Although I dwelt so near;
And the gossiping misses and matrons,
All thought it uncommonly queer!

18.

Far on the dim horizon,
As in a land of dreams;
Rises a white tower'd city,
Fading 'mid sun-set gleams.

The evening breeze is wreathing
The water where I float;
And in solemn measure, the sailor
Keeps time as he rows my boat.

Once more the sun-light flashes,
In wondrous glory round,
And lights up the foaming water,
Where she I loved was drowned.

19.

Once more in solemn ditty
I greet thee, as I melt
In tears, thou wondrous city,
Where once my true love dwelt.

Say on, ye gates and tower,
Doth she I loved remain?
I gave her to your power—
Give me my love again!

Blame not the trusty tower!
No word his walls could say,
As a pair, with their trunks and baggage,
So silently travelled away.

But the wicket-gate was faithless,
Through which she escaped so still :
Oh, a wicket is always ready
To ope when a wicked one will.*

20.

Again I see the well-known street,
The same old path I tread ;
I've left the house where once she dwelt—
Now all seems sad and dead.
The streets press round like night-mare scenes,
The road is rough to day.
The houses hang above my head,—
Oh, let me haste away !

21.

I wandered through the silent hall,
Where once she loved and wept ;
And where I saw the false tears fall,
A winding serpent crept.

22.

Calm is the night, and the city is sleeping,—
Once in this house dwelt a lady fair ;
Long, long ago, she left it, weeping,
But still the old house is standing there.
Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case :
He turns to the moonlight, his countenance baring—
Oh, heaven ! he shows me my own sad face !
Shadowy form, with my own agreeing ;
Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vexed my being,
Many a night in the days of old ?

* *Die Thore jedoch, die liessen
Mein Liebchen entzwischen gar still ;
Ein Thor ist immer willig,
Wenn eine Thorinn will.*

23.

How can'st thou sleep so calmly,
While I alive remain ?
Old griefs may yet be wakened,
And then I'll break my chain.

Know'st thou the wild old ballad,
How a dead, forgotten slave
Came to his silent lady,
And bore her to the grave ?

Believe me, gentle maiden,
Thou all-too-lovely star,
I live, and still am stronger
Than all the dead men are.

24.

The maiden sleeps in her chamber,
The moonlight steals quivering in ;
Without, there's a ringing and singing,
As of waltzing about to begin.

" I will see who it is 'neath my window,
That gives me this strange serenade !"
She saw a pale skeleton figure,
Who fiddled, and sang as he played :

" A waltz thou once didst promise,
And hast broken thy word, my fair.
To night there's a ball in the church-yard,
So come—I will dance with thee there !"

A spell came over the maiden,
She could neither speak nor stay ;
So she followed the Form,—which singing,
And fiddling, went dancing away.

Fiddling, and dancing, and hopping,
And rattling his arms and spine ;
The white skull grinning and nodding
Away in the dim moon-shine.

25.

I stood in shadowy dreams,
I gazed upon her form;
And in that face, so dearly loved,
Strange life began to warm.

And on her soft and child-like mouth
There played a heavenly smile:
Though in her dark and lustrous eyes,
A tear-drop shone the while.

And my own tears were flowing too,
In silent agony;
For oh! I cannot deem it true,
That thou art lost to me.

26.

I, a most wretched Atlas, who a world
Of bitterest griefs and agonies maintain,
Must bear the all-unbearable, until
The heart's foundation fails.

Wild daring heart!—it was thine own mad choice
Thou would'st be happy,—infinitely blessed
Or wretched beyond measure. Daring heart
Now thou art lost indeed!

27.

Ages may come and vanish,
Races may pass away;
But the love which I have cherished
Within, can ne'er decay.

Once more I fain would see thee
And kneel where e'er thou art;
And dying, whisper—" *Madam,*
Be pleased to accept my heart!"

28.

I dreamed:—the moon shone grimly down,
The stars seemed sad and gray;
And I was in my true love's town,
Full many a league away.

I stood before the house and wept,
I kissed the shadowy stone
Where oft her little foot had stepped,
Where oft her robes had flown.

The cold step chilled my lip and arm,
I lay in shivering swoon;
While from above a phantom form
Looked out upon the moon.

29.

What means this solitary tear
Which dims mine eye to-day?
It is the last of all the hoard,
Where once so many lay.

It had full many a sister then
Which rolled in glittering light;
But now, with all my smiles and griefs,
They're lost in wind and night.

And, like the mists, have also fled
The light blue sparkling stars
Which flashed their rays of joy or woe,
Down through life's prison-bars.

Oh love—wild love,—where art thou now?
Fled like an idle breath:
Thou silent solitary tear
Go fade in misty death!

30.

The pale half-moon is floating
Like a boat 'mid cloudy waves,
Lone lies the pastor's cottage
Amid the silent graves.

The mother reads in the Bible,
The son seems weary and weak;
The eldest daughter is drowsy,
While the youngest begins to speak.

"Ah me!—how every minute
Rolls by so drearily;
Only when some one is buried,
Have we any thing here to see!"

The mother murmured while reading,
"Thou'rt wrong—they've brought but four
Since thy poor father was buried
Out there by the church-yard door."

The eldest daughter says, gaping,
"No more will I hunger by you;
I'll go to the Baron, to-morrow,
He's wealthy, and fond of me too."

The son bursts out into laughter,
"Three hunters carouse in the Sun;
They all can make gold, and gladly
Will show me how it is done."

The mother holds the Bible
To his pale face in grief;
"And wilt thou—wicked fellow—
Become a highway thief?"

A rapping is heard on the window,
There trembles a warning hand;
Without, in his black, church garments,
They see their dead father stand.

31.

To-night we have dreadful weather,
It rains and snows and storms ;
I sit at my window, gazing
Out on benighted forms.

There glimmers a lonely candle,
Which wearily wanders on ;
An old dame with a lantern,
Comes hobbling slowly anon.

—It seems that for eggs and butter,
And sugar, she forth has come,
To make a cake for her daughter
Her grown up darling at home.

Who, at the bright lamp blinking,
In an arm-chair lazily lies ;
And golden locks are waving
Above her beautiful eyes.

32.

They say that my heart is breaking
With love and sorrow too ;
And at last I shall believe it
As other people do.

Thou, girl, with eyes dark beaming,
I have ever told thee this,
That my heart with love is breaking,
That thou wert all my bliss.

But only in my chamber
Dared I thus boldly speak ;
Alas ?—when thou wert present,
My words were sad and weak.

For there were evil angels
Who quickly hushed my tongue ;
And oh !—such evil angels
Kill many a heart when young.

33.

Thy soft and snow-white fingers !
Could I kiss them once again,
And press them on my beating heart,
And melt in silent tears !

Thy melting, violet eyes
Beam round me night and day ;
And I vex my soul with wondering
What the soft, blue riddles mean !

34.

“ And hath she never noticed
That thou with love did'st burn ;
And saw'st thou in her glances
No sign of love's return ?

And could'st thou then read nothing
In all her words and airs :
Thou, who hast such experience,
Dear friend, in these affairs ?

35.

They tenderly loved, and yet neither
Would venture the other to move ;
They met as if hate were between them,
And yet were half dying with love.

They parted, and then saw each other
At times, in their visions alone ;
They had long left this sad life together,
Yet scarcely to either 'twas known.

36.

When first my afflictions you heard me rehearse,
You gaped and you stared :—God be praised 'twas no worse !
But when I repeated them smoothly in rhyme,
You thought it was “ wonderful,” “ glorious,” “ sublime !”

37.

I called the Devil and he came,
In blank amaze his form I scanned,
He is not ugly, is not lame,
But a refined, accomplished man.
One in the very prime of life,
At home in every cabinet strife,
Who, as diplomatist, can tell
Church and State news, extremely well.
He is somewhat pale, and no wonder either,
Since he studies Sanscrit and Hegel together.
His favorite poet is still *Pouqué*,
Of criticism he makes no mention;
Since all such matters unworthy attention.
He leaves to his grandmother, HECATE.
He praised my legal efforts, and said
That he also when younger some law had read,
Remarking that friendship like mine would be
An acquisition, and bowed to me:—
Then asked if we had not met before
At the Spanish minister's *soirée*?
And as I scanned his face once more,
I found I had known him for many a day!

38.

Mortal!—sneer not at the Devil,
Soon thy little life is o'er;
And eternal grim damnation
Is no idle tale of yore.
Mortal!—pay the debts thou owest,
Long 'twill be ere life is o'er;
Many a time thou yet must borrow,
As thou oft hast done before.

39.

The three wise monarchs of the East,
Asked in each city near:
“Which is the way to Bethlehem,
Tell us ye children dear?”

But neither old nor young could tell,
The three wise kings went on ;
Still following a golden star
Which gleamed in glory down.
Until it paused o'er Joseph's house,
Before the shrine they bowed ;
The oxen lowed, the infant cried,
The three kings sang aloud.

40.

My child, we once were children,
Two children gay and small ;
We crept into the hen-house
And hid ourselves, heads and all.
We clucked just like the poultry,
And when folks came by, you know—
Kickery-kee!—they started,
And thought 'twas a real crow.
The chests which lay in our court-yard,
We papered so smooth and nice ;
We thought they were splendid houses,
And lived in them, snug as mice.
When the old cat of our neighbour
Dropped in for a social call ;
We made her bows and courtesies,
And compliments and all.
We asked of her health, and kindly
Inquired how all had sped :—
Since then, to many a tabby,
The self-same things we've said.
And oft, like good old people,
We talked with sober tongue ;
Declaring that all was better
In the days when we were young.
How piety, faith and true-love
Had vanished quite away ;
And how dear we found the coffee,
How scarce the money to-day.

So all goes rolling onward,
The merry days of youth,—
Money, the world and its seasons;
And honesty, love and truth.

41.

My heart is sad, and with misgiving
I ponder o'er the ancient day,
When this poor world was fit to live in,
And calmly sped the time away.
Now all seems changed which once was cherished,
The world is filled with care and dread;
As if the Lord in Heaven had perished,
And down below the Devil were dead.
But care of all hath so bereft us,
So little pleasure Life doth give;
That were not some faint *Love* still left us
No more I'd wish on Earth to live.

42.

As the summer moon shines rising
Through the dark and cloud-like trees
So my soul mid shadowy memories
Still a gleaming picture sees.
All upon the deck were seated,
Proudly sailing on the Rhine;
And the shores in summer verdure
Gleamed in sunset's crimson shine.
And I rested, gently musing,
At a lovely lady's feet;
And her dear pale face was gleaming
In the sun-rays soft and fleet.
Lutes were ringing, boys were singing,
Wondrous rapture o'er me stole;
Bluer, bluer grew the Heavens,
Fuller, higher, swelled my soul.

Like a legend, wood and river,
Hill and tower before me flies ;
And I see the whole, reflected,
In the lady's lovely eyes.

43.

In dreams I saw the loved one,
A sorrowing, wearied form ;
Her beauty blanched and withered
By many a dreary storm.

A little babe she carried,
Another child she led,
And poverty and trouble
In glance and garb I read.

She trembled through the market,
And face to face we met ;
And I calmly said, while sadly
Her eyes on mine were set.

"Come to my house, I pray thee,
For thou art pale and thin ;
And for thee, by my labour,
Thy meat and drink I'll win.

"And to thy little children
I'll be a father mild :
But most of all thy parent,
Thou poor unhappy child."

Nor will I ever tell thee
That once I held thee dear ;
And if thou diest, then I
Will weep upon thy bier.

44.

Dear friend—why wilt thou ever
Through the same old measures move ;
Wilt thou brooding, sit forever
On the same old eggs of love ?

'Tis an endless incubation,
From their shells the chickens look ;
And the chirping generation
Straight is cooped within a book.

45.

But do not be impatient,
If the same old chords still ring ;
And ye find the same old sorrows,
In the newest songs I sing.
Wait—ye shall *yet* hear fading,
This echo of my pain ;
When a fresh spring of poems
Blooms from my heart again.

46.

And now it is time that with reason,
Myself from all folly I free ;
I have played for too lengthened a season,
The part of an actor with thee.
Our scenery all was new-fangled,
In the style of the highest romance ;
My armour was splendidly spangled,
I thought but of lady and lance.
And now with this frippery before me,
I sigh that such parts I could fill ;
And a sorrowful feeling comes o'er me,
As though I played comedy still.
Ah, Heaven ! unconscious and jesting,
I spoke what in secret I felt ;
And while Death in my own heart was resting
As the dying athleta I knelt.

47.

The great King *Wiswa-mitra*
Is lost in trouble now ;
For he through strife and penance
Will win *Waschischta's* cow.

Oh great King, *Wiswa-mitra* !
Oh what an ass art thou !
To bear such strife and penance
All for a single cow.

48.

Heart my heart,—Oh be not shaken,
And still calmly bear thy pain !
For the Spring will bring again,
What a dreary winter's taken.

And how much is still remaining,
And how bright the world still beams ;
And my heart,—what pleasant seems,
Thou may'st love with none complaining.

49.

Thou'rt like a lovely floweret,
So void of guile or art.
I gaze upon thy beauty,
And grief steals o'er my heart.

I fain would lay, devoutly,
My hands upon thy brow ;
And pray that God will keep thee
As good and fair as now.

50.

Child!—it were thine utter ruin,
And I strive, right earnestly,
That thy gentle heart may never
Glow with aught like love for me.

But the thought that 'twere so easy,
Still amid my dreams will move ;
And I still am ever thinking
That 'twere sweet to win thy love.

51.

When on my bed I'm lying,
In night and pillows warm,
There ever floats before me
A sweet and gentle form,
But soon as silent slumber
Has closed my weary eyes,
Before me, in a vision,
I see the image rise.
Yet with the dream of morning
It doth not pass away,
For I bear it in my bosom
Around, the live-long day.

52.

Maiden with a mouth of roses,
With those eyes serene and bright!
Thou, my little darling maiden!
Dearest to my heart and sight!
Long the winter nights are growing—
Would I might forget their gloom:
By thee sitting—with thee chatting,
In thy little friendly room.
Often to my lips, in rapture,
I would press thy snowy hand;
Often with my eyes bedewing
Silently that darling hand.

53.

Though without, the snow-drifts tower,
Though hail falls, and tempests shower
Rattling on the window-pane:
Still their gloom is all in vain—
For her form doth ever bring
To my heart the joys of spring

54.

Some to the Madonna run,
Others pray to Paul or Peter;
I will only pray to thee, love,
But to thee, thou fairest sun!
Grant me kisses!—I am won!—
Oh, be merciful and gracious!
Fairest sun among the maidens!
Fairest maiden 'neath the sun!

55.

And do not my pale cheeks betray
To thee my heart's distress?
And wilt thou that so proud a mouth
The beggar's prayer confess?
Ah me! this mouth is far too proud;
It can but kiss and jest.
I may have spoken mocking words
With anguish in my breast.

56.

Dearest friend—thou art in love;
Now thou feel'st the arrows smart;
Darkness gathers round thy head,
Light is dawning in thy heart.
Dearest friend—thou art in love!
And that love must be confest;
For I see thy glowing heart
Plainly scorching through thy vest:

57.

I fain would linger near thee,
But when I sought to woo,
Thou hadst no time to hear me,
Thou hadst "too much to do."

I told thee, shortly after,
That all thine own I'd be ;
And with a peal of laughter,
Thou mad'st a courtesy.

At last thou didst confuse me
More utterly than this ;
For thou didst e'en refuse me
A trifling parting kiss !

Fear not that I shall languish,
Or shoot myself—oh, no !
I've gone through all this anguish,
My dear, long, long ago.

58.

Bright sapphires are thy beaming eyes,
Dear eyes, so soft and sweet ;
Ah me ! thrice happy is the man
Whom they with true love greet.

Thy heart's a diamond, bright and clear,
Whence rays of splendor flow ;
Ah me ! thrice happy is the man
For whom with love they glow.

Thy lips are rubies melting red,
No brighter need we seek,
Ah me ! thrice happy is the man,
To whom with love they speak.

Oh, could I meet that happy man,
But once, I'd ask no more ;
For all alone in the gay green wood,
His joys would soon be o'er.

59.

With love-vows I long have bound me,
Firmly bound me to thy heart ;
Now with my own meshes round me,
Jesting turns to pain and smart.

But if thou,—with right before thee,—
Now should'st turn away thy head ;
Then the devil would soon come o'er me,
And by Jove, I'd shoot me dead !

60.

This world and this life are too scattered we know,
And so to a German professor I'll go.
He can well put all the fragments together,
Into a system, convenient and terse ;
While with his night-cap, and dressing-robe tatters,
He'll stop up the chinks of the wide Universe.

61.

To-night they give a party,
The house gleams bright above ;
And across the lighted window
I see thy shadow move.
Thou see'st me not in darkness,
I stand alone, apart ;
Still less can'st cast thy glances
Into my gloomy heart.
This gloomy heart still loves thee,
It loves :—though long forgot.
Breaking, convulsed and bleeding ;
Alas !—thou see'st it not !

62.

I would I could blend my sorrows
Into a single word ;
It should fly on the wilful breezes,
As wildly as a bird.
They should carry to thee, my loved one,
That saddest, strangest word ;
At every hour it would meet thee
In every place be heard.

And as soon as those eyes in slumber,
Had dimmed their starry gleam ;
That word of my sorrow should follow,
Down to thy deepest dream.

63.

Thou hast diamonds and dresses and jewels,
And all that a mortal could crave ;
Thou hast eyes that are fairer than any,
My dearest !—what more would'st thou have ?
To those eyes which are brighter than jewels,
I have written—both lively and grave :—
An army of poems immortal,
My dearest !—what more would'st thou have ?
Ah !—those eyes which are brighter than diamonds,
Have brought me well nigh to the grave ;
I am tortured, tormented, and ruined,
My dearest !—what more would'st thou have ?

64.

He who for the first time loves,
Though unloved is still a God ;
But the man who loves again,
And in vain, must be a fool.

Such a fool am I, who love
Once again, without return ;
Sun and moon and stars all smile,
And I smile with them—and die !

65.

No, the tameness and the sameness
Of thy soul, would not agree
With my own soul's ruder braveness,
Which o'er rocks went leaping free.
Thy love-paths were graded turnpikes,
Now with husband, every day,
Arm in arm I see thee walking
Bravely,—in the family way !

66.

They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honoured me, more and more;
Said that I only should "wait awhile,"
Offered their patronage too, with a smile.

But with all their honour and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation;
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow!—he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him—though *other* folks *can*,
For I myself am this excellent man!

67.

I can never speak too highly
Of my amiable young friend;
Oft he treated me to oysters,
Wine, and cordials without end.

Neatly fit his coat and trousers,
His cravats are such as "tell;"
And he sees me every morning
To inquire if I am well.

Of my great renown he speaketh,
Of my wit or of my grace;
And to aid me or to serve me,
Warmly seeks for time and place.

Every evening, to the ladies,
In the tones of one inspired,
He declaims my "heavenly poems
Which the world has so admired."

Oh, but is it not refreshing
Still to find such youths "about,"
And in times like these, when truly,
All the best seem dying out?

68.

I dreamed that I was Lord of all,
High up in Heaven sitting ;
With cherubim who praised my song,
Around in glory flitting.

And cakes I ate, and sugar-plums,
Worth many a shining dollar,
And claret-punch I also drank,
With never a bill to follow.

And yet ennui vexed me sore,
I longed for earthly revels,
And were I not the Lord himself,
I sure had been the Devil's.

"Come, trot, tall Angel Gabriel,
To thee broad wings are given ;
Go find my dearest friend *Eugene*,
And bring him up to Heaven !

"Ask not for him in lecture-rooms
But where Tokay inspires ;
Seek him not in the Hedwig's Church,
Seek him at Ma'msell Meyer's !"

Abroad he spreads his mighty wings,
To earth his course descends ;
He catches up the astonished youth,
Right from among his friends.

"Yes, youth, I now am Lord of all,
The earth is my possession ;
I always told thee I was bound
To rise in my profession.

"And miracles I too can work,
To set thee wild with pleasure ;
And now I'll make the town *Ix-Ix**
Rejoice beyond all measure :

* Or *X, x*. In one edition HEINE calls this town *Berlin*.—Note by Translator.

“For every stone which paves the street
Shall now be split in two;
And in the midst shall sparkle bright
An oyster fresh as dew.

“A gentle shower of lemon-juice
Shall give the oysters savour;
The gutters of the streets must run
With hock of extra flavour.”

How the Ix-Ixers go to work!
What cries of joy they utter!
The council and the aldermen
Are swilling up the gutter.

And how the poets all rejoice,
To see things done so neatly;
The ensigns and lieutenants too,
Have cleaned the streets completely.

The wisest are the officers,
For, speculation scorning;
They sagely say, “such miracles
Don’t happen every morning.”

69.

From loveliest lips have I alas been driven,
From fairest arms enforced to withdraw;
Long had I gladly rested in this heaven,
But with his carriage came my brother-in-law.

And such is life, my child;—an endless plaining,
A ceaseless parting, and a long adieu;
Could not thy heart charm mine into remaining,
Could not thine eyes win me and hold me too?

70.

We rode in the dark post-carriage,
We travelled all night alone;
We slept and we jested together,
We laughed until morning shone.

But as daylight came dawning o'er us,
My dear, how we started to find
Between us a traveller named Cupid,
Who had ventured on "going it blind."*

71.

Lord knows where the wild young huzzy
Whom I seek, has settled down ;
Swearing at the rain and weather,
I have scoured through all the town.

I have run from inn to tavern—
Ne'er a bit of news I gain ;
And of every saucy waiter
I've inquired—and all in vain.

There she is !—at yonder window—
Smiling, beckoning to me. Well !
How was I to know you quartered,
Miss, in such a grand hotel ?

72.

Like dusky dreams, the houses
Stand in a lengthened row ;
And wrapped in my Spanish mantle,
Through the shadow I silently go.

The tower of the old cathedral
Announces that midnight has come ;
And now, with her charms and her kisses,
My dearest is waiting at home.

** Doch als es Morgens tagte,
Mein Kind, wie staunten wir !
Denn zwischen uns sass Amor
Der blinde Passagier.*

I have heard "a blind passenger" described as the one who sits at the end of the *Eilwagen* (or Diligence), where there is no window. But in popular parlance, "the blind passenger" is one who, to translate a bit of German slang by its American equivalent, may be termed a "self-elected dead-head," or an individual who slips in and out of an entertainment, coach, steamboat, or the like, without paying for his admission.

Literally this verse reads:—"But when day dawned, my child, how we were astonished, for between us sat *Amor*, the blind passenger.—[*Note by Translator.*]

The moon is my boon companion,
She cheerily lights my way,
Till I come to the house of my true-love,
And then to the moon I say:

Many thanks for thy light, old comrade;
Receive my parting bow;
For the rest of the night I'll excuse thee—
Go shine upon other folks now.

And if thou shouldst "light" on a lover,
Who drearily sorrows alone,
Console him as thou hast consoled me,
In the wearisome times long gone.

73.

What lies are hid in kisses,
What delight in mere parade!
To betray may have its blisses,
But more blest is the betrayed.

Say what thou wilt, my fairest,
Still I know what thou'lt receive;
I'll believe just what thou swearest,
And will swear what thou'lt believe.

74.

Upon thy snowy bosom
I laid my weary head;
And secretly I listened
To what thy heart-throbs said.

The blue hussars come riding
With trumpets, to the gate;
And to-morrow she who loves me
Will seek another mate.

But though thou leav'st to-morrow,
To-day thou still must rest;
And in thy lovely arms, love,
Will I be doubly blest.

75.

The blue hussars, with trumpets,
Go riding on their way;
Again I come to thee, love,
And bring a rose-bouquet.

That was a crazy business,
Trouble in every part;
And many a dashing soldier
Was quartered in thy heart.

76.

Long ago, when very young,
Much I suffered, much I sung
Of true love's burning mood.
But now I find that wood is dear,
The fire burns lower every year,
Ma foi!—and that is good.

Think of that, young beauty, now;
Drive those sorrows from thy brow,
With tears and love's alarms.
While life remains, since life is brief,
Forget thine old love, and its grief,
Ma foi!—in my fond arms.

77.

How the eunuchs were complaining
At the roughness of my song:
Complaining and explaining
That my voice was much too strong.

Then delicately thrilling
They all began to sing;
Like crystal was their trilling,
So pure it seemed to ring.

They sang of *passion* sweeping
In hot floods from the heart:
The ladies all were weeping,
In a rapturous sense of Art!

78.

'Twas just in the midst of July that I left you,
And now in mid-winter I meet you once more ;
Then, as we parted, with heat ye were glowing,
Now ye are cool, and the fever is o'er.

Once more I leave :—should I come again hither,
Then you will be neither burning nor cold ;
Over your graves,—well-a-day !—I'll be treading,
And oh, but my own heart is weary and old !

79.

And dost thou really hate me,
Art thou really changed so sadly ?
I'll complain to every-body
That thou'st treated me so badly,

Oh red lips,—so ungrateful,
How could ye speak unkindly,
Of him who kissed so fondly,
Of him who loved so blindly ?

80.

And those are still the heavenly eyes,
Which mine would gently greet ;
And those are still the coral lips,
Which once made life so sweet.

'Tis the same voice of melody,
I once so gladly heard ;
I, only, am no more the same,
But changed in thought and word.

Now by those white and rounded arms,
I'm passionately pressed ;
And lie upon her heart and feel,
Gloomy and ill at rest.

81.

Round the walls of Salamanca
Softly blows the perfumed air ;
Oft I wander with my Donna
Of a summer's evening there.

Round the light waist of my lady
My embracing arm I rest ;
And I feel, with happy fingers,
The proud heaving of her breast.

Yet a murmur, as of anguish,
Through the linden blossoms streams ;
And the gloomy mill-stream 'neath them
Murmurs long and evil dreams.

Ah, Señora !—dark forebodings
Of “expulsion” round me stalk ;
Then about fair Salamanca
We no more can take our walk.

82.

Scarce had we met, when, in glance and in tone,
I saw that your favourable notice I'd got ;
And if we had only been standing alone,
I really believe we'd have kissed on the spot.

To-morrow I leave, while the world is asleep,
Away as of old, on my journey I go ;
And then my blonde girl from the window will peep,
And glances of love at the window I'll throw.

83.

The sunlight is stealing o'er mountain and river,
The cries of the flocks are heard over the plain ;
My love and my lamb and my darling forever,
How glad I would be, could I see thee again.

Upwards I look, and with glances full loving,
“Darling, adieu ! I must wander from thee.”
Vainly I wait, for no curtain is moving,
She lies and she sleeps and she's dreaming of me.

84.

In the market-place of Halle
There stand two mighty lions ;
Oh thou lion-pride of Halle :
How greatly art thou tamed !
In the market-place of Halle
There stands a mighty giant ;
He hath a sword yet never stirs,—
He's petrified with fear.
In the market-place of Halle
There stands a mighty church ;
Where the *Burschenschaft* and the *Landsmannschaft**
Have plenty of room to pray.

85.

Summer eve with day is stirring,
Softly gaining wood and meadow ;
Mid blue heavens the golden moonlight
Gleams, in perfumed air reviving.
Crickets round the brook are cheeping,
Something stirs amid the water ;
And the wanderer hears a plashing,
And a breath amid the sleeping :
There alone, beside the river,
See!—a fair Undine is bathing.
Arms and bosom, white and lovely,
In the shimmering moon-ray's quiver.

86.

On strange roads, night broods, distressing
Sickly heart and wearied limbs :
Ah ! how like a silent blessing,
The soft moonlight o'er me swims.

* Student Associations, the *Burschenschaft* being general and political in its objects, while the *Landsmannschafter* are local.—Note by Translator.

Gentle moon!—thy calm rays banish
Far away my night-born fears,
At thy glance all sorrows vanish,
And my eyes run o'er with tears.

87.

Death is a cool and pleasant night,
Life is a sultry day.
'Tis growing dark—I'm weary;
For day has tired me with his light.

Over my bed a fair tree gleams,
There sings a nightingale;
She sings of naught save love;
I hear it even in dreams.

88.

Say—where is thine own sweet love,
Whom thou hast so sweetly sung;
When the flames of magic power
Strangely through thy wild heart sprung?

Ah! those flames no longer burn,
And my heart is slow to move;
And this book's the burial urn,
With the ashes of my love.

THE HARTZ JOURNEY.

(1824.)

"Nothing is permanent but change, nothing constant but death. Every pulsation of the heart inflicts a wound, and life would be an endless bleeding, were it not for Poetry. She secures to us what Nature would deny,—a golden age without rust, a spring which never fades, cloudless prosperity and eternal youth."

BORNE.

Black dress coats and silken stockings
Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces—
Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
Warmed by love which truly glows;
Ah,—I'm wearied with their chanting
Of imagined lover's woes!

I will climb upon the mountains
Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o'er us,
Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the dark green fir trees grow;
Brooks are rustling—birds are singing,
And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men and polished hall !
I will climb upon the mountain,
Smiling down upon you all.

The town of *Göttingen*, celebrated for its sausages and University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in-asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a "council-cellar," where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the *Leine*, and is used in summer for bathing, its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad, that LUDER was obliged to take quite a run ere he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at—backwards. It must be very ancient, for I well remember that five years ago, when I was there matriculated, (and shortly after "summoned,") it had already the same grey, old-fashioned, wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, dissartations, tea-parties with a little dancing, washer-women, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors, ordinary and extraordinary, pipe-heads, court-counsellors, and law-counsellors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every German tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members, and that from these descended all the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians and others, who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the color of their caps and pipe-tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender-street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the *Rasenmill*, *Ritschenkrug* and *Bowden*, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call "chief-cocks," and partly by their primevally ancient law-book, known as the "Comment," which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Göttingen, are generally and socially divided into Students, Professors, Philistines and Cattle, the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors; besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen, while among the professors, are many, who as yet have no name at

all. The number of the Göttingen *Philistines* must be as numerous as the sands (or more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created.

More accurate information of the town of Göttingen may be very conveniently obtained from its "Topography," by K. F. H. MARX. Though entertaining the most sacred regard for its author, who was my physician, and manifested for me much esteem, still I cannot pass by his work with altogether unconditional praise, inasmuch as he has not with sufficient zeal combatted the erroneous opinions that the ladies of Göttingen have *not* enormous feet. On this point I speak authoritatively, having for many years been earnestly occupied with a refutation of this opinion. To confirm my views I have not only studied comparative anatomy and made copious extracts from the rarest works in the library, but have also watched for hours, in the Weender street, the feet of the ladies as they walked by. In the fundamentally erudite treatise, which forms the result of these studies, I speak **FIRSTLY**, Of feet in general; **SECONDLY**, of the feet of antiquity; **THIRDLY**, of elephants' feet; **FOURTHLY**, of the feet of the Göttingen ladies; **FIFTHLY**, I collect all that was ever said in Ulrich's Garden on the subject of female feet. **SIXTHLY**, I regard feet in their connection with each other, availing myself of the opportunity to extend my observation to ankles, calves, knees, &c., and finally and **SEVENTHLY**, if I can manage to hunt up sheets of paper of sufficient size I will present my readers with some copperplate fac-similes of the feet of the fair dames of Göttingen.

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen and the earned * * *, beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and planted them in new beds while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate, I met two native and diminutive school boys, one of whom was saying to the other, "I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore, he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of *Mensa*." Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record—nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen,

for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded academic pride so characteristic of the "highly learned" Georgia Augusta.

Fresh morning air blew over the road, the birds sang cheerily, and little by little, with the breeze and the birds, my mind also became fresh and cheerful. Such a refreshment was needed for one who had long been imprisoned in a stall of legal lore. Roman casuists had covered my soul with grey cobwebs, my heart was cemented firmly between the iron paragraphs of selfish systems of jurisprudence, there was an endless ringing in my ears of such sounds as "Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian, and Blockheadian," and a sentimental brace of lovers seated under a tree, appeared to me like an edition of the *Corpus Juris* with closed clasps. The road began to wear a more lively appearance. Milk-maids occasionally passed, as did also donkey drivers, with their grey pupils. Beyond Weende, I met the "Shepherd," and "Doris." This is not the idyllic pair sung by Gessner, but the well-matched University beadles, whose duty it is to keep watch and ward, so that no students fight duels in Bovden, and above all that no new ideas (such as are generally obliged to maintain a decennial quarantine before Göttingen,) are smuggled in by speculative private teachers. SHEPHERD greeted me very collegially and congenially, for he too is an author, who has frequently mentioned my name in his semi-annual writings. In addition to this, I may mention that when, as was frequently the case, he came to summon me before the University court and found me "not at home;" he was always kind enough to write the citation with chalk upon my chamber door. Occasionally a one-horse vehicle rolled along, well packed with students, who travelled away for the vacation—or for ever. In such a university town, there is an endless coming and going. Every three years beholds a new student-generation, forming an incessant human tide, where one vacation-wave washes along its predecessor, and only the old professors remain upright in the general flood, immovable as the Pyramids of Egypt. Unlike their oriental cotemporaries, no tradition declares that in them treasures of wisdom are buried.

From amid the "myrtle leaves," by Rauschenwasser, I saw two hopeful youths appear. A female, who there carried on her business, accompanied them as far as the highway, clapped with a practised hand the meagre legs of the horses, laughed aloud, as one of the cavaliers, inspired with a very peculiar spirit of gallantry, gave her a "cut behind" with his whip, and travelled off for Bovden. The

youths, however, rattled along towards *Nörten*, trilling in a highly intelligent manner, and singing the Rossinian lay of "Drink beer, pretty, pretty 'Liza!" These sounds I continued to hear when far in the distance, and after I had long lost sight of the amiable vocalists, as their horses, which appeared to be gifted with characters of extreme German deliberation, were spurred and lashed in a most excruciating style. In no place is the skinning alive of horses carried to such an extent as in *Göttingen*; and often, when I beheld some lame and sweating hack, who, to earn the scraps of fodder which maintained his wretched life, was obliged to endure the torment of some roaring blade, or draw a whole wagon load of students—I reflected: "Unfortunate beast,—most certainly thy first ancestors, in some horse paradise, did eat of forbidden oats."

In the tavern at *Nörten* I again met my two vocalists. One devoured a herring-salad, and the other amused himself with the leathern complexioned waiting-maid, *FUSIA CANINA*, also known as *STEPPING-BIRD*.* He passed from compliments to caresses, until they became finally "hand in glove" together. To lighten my knapsack, I extracted from it a pair of blue pantaloons, which were somewhat remarkable in a historical point of view, and presented them to the little waiter, whom we called *HUMMING BIRD*. The old landlady, *BUSSENIA*, brought me bread and butter, and greatly lamented that I so seldom visited her, for she loved me dearly.

Beyond *Nörten* the sun flashed high in heaven. He evidently wished to treat me honorably, and warmed my heart until all the unripe thoughts which it contained came to full growth. The admirable *Sun Tavern*, in *Nörten*, should not be passed over in silence, for it was there that I breakfasted. All the dishes were excellent, and suited me far better than the wearisome, academical courses of saltless, leathery dried fish and cabbage *rechauffée*, which characterized both our physical and mental pabulum at *Göttingen*. After I had somewhat appeased my appetite, I remarked in the same room of the tavern, a gentleman and two ladies, who appeared about to depart on their journey. The cavalier was clad entirely in green, even to his eyes, over which a pair of green spectacles cast in turn a verdigrease glow upon his copper-red nose. The gentleman's general appearance was that which we may presume *King Nebuchadnezzar* to have presented, after having passed a few years out at grass.

* *Triltvogel*, or "Step-bird," signifies, in German student slang, one who demands money; a *Manichæn*, or creditor.—[*Note by Translator.*]

The Green One requested me to recommend him to a hotel in Göttingen, and I advised him when there to inquire of the first convenient student for the *Hotel de Brübach*. One lady was evidently his wife: an altogether extensively constructed dame, gifted with a mile-square countenance, with dimples in her cheeks which looked like hide-and-go-seek holes for well grown cupids. A copious double chin appeared below, like an imperfect continuation of the face, while her high-piled bosom, which was defended by stiff points of lace, and a many-cornered collar, as if by turrets and bastions, reminded one of a fortress. Still it is by no means certain that this fortress would have resisted an ass laden with gold, any more than did that of which Philip of Macedon spoke. The other lady, her sister, seemed her extreme anti-type. If the one were descended from Pharaoh's fat kine, the other was as certainly derived from the lean. Her face was but a mouth between two ears, her breast was as inconsolably comfortless and dreary as the Lüneburger heath; while her altogether dried-up figure reminded one of a charity-table for poor students of theology. Both ladies asked me, in a breath, if respectable people lodged in the *Hotel de Brübach*? I assented to this question with certainty, and a clear conscience, and as the charming trio drove away, I waved my hand to them many times from the window. The landlord of the Sun laughed, however, in his sleeve, being probably aware that the *Hotel de Brübach* was a name bestowed by the students of Göttingen upon their University prison.

Beyond *Nordheim* mountain ridges begin to appear, and the traveller occasionally meets with a picturesque eminence. The wayfarers whom I encountered were principally pedlars, travelling to the Brunswick fair, and among them were swarms of women, every one of whom bore on her back an incredibly large pack, covered with linen. In these packs were cages, containing every variety of singing birds, which continually chirped and sung, while their bearers merrily hopped along and sang together. A queer fancy came into my head, that I beheld one bird carrying others to market.

The night was dark as pitch as I entered *Osterode*. I had no appetite for supper, and at once went to bed. I was as tired as a dog and slept like a god. In my dreams I returned to Göttingen, even to its very library. I stood in a corner of the Hall of Jurisprudence, turning over old dissertations, lost myself in reading, and when I finally looked up, remarked to my astonishment that it was night, and that the Hall was illuminated by innumerable over-hanging crystal chandeliers. The bell of the neighbouring church struck

twelve, the hall doors slowly opened, and there entered a superb colossal female form, reverentially accompanied by the members and hangers on of the legal faculty. The giantess though advanced in years retained in her countenance traces of extreme beauty, and her every glance indicated the sublime Titaness, the mighty THEMIS. The sword and balance were carelessly grasped in her right hand, while with the left she held a roll of parchment. Two young *Doctores Juris* bore the train of her faded grey robe; by her right side the lean Court Counsellor RUSTICUS, the Lycurgus of Hanover, fluttered here and there like a zephyr, declaiming extracts from his last legal essay, while by her left, her *cavaliere servante*, the privy legal counsellor CAJACIUS, hobbled gaily and gallantly along, constantly cracking legal jokes, laughing himself so heartily at his own wit, that even the serious goddess often smiled and bent over him, exclaiming as she tapped him on the shoulder with the great parchment roll, "Thou little scamp who cuttest down the tree from the top!" All of the gentlemen who formed her escort now drew nigh in turn, each having something to remark or jest over, either a freshly worked up system, or a miserable little hypothesis, or some similar abortion of their own brains. Through the open door of the hall now entered many strange gentlemen, who announced themselves as the remaining magnates of the illustrious order; mostly angular suspicious looking fellows, who with extreme complacency blazed away with their definitions and hair-splittings, disputing over every scrap of a title to the title of a pandect. And other forms continually flocked in, the forms of those who were learned in law in the olden time,—men in antiquated costume, with long counsellor's wigs and forgotten faces, who expressed themselves greatly astonished that they, the widely famed of the previous century, should not meet with especial consideration; and these, after their manner, joined in the general chattering and screaming, which like ocean breakers became louder and madder around the mighty Goddess, until she, bursting from impatience suddenly cried, in a tone of the most agonized Titanic pain, "Silence! Silence? I hear the voice of the loved Prometheus,—mocking cunning and brute force are chaining the innocent One to the rock of martyrdom, and all your prattling and quarrelling will not allay his wounds or break his fetters!" So cried the Goddess, and rivulets of tears sprang from her eyes, the entire assembly howled as if in the agonies of death, the ceiling of the hall burst asunder, the books tumbled madly from their shelves, and in vain the portrait of old MÜNCHHAUSEN called out "order" from his frame,

for all crashed and raged more wildly around. I sought refuge from this Bedlam broke loose, in the Hall of History, near that gracious spot where the holy images of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici stand near together, and I knelt at the feet of the Goddess of Beauty, in her glance I forgot all the wearisome barren labour which I had passed, my eyes drank in with intoxication the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her infinitely blessed form ; Hellenic calm swept through my soul, while above my head, Phœbus Apollo poured forth like heavenly blessings, the sweetest tones of his lyre.

Awaking, I continued to hear a pleasant musical ringing. The flocks were on their way to pasture, and their bells were tinkling. The blessed golden sunlight shone through the window, illuminating the pictures on the walls of my room. They were sketches from the war of Independence, and among them were placed representations of the execution of Louis XVI. on the guillotine, and other decapitations which no one could behold without thanking God that he lay quietly in bed, drinking excellent coffee, and with his head comfortably adjusted upon neck and shoulders.

After I had drunk my coffee, dressed myself, read the inscriptions upon the window-panes and set everything straight in the inn, I left Osterode.

This town contains a certain quantity of houses and a given number of inhabitants, among whom are divers and sundry souls, as may be ascertained in detail from "GOTTSCHALK'S Pocket Book for Hartz-travellers." Ere I struck into the highway I ascended the ruins of the very ancient Osteroder Burg. They consisted of merely the half of a great, thick-walled tower, which appeared to be fairly honeycombed by time. The road to *Clausthal*, led me again up-hill, and from one of the first eminences I looked back into the dale where Osterode, with its red roofs peeps out from among the green fir woods, like a moss-rose from amid its leaves. The pleasant sunlight inspired gentle, child-like feelings. From this spot the imposing rear of the remaining portion of the tower may be seen to advantage.

After proceeding a little distance, I overtook and went along with a travelling journeyman, who came from Brunswick, and related to me, that it was generally believed in that city, that their young Duke had been taken prisoner by the Turks during his tour in the Holy Land, and could only be ransomed by an enormous sum. The extensive travels of the Duke probably originated this tale. The people at large, still preserve that traditional fable-loving train of ideas,

which is so pleasantly shown in their "Duke Ernst." The narrator of this news, was a tailor, a neat little youth, but so thin, that the stars might have shone through him as through Ossian's ghosts. Altogether, he formed a vulgar mixture of affectation, whim and melancholy. This was peculiarly expressed in the droll and affecting manner in which he sang that extraordinary popular ballad, "A beetle sat upon the hedge, *summ, summ!*" That is a pleasant peculiarity of us Germans. No one is so crazy but that he may find a crazier comrade, who will understand him. Only a German *can* appreciate that song, and in the same breath laugh and cry himself to death over it. On this occasion, I also remarked the depth to which the words of GOETHE have penetrated into the national life. My lean comrade trilled occasionally as he went along. "Joyful and sorrowful, thoughts are free!" Such a corruption of a text is usual among the multitude. He also sang a song in which "Lottie by the grave of Werther" wept. The tailor ran over with sentimentalism in the words, "Sadly by the rose-beds now I weep, where the late moon found us oft alone! Moaning where the silver fountains sleep, which rippled once delight in every tone." But he soon became capricious and petulant, remarking, that "We have a Prussian in the tavern at Cassel, who makes exactly such songs, himself. He can't sew a single decent stitch; when he has a penny in his pocket he always has twopence worth of thirst with it, and when he has a drop in his eye, he takes heaven to be a blue jacket, weeps like a roof-spout, and sings a song with double poetry." I desired an explanation of this last expression, but my tailoring friend, hopped about on his walking-cane legs and cried incessantly, "Double poetry is double poetry, and nothing else." Finally, I ascertained that he meant doubly rhymed poems, or stanzas. Meanwhile, owing to his extra exertion, and an adverse wind, the Knight of the Needle became sadly weary. It is true that he still made a great pretence of advancing, and blustered, "Now I will take the road between my legs." But he, immediately after, explained that his feet were blistered, and that the world was by far too extensive, and finally sinking down at the foot of a tree, he moved his delicate little head like the tail of a troubled lamb, and woefully smiling, murmured, "Here am I, poor vagabond, already again weary!"

The hills here became steeper, the fir-woods waved below like a green sea, and white clouds above, sailed along over the blue sky. The wildness of the region was, however, tamed by its uniformity and the simplicity of its elements. Nature, like a true poet, abhors

abrupt transitions. Clouds—however fantastically formed they may at times appear—still have a white, or at least, a subdued hue, harmoniously corresponding with the blue heaven and the green earth; so that all the colours of a landscape blend into each other like soft music, and every glance at such a natural picture, tranquillizes and re-assures the soul. The late HOFFMAN would have painted the clouds spotted and checquered. And like a great poet, Nature knows how to produce the greatest effects with the most limited means. *There* she has only a sun, trees and flowers, water and love. Of course, if the latter be lacking in the heart of the observer, the whole will, in all probability, present but a poor appearance, the sun will be so and so many miles in diameter, the trees are for fire-wood, the flowers are classified according to their stamens, and the water is wet.

A little boy who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle, pointed out to me the village of *Lerrbach*, whose little huts with grey roofs scatter along for two miles through the valley. "There," said he, "live idiots with goitres, and white negroes." By white negroes the people mean *albinos*. The little fellow lived on terms of peculiar understanding with the trees, addressing them like old acquaintances, while they in turn seemed by their waving and rustling to return his salutations. He chirped like a thistle-finch, many birds around answered his call, and ere I was aware, he had disappeared with his little bare feet and his bundle of brush, amid the thickets. "Children," thought I, "are younger than we, they can perhaps remember when they were once trees or birds, and are, consequently still able to understand them. We of larger growth, are alas, too old for that, and carry about in our heads too much legal lore, and too many sorrows and bad verses." But the time when it was otherwise, recurred vividly to me as I entered Clausthal. In this pretty little mountain town, which the traveller does not behold until he stands directly before it, I arrived just as the clock was striking twelve and the children came tumbling merrily out of school. The little rogues—nearly all red-cheeked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, sprang and shouted, and awoke in me, melancholy and cheerful memories, how I once myself, as a little boy, sat all the forenoon long in a gloomy catholic cloister school in Düsseldorf, without so much as daring to stand up, enduring meanwhile such a terrible amount of Latin, whipping and geography, and how I too, hurrahed and rejoiced beyond all measure, when the old Franciscan clock at last struck twelve. The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger,

and greeted me in the most hospitable manner. One of the boys told me that they had just had a lesson in religion, and showed me the Royal Hanoverian Catechism, from which they were questioned on Christianity. This little book was very badly printed, so that I greatly feared that the doctrines of faith made thereby but an unpleasant blotting-paper sort of impression upon the children's minds. I was also shocked at observing that the multiplication table contrasted with the Holy Trinity on the last page of the catechism, as it at once occurred to me that by this means the minds of the children might, even in their earliest years, be led to the most sinful skepticism. We Prussians are more intelligent, and in our zeal for converting those heathens who are familiar with arithmetic, take good care not to print the multiplication table behind the catechism.

I dined in the "Crown," at Clausthal. My repast consisted of spring-green, parsley-soup, violet-blue cabbage, a pile of roast veal, which resembled Chimborazo in miniature, and a sort of smoked herrings, called *Bückings*, from their inventor, WILLIAM BÜCKING, who died in 1447, and who on account of the invention was so greatly honored by CHARLES V. that the great monarch in 1556 made a journey from Middleburg to Bievlied in Zealand, for the express purpose of visiting the grave of the great fish-drier. How exquisitely such dishes taste when we are familiar with their historical associations. Unfortunately, my after-dinner coffee was spoiled by a youth, who in conversing with me ran on in such an outrageous strain of noise and vanity that the milk was soured. He was a young counter-jumper, wearing twenty-five variegated waistcoats, and as many gold seals, rings, breastpins, &c. He seemed like a monkey who having put on a red coat had resolved within himself that clothes make the man. This gentleman had got by heart a vast amount of charades and anecdotes, which he continually repeated in the most inappropriate places. He asked for the news in Göttingen, and I informed him that a decree had been recently published there by the Academical Senate, forbidding any one, under penalty of three dollars, to dock puppies' tails,—because during the dog-days, mad dogs invariably ran with their tails between their legs, thus giving a warning indication of the existence of hydrophobia, which could not be perceived were the caudal appendage absent. After dinner I went forth to visit the mines, the mint, and the silver refineries.

In the silver refinery as has frequently been my luck in life, I could get no glimpse of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this I have never been able

to advance. On such occasions, mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe, that if it should rain dollars from Heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp, in my hand, and said to it: "Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee! what a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue, how thou wilt be beloved and accursed! how thou wilt aid in debauchery, pandering, lying, and murdering! how thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until finally laden with trespasses, and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an Abraham, who will melt thee down and purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being!"

I will narrate in detail my visit to "Dorothea" and "Caroline," the two principal Clausthaler mines, having found them very interesting.

Half a German mile from the town, are situated two large, dingy buildings. Here the traveller is transferred to the care of the miners. These men wear dark, and generally steel-blue colored, jackets, of ample girth descending to the hips, with pantaloons of a similar hue, a leather apron bound on behind, and a rimless green felt hat, which resembles a decapitated nine-pin. In such a garb, with the exception of the "back-leather" the visitor is also clad, and a miner, his "leader," after lighting his mine-lamp, conducts him to a gloomy entrance, resembling a chimney hole, descends as far as the breast, gives him a few directions relative to grasping the ladder, and carelessly requests him to follow. The affair is entirely devoid of danger, though it at first appears quite otherwise to those unacquainted with the mysteries of mining. Even the putting on of the dark convict-dress awakens very peculiar sensations. Then one must clamber down on all fours, the dark hole is so *very* dark, and Lord only knows how long the ladder may be! But we soon remark that this is not the only ladder in the black eternity around, for there are many of from fifteen to twenty rounds apiece, each standing upon a board capable of supporting a man, and from which a new hole leads in turn to a new ladder. I first entered the *Caroline*, the dirtiest and most disagreeable of that name with whom I ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted. The rounds of the ladders were covered with wet mud. And from one ladder we descended to another with the guide ever in advance, continually assuring us that there is no danger so long as we hold

firmly to the rounds and do not look at our feet, and that we must not for our lives tread on the side plank, where the buzzing barrel-rope runs, and where two weeks ago a careless man was knocked down, unfortunately breaking his neck by the fall. Far below is a confused rustling and humming, and we continually bump against beams and ropes which are in motion, winding up and raising barrels of broken ore or of water. Occasionally we pass galleries hewn in the rock, called "stulms," where the ore may be seen growing, and where some solitary miner sits the livelong day, wearily hammering pieces from the walls. I did not descend to those deepest depths, where it is reported that the people on the other side of the world, in America, may be heard crying, "Hurrah for Lafayette!" Where I went, seemed to me, however, deep enough in all conscience; amid an endless roaring and rattling, the mysterious sounds of machinery, the rush of subterranean streams, the sickening clouds of ore dust continually rising, water dripping on all sides, and the miner's lamp gradually growing dimmer and dimmer. The effect was really benumbing, I breathed with difficulty, and held with trouble to the slippery rounds. (It was not *fright* which overpowered me, but oddly enough, down there in the depths, I remembered that a year before, about the same time, I had been in a storm on the North Sea, and I now felt that it would be an agreeable change could I feel the rocking of the ship, hear the wind with its thunder-trumpet tones, while amid its lulls sounded the hearty cry of the sailors, and all above was freshly swept by God's own free air. Yes, Air!—Panting for air, I rapidly climbed several dozens of ladders, and my guide led me through a narrow and very long gallery towards the Dorothea mine. Here it is airier and fresher, and the ladders are cleaner, though at the same time longer than in the Caroline. I felt revived and more cheerful, particularly as I observed indications of human beings. Far below I saw wandering, wavering lights, miners with their lamps came one by one upwards, with the greeting, "Good luck to you!" and receiving the same salutation from us, went onwards and upwards. Something like a friendly and quiet, yet at the same time terrific and enigmatical, recollection flitted across my mind as I met the deep glances and earnest, pale faces of these men, mysteriously illuminated by their lanterns, and thought how they had worked all day in lonely and secret places in the mines, and how they now longed for the blessed light of day, and for the glances of wives and children.

My guide himself was a thoroughly honest, honorable, blundering German being. With inward joy he pointed out to me the "stulm"

where the Duke of Cambridge, when he visited the mines, dined with all his train, and where the long wooden table yet stands, with the accompanying great chair, made of ore, in which the Duke sat. "This is to remain as an eternal memorial," said the good miner, and he related with enthusiasm how many festivities had then taken place, how the entire stulm had been adorned with lamps, flowers, and decorations of leaves; how a miner boy had played on the cithern and sung; how the dear, delighted fat Duke had drained many healths, and what a number of miners (himself especially) would cheerfully die for the dear, fat Duke, and for the whole house of Hanover. I am moved to my very heart when I see loyalty thus manifested in all its natural simplicity. It is such a beautiful sentiment! And such a purely *German* sentiment! Other people may be more intelligent and wittier, and more agreeable, but none are so faithful as the real German race. Did I not know that fidelity is as old as the world, I would believe that a German had invented it. German fidelity is no modern "yours very truly," or, "I remain your humble servant." In your courts, ye German princes, ye should cause to be sung, and sung again, the old ballad of *The trusty Eckhart and the base Burgund*, who slew Eckhart's seven children, and still found him faithful. Ye have the truest people in the world, and ye err when ye deem that the old, intelligent, trusty hound has suddenly gone mad, and snaps at your sacred calves!

And like German fidelity, the little mine-lamp has guided us quietly and securely, without much flickering or flaring, through the labyrinth of shafts and stulms. We jump from the gloomy mountain-night—sunlight flashes around:—"Luck to you!"

Most of the miners dwell in Clausthal, and in the adjoining small town of *Zellerfeld*. I visited several of these brave fellows, observed their little household arrangements, heard many of their songs, which they skilfully accompany with their favorite instrument, the cithern, and listened to old mining legends, and to their prayers, which they are accustomed to daily offer in company ere they descend the gloomy shaft. And many a good prayer did I offer up with them. One old climber even thought that I ought to remain among them, and become a man of the mines, and as I, after all, departed, he gave me a message to his brother, who dwelt near *Goslar*, and many kisses for his darling niece.

Immovably tranquil as the life of these men may appear, it is, notwithstanding, a real and vivid life. That ancient, trembling crone who sits before the great clothes-press and behind a stove, may have

been there for a quarter of a century, and all her thinking and feeling, is, beyond a doubt, intimately blended with every corner of the stove and the carvings of the press. And clothes-press and stove *live*,—for a human being hath breathed into them a portion of its soul.

Only a life of this deep-looking into phenomena and its “immediateness,” could originate the German popular tale whose peculiarity consists in this,—that in it, not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently inanimate, speak and act. To thinking, harmless, beings who dwelt in the quiet home-ness of their lowly mountain cabins or forest huts, the inner life of these objects was gradually revealed, they acquired a necessary and consequential character, a sweet blending of fantasy and pure human reflection. This is the reason why, in such fables, we find the extreme of singularity allied to a spirit of perfect self-intelligence, as when the pin and the needle wander forth from the tailor’s home and are bewildered in the dark ; when the straw and the coal seek to cross the brook and are destroyed ;* when the dust-pan and broom quarrel and fight on the stairs ; when the interrogated mirror of “Snow-drop” shows the image of the fairest lady, and when even drops of blood begin to utter dark words of the deepest compassion. And this is the reason why our life in childhood is so infinitely significant, for then all things are of the same importance, nothing escapes our attention, there is equality in every impression ; while, when more advanced in years, we must act with design, busy ourselves more exclusively with particulars, carefully exchange the pure gold of observation for the paper currency of book-definitions, and win in the *breadth* of life what we have lost in depth. *Now*, we are grown-up, respectable people, we often inhabit new dwellings, the house-maid daily cleans them, and changes at her will the position of the furniture which interests us but little, as it is either new, or may belong to-day to Jack, to-morrow to Isaac. Even our very clothes are strange to us, we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat we wear,—for we change our garments as often as possible, and none of them remain deeply identified with our external or inner history. We

* This story of the straw, the coal and the bean, is curiously Latinized in the *Nuge Venales*.

“Pruna, Faba, et Stramen rivum transire laborant, seque idio in ripis Stramen utrinque locat. Sic quasi per pontem Faba transit, Pruna sed urit Stramen, et in medias præcipitatur aquas, Hoc cernens nimio risu faba rumpitur imo parte sui, hancque quasi tacta pudore tegit.—[*Note by Translator.*]

scarce dare to think how that brown vest once looked, which attracted so much laughter, and yet on the broad stripes of which, the dear hand of the loved one so gently rested !

The old dame who sat before the clothes-press and behind the stove, wore a flowered dress of some old-fashioned material, which had been the bridal-robe of her long buried mother. Her great grandson, a flashing-eyed blonde boy, clad in a miner's dress, knelt at her feet, and counted the flowers on her dress. It may be that she has narrated to him many a story connected with that dress ; serious or pretty stories, which the boy will not readily forget, which will often recur to him, when he, a grown up man, works alone in the midnight galleries of the Caroline, and which he in turn will narrate when the dear grandmother has long been dead ; and he himself, a silver-haired, tranquil old man, sits amid the circle of *his* grandchildren before the great clothes-press and behind the oven.

I lodged that night in "The Crown," where I had the pleasure of meeting and paying my respects to the old Court Counsellor B——, of Göttingen. Having inscribed my name in the book of arrivals, I found therein the honoured autograph of ADALBERT VON CHAMISSE, the biographer of the immortal *Schlemihl*. The landlord remarked of Chamisso, that the gentleman had arrived during one terrible storm, and departed in another.

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many shaded green trees were gilded by the sun, and over all the blue silk canopy of Heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, and which I could not banish. It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a death-like magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly, innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns, which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and

frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming long bearded thistle tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then—oh Heavens!—I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command "Let there be light!" and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea! over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with cracking whip, ran a many coloured harlequin, —and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea-monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me, with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight, in fact when he has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?" Then she will answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not!" And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love-dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

The name of *Goslar* rings so pleasantly, and there are so many very ancient and imperial associations connected therewith, that I had hoped to find an imposing and stately town. But it is always the same old story when we examine celebrities too closely! I found a nest of houses, drilled in every direction with narrow streets of labyrinthine crookedness, and amid which a miserable stream, probably the Goslar, winds its flat and melancholy way. The pavement of the town is as ragged as Berlin hexameters. Only the antiquities which are imbedded in the frame, or mounting, of the city; that is to say, its remnants of walls, towers and battlements, give the place a piquant look. One of these towers, known as the *Zwinger*, or donjon-keep, has walls of such extraordinary thickness,

that entire rooms are excavated therein. The open place before the town, where the world-renowned shooting matches are held, is a beautiful large plain surrounded by high mountains. The market is small, and in its midst is a spring-fountain, the water from which pours into a great metallic basin. When an alarm of fire is raised, they strike strongly on this cup-formed basin, which gives out a very loud vibration. Nothing is known of the origin of this work. Some say that the devil placed it once during the night on the spot where it stands. In those days people were as yet fools, nor was the devil any wiser, and they mutually exchanged gifts.

The town hall of Goslar is a white-washed police-station. The Guildhall, hard by, has a somewhat better appearance. In this building, equidistant from roof and ceiling, stand the statues of the German emperors. Partly gilded, and altogether of a smoke-black hue, they look with their sceptres and globes of empire, like roasted college beads. One of the emperors holds a sword, instead of a sceptre. I cannot imagine the reason of this variation from the established order, though it has doubtless some occult signification, as Germans have the remarkable peculiarity of meaning something in whatever they do.

In Gottschalk's "Handbook," I had read much of the very ancient *Dom*, or Cathedral, and of the far-famed imperial throne at Goslar. But when I wished to see these curiosities, I was informed that the church had been torn down, and that the throne had been carried to Berlin. We live in deeply significant times, when millennial churches are shattered to fragments, and imperial thrones are tumbled into the lumber room.

A few memorials of the late cathedral of happy memory, are still preserved in the church of St. Stephen. These consist of stained glass pictures of great beauty, a few indifferent paintings, including a Lucas Cranach, a wooden CHRIST crucified, and a heathen altar of some unknown metal. This latter resembles a long square box, and is supported by four caryatides, which in a bowed position hold their hands over their heads, and make the most hideous grimaces. But far more hideous is the adjacent wooden crucifix of which I have just spoken. This head of CHRIST, with its real hair and thorns and blood-stained countenance, represents, in the most masterly manner, the death of a *man*,—but not of a divinely born Saviour. Nothing but physical suffering is portrayed in this image,—not the sublime poetry of pain. Such a work would be more appropriately placed in a hall of anatomy than in a house of the Lord.

I lodged in a tavern, near the market, where I should have enjoyed my dinner much better, if the landlord with his long, superfluous face, and his still longer questions, had not planted himself opposite to me. Fortunately I was soon relieved by the arrival of another stranger, who was obliged to run in turn the gauntlet of *quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?* This stranger was an old, weary, worn-out man, who, as it appeared from his conversation, had been all over the world, had resided very long in Batavia, had made much money, and lost it all, and who now after thirty years' absence was returning to Quedlinburg, his native city,—“for,” said he, “our family has there its hereditary tomb.” The landlord here made the highly intelligent remark, that it was all the same thing to the soul, where the body was buried. “Have you scriptural authority for that?” retorted the stranger, while mysterious and crafty wrinkles circled around his pinched lips and faded eyes. “But,” he added, as if nervously desirous of conciliating,—“I mean no harm against graves in foreign lands,—oh, no!—the Turks bury their dead more beautifully than we ours; their church-yards are perfect gardens, and there they sit by their white turbaned grave-stones under cypress trees, and stroke their grave beards, and calmly smoke their Turkish tobacco from their long Turkish pipes; and then among the Chinese, it is a real pleasure to see how genteelly they walk around, and pray, and drink tea among the graves of their ancestors, and how beautifully they bedeck the beloved tombs with all sorts of gilt lacquered work, porcelain images, bits of colored silk, fresh flowers and variegated lanterns—all very fine indeed—how far is it yet to Quedlinberg?”

The church-yard at Goslar did not appeal very strongly to my feelings. But a certain very pretty blonde-ringletted nead which peeped smilingly from a parterre window *did*. After dinner I again took an observation of this fascinating window, but instead of a maiden, I beheld a vase containing white bell-flowers. I clambered up, stole the flowers, put them neatly in my cap, and descended, unheeding the gaping mouths, petrified noses, and goggle eyes with which the street population, and especially the old women, regarded this qualified theft. As I, an hour later, passed by the same house, the beauty stood by the window, and as she saw the flowers in my cap, she blushed like a ruby, and started back. This time I had seen the beautiful face to better advantage; it was a sweet transparent incarnation of summer evening air, moonshine, nightingale notes and rose-perfume. Later—in the twilight hour, she was standing at the door. I came—I drew near—she, slowly retreated into the dark

entry—I followed, and seizing her hand, said, “I am a lover of beautiful flowers and of kisses, and when they are not given to me, I steal them.” Here I quickly snatched a kiss, and as she was about to fly, I whispered apologetically, “To-morrow I leave this town and never return again.” Then I perceived a faint pressure of the lovely lips and of the little hand, and I—went smiling away. Yes, I must smile when I reflect that this was precisely the magic formula by which our red and blue-coated cavaliers more frequently win female hearts, than by their mustachioed attractiveness. “To-morrow I leave, and never return again!”

My chamber commanded a fine view towards Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a “man in the moon?” The Slavonians assert that there is such a being named CLOTAR, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little they told me that the moon was a fruit, and that when it was ripe, it was picked and laid away, amid a vast collection of old full moons, in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older, I remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and with a terrible “Hand of Glory” had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality—dazzling idea! who first imagined thee! Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremburg, who with night-cap on his head, and white clay pipe in mouth, sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected in all his comfort, that it would be right pleasant, if, with unextinguishable pipe, and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover, who in the arms of his loved one, thought the immortality-thought, and that because he could think and feel naught beside!—Love! Immortality! it speedily became so hot in my breast, that I thought the geographers had misplaced the equator, and that it now ran directly through my heart. And from my heart poured out the feeling of love;—it poured forth with wild longing into the broad night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart feels most powerful emotions in the night, when it believes itself to be alone and unperceived, so also do the flowers, soft-minded, yet ashamed, appear to await for concealing darkness, that they may give themselves wholly up to their feelings, and breathe them out in sweet odours.

Pour forth, ye perfumes of my heart, and seek beyond yon blue mountain for the loved one of my dreams! Now she lies in slumber, at her feet kneel angels, and if she smiles in sleep it is a prayer which angels repeat; in her breast is heaven with all its raptures, and as she breathes, my heart, though afar, throbs responsively. Behind the silken lids of her eyes, the sun has gone down, and when they are raised, the sun rises, and birds sing, and the bells of the flock tinkle, and I strap on my knapsack and depart.

During the night which I passed at Goslar, a remarkably curious occurrence befel me. Even now, I cannot think of it without terror. I am not by nature cowardly, but I fear *ghosts* almost as much as the "Austrian Observer." What is fear? Does it come from the understanding or from the natural disposition? This was a point which I frequently disputed with DOCTOR SAUL ASCHER, when we accidentally met in the *Café Royal*, in Berlin, where I for a long time dined. The doctor invariably maintained, that we feared anything, because we recognized it as fearful, owing to certain determinate conclusions of the reason. Only the reason was an active power,—not the disposition. While I ate and drank to my heart's content, the doctor demonstrated to me the advantages of reason. Towards the end of his dissertation, he was accustomed to look at his watch and remark conclusively, "Reason is the highest principle!"—Reason! Never do I hear this word without recalling DOCTOR SAUL ASCHER, with his abstract legs, his tight fitting transcendental-gray long coat, and his immovably icy face, which resembled a confused amalgam of geometrical problems. This man, deep in the fifties, was a personified straight line. In his striving for the positive, the poor man had philosophised everything beautiful, out of existence, and with it, everything like sunshine, religion and flowers, so that there remained nothing for him, but a cold positive grave. The Apollo Belvedere and Christianity were the two especial objects of his malice, and he had even published a pamphlet against the latter, in which he had demonstrated its unreasonableness and untenableness. In addition to this, he had, however, written a great number of books, in all of which, *Reason* shone forth in all its peculiar excellence, and as the poor doctor meant what he said in all seriousness, they were, so far, deserving of respect. But the great joke consisted precisely in this, that the doctor invariably cut such a seriously-absurd figure in not comprehending that which every child comprehends, simply because it is a child. I visited the doctor several times in his own house, where I found him in company

with very pretty girls, for Reason, it seems, however abstract, does not prohibit the enjoyment of the things of this world. Once, however, when I called, his servant told me that the "Herr Doctor" had just died. I experienced as much emotion on this occasion, as if I had been told that the "Herr Doctor" had just stepped out.

To return to Goslar. "The highest principle is Reason," said I, consoling myself as I slid into bed. But it availed me nothing. I had just been reading in VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S "German Narrations," which I had brought with me from Clausthal, that terrible tale of a son, who when about to murder his father, was warned in the night by the ghost of his mother. The wonderful truthfulness with which this story is depicted, caused while reading it, a shudder of horror in all my veins. Ghost stories invariably thrill us with additional horror when read during a journey and by night in a town, in a house, and in a chamber where we have never before been. We involuntarily reflect, "How many horrors may have been perpetrated on this very spot where I now lie?" Meanwhile, the moon shone into my room in a doubtful, suspicious manner; all kinds of uncalled for shapes quivered on the walls, and as I laid me down and glanced fearfully around, I beheld—

There is nothing so "uncanny" as when a man sees his own face by moonlight in a mirror. At the same instant there struck a deep-booming, yawning bell, and that so slowly and wearily that I firmly believed that it had been full twelve hours striking, and that it was now time to begin over again. Between the last and next to the last tones, there struck in very abruptly, as if irritated and scolding, another bell, who was apparently out of patience with the slowness of her friend. As the two iron tongues were silenced, and the stillness of death sank over the whole house, I suddenly seemed to hear, in the corridor before my chamber, something halting and waddling along, like the unsteady steps of a man. At last the door slowly opened, and there entered deliberately the late departed DOCTOR SAUL ASCHER. A cold fever drizzled through marrow and vein—I trembled like an ivy leaf, and scarcely dared I gaze upon the ghost. He appeared as usual, with the same transcendental grey long coat, the same abstract legs, and the same mathematical face; only this latter was a little yellower than usual, and the mouth, which formerly described two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, was pinched together, and the circles around the eyes had a somewhat greater radius. Tottering, and supporting himself as usual upon his Malacca cane, he approached me, and said, in his usual drawling dialect, but in a friendly manner:

"Do not be afraid, nor believe that I am a ghost. It is a deception of your imagination, if you believe that you see me as a ghost. What is a ghost? Define one. Deduce for me the conditions of the possibility of a ghost. In what reasonable connection does such an apparition coincide with reason itself? *Reason, I say, reason!*" Here the ghost proceeded to analyze reason, cited from Kant's Critic of Pure Reason, part 2, 1st section, chap. 3, the distinction between phenomena and noumena, then proceeded to construct a hypothetical system of ghosts, piled one syllogism on another, and concluded with the logical proof that there are absolutely no ghosts. Meanwhile the cold sweat beaded over me, my teeth clattered like castanets, and from very agony of soul I nodded an unconditional assent to every assertion which the phantom Doctor alleged against the absurdity of being afraid of ghosts, and which he demonstrated with such zeal, that finally, in a moment of abstraction, instead of his gold watch, he drew a handful of grave worms from his vest pocket, and remarking his error, replaced them with a ridiculous but terrified haste. "The reason is the highest—" Here the clock struck *one*, and the ghost vanished.

I wandered forth from Goslar the next morning, half at random, and half intending to visit the brother of the Clausthaler miner. I climbed hill and mount, saw how the sun strove to drive afar the mists, and wandered merrily through the trembling woods, while around my dreaming head rang the bell flowers of Goslar. The mountains stood in their white night-robcs, the fir trees were shaking sleep out of their branching limbs, the fresh morning wind curled their down-drooping green locks, the birds were at morning prayers, the meadow-vale flashed like a golden surface sprinkled with diamonds, and the shepherd passed over it with his bleating flock. I had gone astray. Men are ever striking out short cuts and bye-paths, hoping to abridge their journey. It is in life as in the Hartz. However, there are good souls everywhere to bring us again to the right way. This they do right willingly, appearing to take a particular satisfaction, to judge from their self-gratified air, and benevolent tones, in pointing out to us the great wanderings which we have made from the right road, the abysses and morasses into which we might have sunk, and, finally, what a piece of good luck it was for us to encounter, betimes, people who knew the road as well as themselves. Such a guide-post I found not far from the Hartzburg, in the person of a well-fed citizen of Goslar—a man of shining, double-chinned, slow-cunning countenance, who looked as if he had discovered the

murrain. We went along for some distance together, and he narrated many ghost stories, which would have all been well enough if they had not all concluded with an explanation that there was no real ghost in the case, but that the spectre in white was a poacher, that the wailing sound was caused by the new-born farrow of a wild sow, and that the rapping and scraping on the roof was caused by cats. "Only when a man is sick," observed my guide, "does he ever believe that he sees ghosts;" and to this he added the remark, that as for his own humble self, he was but seldom sick,—only at times a little wrong about the head, and that he invariably relieved this by dieting. He then called my attention to the appropriateness and use of all things in nature. Trees are green, because green is good for the eyes. I assented to this, adding that the Lord had made cattle because beef-soup strengthened man, that jackasses were created for the purpose of serving as comparisons, and that man existed that he might eat beef-soup, and realize that he was no jackass. My companion was delighted to meet with one of sympathetic views, his face glowed with a greater joy, and on parting from me he appeared to be sensibly moved.

As long as he was with me Nature seemed benumbed, but when he departed the trees began again to speak, the sun-rays flashed, the meadow-flowers danced once more, and the blue heavens embraced the green earth. Yes—I know better. God hath created man that he may admire the beauty and the glory of the world. Every author, be he ever so great, desires that his work may be praised. And in the Bible, that great memoir of God, it is distinctly written that he hath made man for his own honour and praise.

After long wandering, here and there, I came to the dwelling of the brother of my Clausthaler friend. Here I staid all night, and experienced the following beautiful poem:

1.

On yon rock the hut is standing,
Of the ancient mountaineer.
There the dark green fir trees rustle,
And the moon is shining clear.

In the hut there stands an arm-chair
Which quaint carvings beautify;
He who sits therein is happy,
And that happy man am I.

On the footstool sits a maiden,
On my lap her arms repose :—
With her eyes like blue stars beaming,
And her mouth a new-born rose.

And the dear blue stars shine on me,
Full as heaven is their gaze ;
And her little lily finger
Archly on the rose she lays.

“Nay—thy mother cannot see us,
For she spins the whole day long ;
And thy father plays the cithern
As he sings a good old song.”

And the maiden softly whispers,
So that none around may hear :
Many a solemn little secret
Hath she murmured in my ear.

Since I lost my aunt who loved me,
Now we never more repair
To the shooting-ground at Goslar,
And it is *so* pleasant there !

And up here it is so lonely
On the rocks where cold winds blow ;
And in winter, we are ever
Deeply buried in the snow.

And I'm such a timid creature,
And I'm frightened like a child ;
At the evil mountain spirits,
Who by night are raging wild.

At the thought the maid was silent,
As if terror thrilled her breast ;
And the small hands, white and dimpled
To her sweet blue eyes she pressed.

Loud, without, the fir trees rustle,
Loud the spinning-wheel still rings :
And the cithern sounds above them,
While the father softly sings.

“Dearest child :—no evil spirits
Should have power to cause thee dread ;
For good angels still are watching
Night and day around thy head.”

2.

FIR-TREE with his dark green fingers
Taps upon the window low ;
And the moon, a yellow listener,
Casts within her sweetest glow.

Father, mother, both are sleeping,
Near at hand their rest they take ;
But we two, in pleasant gossip,
Keep each other long awake.

“That thou prayest much too often,
Seems unlikely I declare ;
On thy lips there’s a contraction
Which was never born of prayer.

Ah, that heartless, cold expression !
Terrifies me as I gaze ;
Though a solemn sorrow darkens
In thine eyes, their gentle rays.

And I doubt if thou believest
What is held for truth by most ;
Hast thou faith in God the Father
In the Son and Holy Ghost ?

Ah, my darling ; when, an infant
By my mother’s knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father,
He who ruleth great and good.

He who made the world so lovely,
Gave man beauty, gave him force ;
And to sun and moon and planets,
Pre-appointed each their course.

As I older grew, my darling,
And my way in wisdom won ;
I, in reason comprehended,
And believe now in the Son.

In the well-loved Son, who loving,
Oped the gates of Love so wide ;
And for thanks,—as is the custom,—
By the world was crucified.

Now, at man's estate arriving,
Full experience I boast ;
And with heart expanded, truly
I believe in the Holy Ghost.

Who hath worked the greatest wonders,
Greater still he'll work again ;
He hath broken tyrant's strong holds
And he breaks the vassal's chain.

Ancient deadly wounds he healeth,
He renews man's ancient right ;
All to him, born free and equal,
Are as nobles in his sight.

Clouds of evil flee before him,
And those cobwebs of the brain,
Which forbade us love and pleasure,
Scowling grimly on our pain.

And a thousand knights well weaponed
Hath he chosen, and required
To fulfil his holy bidding,
All with noblest zeal inspired.

Lo ! their precious swords are gleaming,
And their banners wave in fight !
What ! thou fain would'st see, my darling,
Such a proud and noble knight ?

Well, then gaze upon me, dearest,
I am of that lordly host.
Kiss me ! I am an elected
True knight of the Holy Ghost !

3.

Silently the moon goes hiding
Down behind the dark green trees ;
And the lamp which lights our chamber
Flickers in the evening breeze.

But the star-blue eyes are beaming
Softly o'er the dimpled cheeks,
And the purple rose is gleaming,
While the gentle maiden speaks.

Little people—fairy goblins—
Steal away our meat and bread ;
In the chest it lies at evening,
In the morning it has fled.

From our milk, the little people
Steal the cream and all the best ;
Then they leave the dish uncovered,
And our cat drinks up the rest.

And the cat's a witch, I'm certain,
For by night when storms arise ;
Oft she glides to yonder "Ghost-Rock,"
Where the fallen tower lies.

There was once a splendid castle,
Home of joy and weapon's bright ;
Where there swept in stately torch dance,
Lady, page, and armed knight.

But a sorceress charmed the castle,
With its lords and ladies fair ;
Now it is a lonely ruin,
And the owls are nestling there.

But my aunt hath often told me,
Could I speak the proper word,
In the proper place up yonder,
When the proper hour occurred.

Then the walls would change by magic
To a castle gleaming bright ;
And I'd see in stately dances,
Dame and page and gallant knight.

He who speaks the word of power
Wins the castle for his own ;
And the knights with drum and trumpet,
Loud will hail him lord alone.

Thus, sweet legendary pictures
From the little rose-mouth bloom ;
And the gentle eyes are shedding
Star-blue lustre through the gloom.

Round my hand the little maiden
Winds her gold locks as she will,
Gives a name to every finger,
Kisses,—smiles, and then is still.

All things in the silent chamber
Seem at once familiar grown,
As if e'en the chairs and clothes-press,
Well, of old, to me were known.

Now the clock talks kindly, gravely,
And the cithern, as t'would seem,
Of itself is faintly chiming,
And I sit as in a dream.

Now the proper hour is o'er us,
Here's the place where't should be heard ;
Child—how thou would'st be astonished,
Should I speak the magic word !

If I spoke that word, then fading
Night would thrill in fearful strife ;
Trees and streams would roar together
As the castle woke to life.

Ringing lutes and goblin ditties
From the clefted rock would sound ;
Like a mad and merry spring-tide
Flowers grow forest-high around.

Flowers—startling, wondrous flowers,
Leaves of vast and fabled form,
Strangely perfumed,—wildly quivering,
As if thrilled with passion's storm.

Roses, wild as crimson flashes,
O'er the busy tumult rise ;
Giant lilies, white as crystal,
Shoot like columns to the skies.

Great as suns the stars above us
Gaze adown with burning glow ;
In the lilies, giant calyx
All their floods of flashes flow.

We ourselves, my little maiden,
Would be changed more than all ;
Torchlight gleams, o'er gold and satin
Round us merrily would fall.

Thou thyself would'st be the princess,
And this hut thy castle high ;
Ladies, lords, and graceful pages,
Would be dancing, singing by.

I, however, I have conquered
Thee, and all things, with the word :—
Serfs and castle :—lo ! with trumpet
Loud they hail me as their lord !

The sun rose. Clouds flitted away like phantoms at the third crow of the cock. Again I wandered up hill and down dale, while over head swept the fair sun, ever lighting up new scenes of beauty. The Spirit of the Mountain evidently favoured me, well knowing that a "poetical character" has it in his power to say many a fine thing of him, and on this morning he let me see his Hartz, as it is not, most assuredly, seen by every one. But the Hartz also saw me as I am seen by few, and there were as costly pearls on my eye-lashes, as on the grass of the valley. The morning-dew of love wetted my cheeks, the rustling pines understood me, their parting twigs waved up and down, as if, like mute mortals, they would express their joy with gestures of their hands, and from afar, I heard beautiful and

mysterious chimes, like the bell-tones of some long lost forest church. People say that these sounds are caused by the cattle-bells, which in the Hartz, ring with remarkable clearness and purity.

It was noon, according to the position of the sun, as I chanced upon such a flock; and its herd, a friendly, light-haired young fellow, told me that the great hill at whose base I stood, was the old world-renowned Brocken. For many leagues around, there is no house, and I was glad enough, when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a *déjeuner dinatoire*, consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep snatched up our crumbs, while pretty shining heifers jumped around, ringing their bells roguishly, and laughing at us with great merry eyes. We made a royal meal; my host appearing to me altogether a king, and as he is the only monarch who has ever given me bread, I will sing him right royally.

The shepherd is a monarch,
A hillock is his throne,
The sun above him shining,
Is his heavy golden crown.

Sheep at his feet are lying,
Soft flatterers, crossed with red,
The calves are "cavalieros,"
Who strut with haughty head.

Court-players are the he-goats,
And the wild-bird and the cow,
With their piping and their herd-bell,
Are the king's musicians now.

They ring and sing so sweetly,
And so sweetly chime around,
The water-fall and fir-trees,
While the monarch slumbers sound.

And as he sleeps, his sheep-dog,
As minister must reign;
His snarling and his barking,
Re-echo o'er the plain.

Dozing, the monarch murmurs
"Such work was never seen
As reigning—I were happier
At home beside my Queen!

“My royal head when weary,
In my Queen’s arms softly lies,
And my endless broad dominion,
In her deep and gentle eyes.”

We took leave of each other in a friendly manner, and with a light heart I began to ascend the mountain. I was soon welcomed by a grove of stately firs, for whom I, in every respect, entertain the most reverential regard. For these trees, of which I speak, have not found growing to be such an easy business, and during the days of their youth it fared hard with them. The mountain is here sprinkled with a great number of blocks of granite, and most of the trees are obliged either to twine their roots over the stones, or split them in two, that they may thus with trouble get at a little earth to nourish them. Here and there stones lie, on each other, forming as it were a gate, and over all grow the trees, their naked roots twining down over the wild portals, and first reaching the ground at its base, so that they appear to be growing in the air. And yet they have forced their way up to that startling height, and grown into one with the rocks, they stand more securely than their easy comrades, who are rooted in the tame forest soil of the level country.⁴ So it is in life with those great men who have strengthened and established themselves by resolutely subduing the obstacles which oppressed their youth. Squirrels climbed amid the fir-twigs, while beneath, yellow-brown deer were quietly grazing. I cannot comprehend, when I see such a noble animal, how educated and refined people can take pleasure in its chase or death. Such a creature was once more merciful than man, and suckled the longing “SCHMERZENREICH” of the Holy Genoseva.*

Most beautiful were the golden sun-rays shooting through the dark green of the firs. The roots of the trees formed a natural stairway, and everywhere my feet encountered swelling beds of moss, for the stones are here covered foot-deep, as if with light-green velvet cushions. Everywhere a pleasant freshness and the dreamy murmur of streams. Here and there we see water rippling silver-clear amid the rocks, washing the bare roots and fibres of trees. Bend down to the current and listen, and you may hear at the same time the mysterious history of the growth of the plants, and the quiet pulsations

According to the Legend of Genoseva, (chap. v.) when the fair saint and her little son, SCHMERZENREICH, (abounding in sorrows,) were starving in the wilderness, they were suckled by a doe.—[*Note by Translator.*]

of the heart of the mountain. In many places, the water jets strongly up, amid rocks and roots, forming little cascades. It is pleasant to sit in such places. All murmurs and rustles so sweetly and strangely, the birds carol broken strains of love-longing, the trees whisper like a thousand girls, odd flowers peep up like a thousand maidens' eyes, stretching out to us their curious, broad, droll-pointed leaves, the sun-rays flash here and there in sport, the soft-souled herds are telling their green legends, all seems enchanted, and becomes more secret and confidential, an old, old dream is realized, the loved one appears,—alas that all so quickly vanishes!

The higher we ascend, so much the shorter and more dwarf-like do the fir-trees become, shrinking up as it were within themselves, until finally only whortle-berries, bilberries, and mountain herbs remain. It is also sensibly colder. Here, for the first time, the granite boulders, which are frequently of enormous size, become fully visible. These may well have been the play-balls which evil spirits cast at each other on the Walpurgis night, when the witches came riding hither on brooms and pitch-forks, when the mad unhallowed revelry begins, as our believing nurses have told us, and as we may see it represented in the beautiful Faust-pictures of Master Retsch. Yes, a young poet who in journeying from Berlin to Göttingen, on the first evening in May, passed the Brocken, remarked how certain belles-lettered ladies held their æsthetic tea-circle in a rocky corner, how they comfortably read the Evening Journal, how they praised as an universal genius, their pet billy-goat, who bleating, hopped around their table, and how they passed a final judgment on all the manifestations of German literature. But when they at last fell upon "Ratcliff," and "Almanzor," utterly denying to the author, aught like piety or Christianity, the hair of the youth rose on end, terror seized him—I spurred my steed and rode onwards!

In fact, when we ascend the upper half of the Brocken, no one can well help thinking of the attractive legends of the Blocksberg, and especially of the great mystical German national tragedy of Doctor Faust. It ever seemed to me that I could hear the cloven foot scrambling along behind, and that some one inhaled an atmosphere of humor. And I verily believe that "Mephisto" himself must breathe with difficulty when he climbs his favorite mountain, for it is a road which is to the last degree exhausting, and I was glad enough when I at last beheld the long desired Brocken-house.

This house—as every one knows, from numerous pictures—consists of a single story, and was erected in the year 1800 by COUNT STOLL-

BERG WERNIGERODE, for whose profit it is managed as a tavern. On account of the wind and cold in winter, its walls are incredibly thick, The roof is low. From its midst rises a tower-like observatory, and near the house lie two little out-buildings, one of which, in earlier times, served as shelter to the Brocken visitors.

On entering the Brocken-house, I experienced a somewhat unusual and legend-like sensation. After a long solitary journey, amid rocks and pines, the traveller suddenly finds himself in a house amid the clouds. Far below lie cities, hills and forests, while above he encounters a curiously blended circle of strangers, by whom he is received as is usual in such assemblies, almost like an expected companion—half inquisitively and half indifferently. I found the house full of guests, and, as becomes a wise man, I first reflected on the night, and the discomfort of sleeping on straw. My part was at once determined on. With the voice of one dying I called for tea, and the Brocken landlord was reasonable enough to perceive that the sick gentleman must be provided with a decent bed. This he gave me, in a narrow room, where a young merchant—a long emetic in a brown overcoat—had already established himself.

In the public room I found a full tide of bustle and animation. There were students from different Universities. Some of the newly arrived were taking refreshments. Others, preparing for departure, buckled on their knapsacks, wrote their names in the album, and received bouquets from the housemaid. There was jesting, singing, springing, trilling, some questioning, some answering, fine weather, foot path, *prosit!*—luck be with you! Adieu! Some of those leaving were also partly drunk, and these derived a two-fold pleasure from the beautiful scenery, for a tipsy man sees double.

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, and there found a little gentleman, with two ladies, one of whom was young and the other elderly. The young lady was very beautiful. A superb figure, flowing locks, surmounted by a helm-like black satin *chapeau*, amid whose white plumes the wind played; fine limbs, so closely enwrapped by a black silk mantle that their exquisite form was made manifest, and great free eyes, calmly looking down into the great free world.

When as yet a boy I thought of naught save tales of magic and wonder, and every fair lady who had ostrich feathers on her head I regarded as an Elf in Queen. If I observed that the train of her

dress was wet, I believed at once that she must be a water fairy.* Now, I know better, having learned from Natural History that those symbolical feathers are found on the most stupid of birds, and that the skirt of a lady's dress, may be wetted in a very natural way. But if I had, with those boyish eyes, seen the aforesaid young lady, in the aforesaid position on the Brocken, I would most assuredly have thought "That is the fairy of the mountain and she has just uttered the charm which has caused all down there to appear so wonderful." Yes, at the first glance from the Brocken, everything appears in a high degree marvellous,—new impressions throng in on every side, and these, varied and often contradictory, unite in our soul to an overpowering and confusing sensation. If we succeed in grasping the idea of this sensation, we shall comprehend the character of the mountain. (This character is entirely German as regards not only its advantages, but also its defects.) The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he points out to us,—sharply and accurately defined as in a panorama,—the hundreds of cities, towns and villages which are principally situated to the north, and all the mountains, forests, rivers and plains which lie infinitely far around. But for this very cause everything appears like an accurately designed and perfectly coloured map, and nowhere is the eye gratified by really beautiful landscapes,—just as we German compilers, owing to the honourable exactness with which we attempt to give all and everything, never appear to think of giving integral parts in a beautiful manner. The mountain in consequence has a certain calm-German, intelligent, tolerant character, simply because he can see things so distant, yet so distinctly.† And when such a mountain opens his giant eyes, it may be that he sees somewhat more than we dwarfs, who with our weak eyes climb over him. Many, indeed, assert that the Blocksberg is very Philistine-like, and *Claudius* once sang "The Blocksberg is the lengthy Sir Philistine." But that was an error. On account of his bald head, which he occasionally covers with a cloud cap, the Blocksberg has indeed something of a Philistine-like aspect,‡ but this with him, as with many other great Germans, is the

* It is an accepted tradition in Fairy mythology that Undines, Water Nixies and other aqueous spirits, however they may disguise themselves, can always be detected by the fact that a portion of their dress invariably appears to be wet.—[*Note by Translator.*]

† *Philistrose*,—"Philistine-like," i. e. Old foggyish, vulgar, non-student like, citizen-ish, snobbish, *bourgeois*, slow. The term is generally applied by wild students to those "outsiders" who lead a settled down life in the world. "A Philistine," says ARNDT, is a lazy,

result of pure irony. For it is notorious that he has his wild-student and fantastic times, as for instance, on the first night of May. Then he casts his cloud-cap uproariously and merrily on high, and becomes like the rest of us, real German romantic mad.

I soon sought to entrap the beauty into a conversation, for we only begin to fully enjoy the beauties of nature when we talk about them on the spot. She was not spirituelle, but attentively intelligent. Both were perfect models of gentility. I do not mean that commonplace, stiff, negative respectability, which knows exactly what must *not* be done or said, but that rarer, independent, positive gentility, which inspires an accurate knowledge of what we may venture on, and which amid all our ease and *abandon* inspires the utmost social confidence. I developed to my own amazement much geographical knowledge, detailed to the curious beauty the names of all the towns which lay before us, and sought them out for her on the map, which with all the solemnity of a teacher I had spread out on the stone table which stands in the centre of the tower. I could not find many of the towns, possibly because I sought them more with my fingers than with my eyes, which latter were scanning the face of the fair lady, and discovering in it fairer regions than those of "*Schierke*" and "*Elend*."* "This countenance was one of those which never excite, and seldom enrapture, but which always please. I love such faces, for they smile my evilly agitated heart to rest.

I could not divine the relation in which the little gentleman stood to the ladies whom he accompanied. He was a spare and remarkable figure. A head sprinkled with gray hair, which fell over his low forehead down to his dragon-fly eyes, and a round, broad nose which projected boldly forwards, while his mouth and chin seemed retreating in terror back to his ears. His face looked as if formed of the soft yellowish clay with which sculptors mould their first models, and when the thin lips pinched together, thousands of semi-circular and faint wrinkles appeared on his cheeks. The little man never spoke a word, only at times when the elder lady whispered

much-speaking, more-asking, nothing-daring man; such a one who makes the small great and the great small, because in the great he feels his littleness and insignificance. Great passions, great enjoyments, great dangers, great virtues,—all these the Philistine styles nonsense and frenzy."—[*Note by Translator.*]

* *Schierke* (*Schurke*), "rascal," and *Elend* or "misery," are the names of two places near the Brocken.

something friendly in his ear, he smiled like a lap dog which has taken cold.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and she too was gifted with an air of extreme respectability and refinement. Her eyes betrayed a sickly, dreamy depth of thought, and about her mouth there was an expression of confirmed piety, yet withal, it seemed to me that she had once been very beautiful, and often smiled, and taken and given many a kiss. Her countenance resembled a *codex palimpsestus*, in which, from beneath the recent black monkish writing of some text of a Church Father, there peeped out the half obliterated verse of an old Greek love-poet. Both ladies had been that year with their companion, in Italy, and told me many things of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother had much to say of the pictures of Raphael in St. Peter's; the daughter spoke more of the opera in La Fenice.

While we conversed, the sun sank lower and lower, the air grew colder, twilight stole over us, and the tower platform was filled with students, travelling mechanics, and a few honest citizens with their spouses and daughters, all of whom were desirous of witnessing the sun-set. That is truly a sublime spectacle which elevates the soul to prayer. For a full quarter of an hour all stood in solemn silence, gazing on the beautiful fire-ball as it sank in the west; faces were rosy in the evening red; hands were involuntarily folded; it seemed as if we, a silent congregation, stood in the nave of a giant church, that the priest raised the body of the Lord, and that Palestrina's everlasting choral song poured forth from the organ.

As I stood thus lost in piety, I heard some one near me exclaim, "Ah! how beautiful Nature is, as a general thing!" These words came from the full heart of my room-mate, the young shopman. This brought me back to my week day state of mind, and I found myself in tune to say a few neat things to the ladies, about the sun-set, and to accompany them, as calmly as if nothing had happened, to their room. They permitted me to converse an hour longer with them. Our conversation, like the earth's course, was about the sun. The mother declared, that the sun as it sunk in the snowy clouds, seemed like a red glowing rose, which the gallant heaven had thrown upon the white and spreading bridal-veil of his loved earth. The daughter smiled, and thought that a frequent observation of such phenomena weakened their impression. The mother corrected this error by a quotation from GOETHE's Letters of Travel, and asked me if had I read "Werther." I believe that we also spoke of Angora cats, Etruscan

vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni and LORD BYRON, from whose poems, the elder lady, while daintily lisping and sighing, recited several sun-set quotations. To the younger lady, who did not understand English, and who wished to become familiar with those poems, I recommended the translation of my fair and gifted countrywoman, the BARONESS ELISE VON HOHENHAUSEN. On this occasion, as is my custom when talking with young ladies, I did not neglect to speak of BYRON'S impiety, heartlessness, cheerlessness, and heaven knows what beside.

After this business I took a walk on the Brocken, for there it is never quite dark. The mist was not heavy, and I could see the outlines of the two hills known as the Witch's Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired my pistol, but there was no echo. But suddenly I heard familiar voices, and found myself embraced and kissed. The new comers were fellow-students, from my own part of Germany, and had left Göttingen four days later than I. Great was their astonishment at finding me alone on the Blocksberg. Then came a flood tide of narrative, of astonishment, and of appointment making—of laughing and of recollection—and in the spirit we found ourselves again in our learned Siberia, where refinement is carried to such an extent that *bears* are "bound by many ties" in the taverns, and *sables* wish the hunter good evening.*

In the great room we had supper. There was a long table, with two rows of hungry students. At first we had only the usual subject of University conversation—duels, duels, and once again duels. The company consisted principally of Halle students, and Halle formed in consequence the nucleus of their discourse. The window panes of Court-Counsellor SCHUTZ were exegetically lighted up. Then it was mentioned that the King of Cyprus's last levee had been very brilliant, that the monarch had appointed a natural son, that he had married—over the left—a princess of the house of Lichtenstein, that

* According to that dignified and erudite work, the *Burschikoses Wörterbuch*, or Student-Slang Dictionary, "to bind a bear," signifies to contract a debt. The term is most frequently applied to tavern scores. In "the Landlord's Twelve Commandments," a sheet frequently pasted up in German beer-houses, I have observed—"Thou shalt not bind any bears in this my house." The definition of a *sable* (*Zobel*), as given in the Dictionary above cited, are: 1, a finely furred animal; 2, a young lady anxious to please; 3, a "broom," (i. e. housemaid, or female in general); 4, a lady of pleasure; 5, a wench; 6, a nymph of the pave; 7, a "buckle," &c., &c. The *sable hunt* is synonymous with the *Besenjagd* or "broom chase." I have however heard it asserted in Heidelberg, that the term *sable* was strictly applicable only to ladies' maids.

the State-mistress had been forced to resign, and that the entire ministry, greatly moved, had wept according to rule. I need hardly explain that this all referred to certain beer-dignitaries in Halle. Then the two Chinese, who two years before had been exhibited in Berlin, and who were now appointed professors of Chinese æsthetics in Halle, were discussed. Some one supposed a case in which a live German might be exhibited for money in China. Placards would be pasted up, in which the Mandarins *Tsching-Tschang-Tschung* and *Hi-Ha-Ho* certified that the man was a genuine Teuton, including a list of his accomplishments, which consisted principally of philosophizing, smoking, and endless patience. As a finale, visitors might be prohibited from bringing any dogs with them at twelve o'clock (the hour for feeding the captive), as these animals would be sure to snap from the poor German all his tit-bits.

A young *Burschenschafter*, who had recently passed his period of purification in Berlin, spoke much, but very partially of this city. He had been constant in his attendance on WISOTZKI and the Theatre but judged falsely of both. "For youth is ever ready with a word &c." He spoke of wardrobe expenditures, theatrical scandal, and similar matters. The youth knew not that in Berlin where outside show exerts the greatest influence, (as is abundantly evidenced by the commonness of the phrase "so people do,") this apparent life must first of all, flourish on the stage, and consequently that the especial care of the Direction must be for "the colour of the beard with which a part is played," and for the truthfulness of the dresses, which are designed by sworn historians, and sewed by scientifically instructed tailors. And this is indispensable. For if MARIA STUART, wore an apron belonging to the time of QUEEN ANNE, the Banker, CHRISTIAN GUMPEL would, with justice complain that the anachronism destroyed the illusion, and if LORD BURLEIGH in a moment of forgetfulness should don the hose of HENRY THE FOURTH, then MADAM, the war-counsellor von STEINZOFF's wife, *née* LILIENTHAU, would not get the error out of her head for the whole evening. And this delusive care on the part of the general direction extends itself not only to aprons and pantaloon, but also to the within enclosed persons. So in future, OTHELLO will be played by a real Moor, for whom professor LICHTENSTEIN has already written to Africa, the misanthropy and remorse of EULALIA are to be sustained by a lady who has really wandered from the paths of virtue, PETER will be played by a real blockhead, and the STRANGER by a genuine mysterious wittol—for which last three characters it will not be necessary to send to Africa. But little as this

young man had comprehended the relations of the Berlin drama, still less was he aware that the *SPONTINI* Jannissary opera with its kettle-drums, elephants, trumpets, and gongs is a heroic means of inspiring with valour our sleeping race,—a means once shrewdly recommended by Plato and Cicero. Least of all did the youth comprehend the diplomatic inner-meaning of the ballet. It was with great trouble that I finally made him understand that there was really more political science in *HOGUET*'s feet than in *BUCKHOLTZ*'s head, that all his *tours de danse* signified diplomatic negotiations, and that his every movement hinted at state matters, as for instance, when he bent forward anxiously, widely grasping out with his hands, he meant our Cabinet, that a hundred pirouettes on one toe without quitting the spot, alluded to the alliance of Deputies, that he was thinking of the lesser princes when he tripped around with his legs tied, that he described the European balance of power when he tottered hither and thither like a drunken man, that he hinted at a Congress when he twisted his bended arms together like a skein, and finally that he sets forth our altogether too great friend in the East, when very gradually unfolding himself, he rises on high, stands for a long time in this elevated position, and then all at once breaks out into the most terrifying leaps. The scales fell from the eyes of the young man, and he now saw how it was that dancers are better paid than great poets, why the *ballet* forms in diplomatic circles an inexhaustible subject of conversation, and why a beautiful *danseuse* is so frequently privately supported by a minister, who beyond doubt labors night and day that she may obtain a correct idea of his political system. By *Apis*! how great is the number of the exoteric, and how small the array of the esoteric frequenters of the theatre! There sit the stupid audience, gaping and admiring leaps and attitudes, studying anatomy in the positions of *LEMIERE* and applauding the *entre-chats* of *RÖHNISCH*, prattling of "grace," "harmony," and "limbs,"—no one remarking, meanwhile, that he has before him in choregraphic ciphers, the destiny of the German Father-land.

While such observations flitted hither and thither, we did not lose sight of the practical, and the great dishes which were honourably piled up with meat, potatoes, *et cetera*, were industriously disposed of. The food, however, was of an indifferent quality. This I carelessly mentioned to my next neighbour at table, who, however, with an accent in which I recognized the Swiss, very impolitely replied, that Germans knew as little of true content, as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, remarking, that all the world over, the humblest vassals

of princes, as well as pastry cooks and confectioners, were Swiss, and known as a class by that name.¹ I also took the liberty of stating, that the Swiss heroes of liberty of the present day, reminded me of those tame hares, which we see on market days in public places, where they fire off pistols to the great amazement of peasants and children—yet remain hares as before.

The Son of the Alps had really meant nothing wicked, "he was," as CERVANTES says, "a plump man, and consequently a good man." But my neighbour on the other side, a Greifswalder, was deeply touched by the assertion of the Swiss. Energetically did he assert that German ability and simplicity were not as yet extinguished, struck in a threatening manner on his breast, and gulped down a tremendous flagon of white-beer. The Swiss said, "Nu! Nu!" But the more appeasingly and apologetically he said this, so much the faster did the Greifswalder get on with his riot. He was a man of those days, when hair-cutters came near dying of starvation. He wore long locks, a knightly cap, a black old German coat, a dirty shirt, which, at the same time, did duty as a waistcoat, and beneath it a medallion, with a tassel of the hair of BLÜCHER's grey horse. His appearance was that of a full grown fool. I am always ready for something lively at supper, and consequently, held with him a patriotic strife. He was of the opinion that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts. I asserted on the contrary, that there should be forty-eight, because it would then be possible to write a more systematic guide-book for Germany, and because it is essential that life should be blended with science.² My Griefswald friend was also a German bard, and, as he informed me in confidence, was occupied with a national heroic poem, in honour of Herrman and the Herrman battle. Many an advantageous hint did I give him on this subject. I suggested to him that the morasses and crooked paths of the Teutobergian forest, might be very onomatopoeically indicated by means of watery and ragged verse, and that it would be merely a patriotic liberty, should the Romans in his poem, chatter the wildest nonsense. I hope that this bit of art will succeed in his works, as in those of other Berlin poets, even to the minutest particular.

The company around the table gradually became better acquainted, and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch bowls steamed, and drinking, *smölliren** and singing, were the order of the night. The

* Contracted from the Latin *sibi molire amicum*. *Schmölliren*, signifies to gain a friend, to drink brotherhood with him, to give and take the "brother-kiss," and finally, to *Duzen*,

old "Landsfather" and the beautiful songs of W. MULLER, RUCKERT, UHLAND and others, rang around, with the exquisite airs of METHESSEL. Best of all, sounded our own ARNDT's German words, "The Lord who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted, that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from "The Crime," a fourth spoke Latin,* a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair learnedly, lectured as follows: "Gentlemen! The world is a round cylinder, upon which human beings as individual pins, are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently, and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as Universal History. We will, in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history; which latter, we divide into positive and Spanish flies—" And so, sense and nonsense, went rattling on.

A jolly Mechlenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and smiling with happiness snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theatre! Another held his wine glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast himself upon my breast, and shouted wildly, "Oh, that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved again, and G—d d—n me, she's an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!" But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, "Oh, Molly dear! oh, Molly dear!"

or call the friend *Du* or *thou*, equivalent to the French *tutoyer*. The act of *schmolliren* is termed *Schmollis*, from the Latin, *sis mihi mollis amicus*. "Be my good friend!" The *schmollis* in Universities, is accompanied by a variety of ceremonies more or less imposing. The Crown-Schmollis, sung at a *Commerz* or general meeting, involves a vast amount of singing, &c. To refuse a *schmollis* is equivalent to a challenge. It is generally asserted, that to *break the schmollis*, or to call the friend in a moment of forgetfulness, "you," instead of "thou," calls for the forfeit of a bottle of wine, but I have never observed that this rule was enforced against any, save *foxes* or freshmen, and the like.—[*Note by Translator.*]

* Was tipsy. *Wein spricht Latein*—"Wine speaks Latin," says an old proverb, fully illustrated by Rabelais.—[*Note by Translator.*]

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful, and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other, and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love, which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. "LORA is also dead!" said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her." The bird died, and LORA did not long survive it," was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed as though their hearts would break. Finally, the other said, "My soul is sorrowful—come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee, thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets, they réecho in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!"

Both of the young men arose. One threw his arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one by mistake, instead of the window, threw open the door of a large wardrobe, and that both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain, far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers. Oh that I could hunt with ye, on your cloud-steeds, through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried, to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, Daughter of Heaven! Lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in Heaven, thou the Night-

born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and turn away their green-sparkling eyes. Whither—ah, whither—when morning pales thy face dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of humility? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown oh, lovely light, and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in Heaven. Then the stars, who were once lovely in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now, thou art clothed in thy starry splendor, and gazest adown from the gate of Heaven. Tear aside the clouds, oh ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!"

A well known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner, that is to say, *a la* swine, shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house-door, and began to roar around outside, as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew wilder and louder—the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other, "Farewell! I feel that I bleed. Why dost thou waken me, oh breath of Spring? Thou caressest me, and say'st, 'I bedew thee with drops from heaven. But the time of my withering is at hand—at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. To-morrow the Wanderer will come—he who saw me in my beauty—his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field—in vain—" But over all roared the well known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender street, and that one could not even see whose window panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity—modesty forbids me to say how many bottles—and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white night-cap, and yellow Welsh flannel." He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews,

declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per cent. under manufacturers' prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulistic crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A piano-forte extract from Dante's Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the *Falcidia*,* with libretto on the right of inheritance by GANS, and music by SPONTINI. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman Forum splendidly illuminated. In it, Servius Asinius Göschenus sitting as *prætor* on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as *prima donna legataria* all the exquisite feminineness of his nature, sang the love-melting *bravura* of *Quicumque civis Romanus*; *Referees*, rouged red as sealing-wax, bellowed in chorus as *minors*; private tutors, dressed as genii, in flesh-colored stockinets, danced an anti-Justinian ballet, crowning with flowers the "Twelve Tables," while, amid thunder and lightning, rose from the ground the abused ghost of Roman Legislation, accompanied by trumpets, gongs, fiery rain, *cum omni causa*.

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sunrise. Above, on the tower, I found several already waiting, who rubbed their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled around, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was re-assembled, and we saw how, above the horizon, there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim, wintry illumination. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible, so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain that which I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem:

* The "*Falcidian law*" was so called from its proposer, *Falcidius*. According to it, the testator was obliged to leave at least the fourth part of his fortune to the person whom he named his heir. Vide Pandects of Justinian.

In the east 'tis ever brighter,
Though the sun gleams cloudily;
Far and wide the mountain summits
Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-mile boots for travel,
Like the fleeting winds I'd rove,
Over valley, rock and river,
To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping
Soft, the curtain I would slip;
Softly kiss her child-like forehead,
Soft the ruby of her lip.

And yet softer would I whisper
In the little snow-white ear:
"Think in dreams that I still love thee,
Think in dreams I'm ever dear."

Meanwhile my desire for breakfast greatly increased, and after paying a few attentions to my ladies, I hastened down to drink coffee in the warm public-room. It was full time, for all within me was as sober and as sombre as in the St. Stephen's church of Goslar. But with the Arabian beverage, the warm Orient thrilled through my limbs. Eastern roses breathed forth their perfumes, the students were changed to camels,* the Brocken-house-maids with their Congreve-rocket-glances became *houris*, the Philistine-roses, minarets, &c. &c.

But the book which lay near me, though full of nonsense, was not the Koran. It was the so-called *Brocken-book*, in which all travellers who ascend the mountain write their names,—many inscribing their thoughts or in default thereof, their "feelings." Many even express themselves in verse. In this book, one may observe the horrors which result when the great Philistine Pegasus at convenient opportunities such as this on the Brocken, becomes poetic.

* A "camel" in German student dialect, signifies according to the erudite DR. VOLLMANN (*Burschik, Wörterb.*, p. 100.) 1st. A student not in any regular club. 2d. A savage. 3d. A finch. 4th. A badger. 5th. A stag. 6th. A hare. 7th. * * * * 8th. An "outsider." 9th. A Jew. 10th. A nigger. 11th. A Bedouin. 12th. One who neither drinks, smokes, fights duels, cares for girls, nor *renowns* it. To *renown* it, (*rennomiren*) is equivalent to the American phrase "spreads himself." The sum total of Dr. Vollmann's definitions amount according to German student ideas, to what an Englishman would call a "muff," or a "slow coach."—[*Note by Translator.*]

The palace of the Prince of Paphlagonia never contained such absurdities and insipidities as are to be found in this book. Those who shine in it, with especial splendor, are Messieurs the excise-collectors, with their mouldy "high-inspirations;" counter-jumpers, with their pathetic outgushings of the souls; old German dillettanti with their Turner-union-phrases,* and Berlin schoolmasters with their unsuccessful efforts at enthusiasm. MR. SNOBBS will also for once show himself as author. In one page, the majestic splendor of the sun is described,—in another, complaints occur of bad weather, of disappointed hopes, and of the clouds which obstruct the view. "Went up wet without, and came down 'wet within,'"† is a standing joke, repeated in the book hundreds of times.

The whole volume smells of beer, tobacco, and cheese;—we might fancy it one of Clauberg's romances.

While I drank the coffee aforesaid, and turned over the Brocken-book, the Swiss entered, his cheeks deeply glowing, and described with enthusiasm the sublime view, which he had just enjoyed in the tower above, as the pure calm light of the Sun, that symbol of Truth, fought with the night-mists, and that it appeared like a battle of spirits, in which raging giants brandished their long swords, where harnessed knights on leaping steeds chased each other, and war-chariots, fluttering banners, and extravagant monster forms sank in the wildest confusion, till all finally entwined in the maddest contortions, melted into dimness and vanished, leaving no trace. This demagogical natural phenomenon, I had neglected, and, should the curious affair be ever made the subject of investigation, I am ready to declare on oath, that all I know of the matter is the flavour of the good brown coffee I was then tasting.

Alas! this was the guilty cause of my neglecting my fair lady, and now, with mother and friend, she stood before the door, about to step into her carriage. I had scarcely time to hurry to her, and assure her that it was cold. She seemed piqued at my not coming sooner, but I soon drove the clouds from her fair brow, by presenting to her a beautiful flower, which I had plucked the day before, at the risk of breaking my neck, from a steep precipice. The mother inquired the name of the flower, as if it seemed to her not altogether correct that

*The Turner-unions are associations organized for the purpose of Gymnastic exercise. They may also be regarded as revolutionary political clubs.

† *Benebelt herauf gekommen und benebelt hinunter gegangen.* "Came up in a cloud and went down cloudy. The word "cloudy" occurs as an English synonyme for intoxication, in a list of such terms which I have seen in print.—[Note by Translator.]

her daughter should place a strange, unknown flower before her bosom—for this was in fact the enviable position which the flower attained, and of which it could never have dreamed the day before, when on its lonely height. The silent friend here opened his mouth, and after counting the stamina of the flower, dryly remarked that it belonged to the eighth class.

It vexes me every time, when I remember that even the dear flowers which God hath made, have been, like us, divided into castes, and like us, are distinguished by those external names which indicate descent and family. If there *must* be such divisions, it were better to adopt those suggested by Theophrastus, who wished that flowers might be divided according to souls—that is, their perfumes. As for myself, I have my own system of Natural Science, according to which, all things are divided into those which may—or may not be—eaten!

The secret and mysterious nature of flowers, was, however, anything but a secret to the elder lady, and she involuntarily remarked, that she felt happy in her very soul, when she saw flowers growing in the garden or in a room, while a faint, dreamy sense of pain, invariably affected her on beholding a beautiful flower with broken stalk—that it was really a dead body, and that the delicate pale head of such a flower-corpsé hung down like that of a dead infant. The lady here became alarmed at the sorrowful impression which her remark caused, and I flew to the rescue with a few Voltairean verses. How quickly two or three French words bring us back into the conventional concert-pitch of conversation. We laughed, hands were kissed, gracious smiles beamed, the horses neighed, and the wagon jolted heavily and slowly adown the hill.

And now the students prepared to depart. Knapsacks were buckled, the bills, which were moderate beyond all expectation, were settled, the too susceptible house-maids, upon whose pretty countenances the traces of successful amours were plainly visible, brought, as is their custom, their Brocken-bouquets, and helped some to adjust their caps; for all of which they were duly rewarded with either coppers or kisses. Thus we all went “down hill,” albeit one party, among whom were the Swiss and Griefswalder, took the road towards Schierke, and the other of about twenty men, among whom were my “land’s people” and I; led by a guide, went through the so-called “Snow Holes,” down to Ilsenburg.

Such a head-over-heels, break-neck piece of business! Halle students travel quicker than the Austrian militia. Ere I knew

where I was, the bald summit of the mountain with groups of stones strewed over it, was behind us, and we went through the fir-wood which I had seen the day before. The sun poured down a cheerful light on the merry Burschen as they merrily pressed onward through the wood, disappearing here, coming to light again there, running in marshy places, across on shaking trunks of trees, climbing over shelving steeps by grasping the projecting tree-roots, while they trilled all the time in the merriest manner.

The lower we descended, the more delightfully did subterranean waters ripple around us; only here and there they peeped out amid rocks and bushes, appearing to be reconnoitring if they might yet come to light, until at last one little spring jumped forth boldly. Then followed the usual show—the bravest one makes a beginning, and then the great multitude of hesitators, suddenly inspired with courage, rush forth to join the first. A multitude of springs now leaped in haste from their ambush, united with the leader, and finally formed quite an important brook, which with its innumerable water-falls and beautiful windings ripples adown the valley. This is now the Ilse—the sweet, pleasant Ilse. She flows through the blest Ilse-vale, on whose sides the mountains gradually rise higher and higher, being clad even to their base with beech-trees, oaks, and the usual shrubs, the firs and other needle-covered evergreens having disappeared. For that variety of trees prevails upon the “Lower Harz,” as the east side of the Brocken is called in contradistinction to the west side or Upper Harz, being really much higher and better adapted to the growth of evergreens.

No pen can describe the merriment, simplicity and gentleness with which the Ilse leaps or glides amid the wildly piled rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place amid rifted rocks, and in another wells through a thousand crannies, as if from a giant watering-pot, and then in collected stream trips away over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes,—the old legend is true, the Ilse is a princess, who laughing in beauty, runs adown the mountain. How her white foam-garment gleams in the sun-shine! How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze! How her diamonds flash! The high beech-tree gazes down on her like a grave father secretly smiling at the capricious self-will of a darling child, the white birch-trees nod their heads around like delighted aunts, the proud oak looks on like a not over-pleased uncle, as though he must pay for all the fine weather; the birds in the air sing their share in their joy, the flowers on the bank whisper, “Oh,

take us with thee! take us with thee! dear sister!" but the wild maiden may not be withheld, and she leaps onward, and suddenly seizes the dreaming poet, and there streams over me a flower-rain of ringing gleams and flashing tones, and all my senses are lost in beauty and splendour, as I hear only the voice sweet pealing as a flute.

I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest—and mine!

With ever-flowing fountains
I'll cool thy weary brow;
Thou'lt lose amid their rippling,
The cares which grieve thee now.

In my white arms reposing
And on my snow-white breast
Thou'lt dream of old, old legends
And sink in joy to rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day
I kissed the Emperor Henry,
Who long has passed away.

The dead are dead and silent,
Only the living love;
And I am fair and blooming,
— Dost feel my wild heart move?

And as my heart is beating,
My crystal castle rings;
Where many a knight and lady
In merry measure springs.

Silk trains are softly rustling,
Spurs ring from night to morn;
And dwarfs are gaily drumming,
And blow the golden horn.

As round the Emperor Henry,
My arms round thee shall fall;
I held his ears—he heard not
The trumpet's warning call.

We feel infinite happiness when the outer world blends with the world of our own soul, and green trees, thoughts, the songs of birds, gentle melancholy, the blue of heaven, memory, and the perfume of flowers, run together in sweet arabesques. Women best understand this feeling, and this may be the cause that such a sweet, incredulous smile plays around their lips when we, with school-pride, boast of our logical deeds;—how we have classified everything so nicely into subjective and objective,—how our heads are provided, apothecary-like, with a thousand drawers, one of which contains reason, another understanding, a third wretched wit, and the fifth nothing at all—that is to say, the *Idea*.

As if wandering in dreams, I scarcely observed that we had left the depths of the *Ilsethal* and were now again climbing up hill. This was steep and difficult work, and many of us lost our breath. But like our late lamented cousin, who now lies buried at *Möllen*, we constantly kept in mind the ease with which we should descend, and were much the better off in consequence. Finally we reached the *Ilsenstein*.

This is an enormous granite rock, which rises high and boldly from a glen. On three sides it is surrounded by woody hills, but from the fourth—the north—there is an open view, and we gaze upon the *Ilsenburg* and the *Ilse* lying far below, and our glances wander beyond into the lower land. On the tower-like summit of the rock stands a great iron cross, and in case of need there is also here a resting-place for four human feet.

As nature, through picturesque position and form, has adorned the *Ilsenstein* with strange and beautiful charms, so has also *Legen* poured over it her rosy light. According to *GOTTSCALK*, “the people say that there once stood here an enchanted castle, in which dwelt the fair princess *ILSE*, who yet bathes every morning in the *Ilse*. He who is so fortunate as to hit upon the exact time and place, will be led by her into the rock, where her castle lies, and receive a royal reward.” Others narrate a pleasant legend of the loves of the *LAD ILSE* and of the *KNIGHT OF WESTENBURG*, which has been romantically sung by one of our most noted poets, in the “*Evening Journal*.” Others again say that it was the old *Saxon EMPEROR HENRY*, who passed in pleasure his imperial hours with the water-nymph, *ILSE*, in her enchanted castle. A later author, one *NIEMANN, Esq.*, who has written a *Hartz Guide*, in which the heights of the hills, variations of the compass, town finances, and similar matters are described with praise-worthy accuracy, asserts, however, that “what is narrated of the Princess *ILSE* belongs entirely to the realm of fable.” So all

men, to whom a beautiful princess has never appeared, assert; but we who have been especially favored by fair ladies, know better. And this the Emperor Henry knew too! It was not without cause that the old Saxon emperors held so firmly to their native Hartz. Let any one only turn over the leaves of the fair Lünenburg Chronicle, where the good old gentlemen are represented in wondrously true-hearted wood-cuts as well weaponed, high on their mailed war-steeds; the holy imperial crown on their blessed heads, sceptre and sword in firm hands; and then in their dear bearded faces he can plainly read how they often longed for the sweet hearts of their Hartz princesses, and for the familiar rustling of the Hartz forests, when they lingered in distant lands. Yes,—even when in the orange and poison-gifted Italy, whither they, with their followers, were often enticed by the desire of becoming Roman Emperors—a genuine German lust for title, which finally destroyed emperor and realm.

I, however, advise every one who may hereafter stand on the summit of the Ilsenburg, to think neither of emperor and crown, nor of the fair Ilse, but simply of his own feet. For as I stood there, lost in thought, I suddenly heard the subterranean music of the enchanted castle, and saw the mountains around begin to stand on their heads, while the red tiled roofs of Ilsenburg were dancing, and green trees flew through the air, until all was green and blue before my eyes, and I, overcome by giddiness, would assuredly have fallen into the abyss, had I not, in the dire need of my soul, clung fast to the iron cross. No one who reflects on the critically ticklish situation in which I was then placed, can possibly find fault with me for having done this.

The Hartz Journey is, and remains, a fragment, and the variegated threads which were so neatly wound through it, with the intention to bind it into a harmonious whole, have been suddenly snapped asunder as if by the shears of the implacable Destinies. It may be that I will one day weave them into new songs, and that that which is now stingily withheld, will then be spoken in full. But when and what we have spoken will all come to one and the same thing at last, provided that we do but speak. The single works may ever remain fragments, if they only form a whole by their union.

By such a connection the defective may here and there be supplied, the rough be polished down, and that which is altogether too harsh be modified and softened. This is perhaps especially applicable to the first pages of the Hartz journey, and they would in all probability have caused

a far less unfavourable impression could the reader in some other place have learned that the ill-humor which I entertain for Göttingen in general, although greater than I have here expressed it, is still far from being equal to the respect which I entertain for certain individuals there. And why should I conceal the fact that I here allude particularly to that estimable man, who in earlier years received me so kindly, inspiring me even then with a deep love for the study of History; who strengthened my zeal for it later in life and thus led my soul to calmer paths; who indicated to my peculiar disposition its peculiar paths, and, who finally gave me those historical consolations, without which I should never have been able to support the painful events of the present day. I speak of GEORGE SARTORIUS, the great investigator of history and of humanity, whose eye is a bright star in our dark times, and whose hospitable heart is ever open to all the griefs and joys of others—for the needs of the beggar or the king, and for the last sighs of nations perishing with their gods.

I cannot here refrain from remarking that the Upper Hartz—that portion of which I described as far as the beginning of the *Ilsethal*, did not by any means, make so favourable an impression on me as the romantic and picturesque Lower Hartz, and in its wild, dark fir-tree beauty contrasts strangely with the other, just as the three valleys formed by the Ilse, the Bode and the Selke, beautifully contrast with each other, when we are able to individualize the character of each. They are three beautiful women of whom it is impossible to determine which is the fairest.

I have already spoken and sung of the fair, sweet Ilse, and how sweetly and kindly she received me. The darker beauty—the *Bode*—was not so gracious in her reception, and as I first beheld her in the smithy-dark, Turnip-land, she appeared to me to be altogether ill-natured and hid herself beneath a silver-grey rain-veil: but with impatient love she suddenly threw it off, as I ascended the summit of the Rosstrappe, her countenance gleamed upon me with the sunniest splendour, from every feature beamed the tenderness of a giantess, and from the agitated, rocky bosom, there was a sound as of sighs of deep longing and melting tones of woe. Less tender, but far merrier, did I find the pretty *Selke*, an amiable lady whose noble simplicity and calm repose held at a distance all sentimental familiarity; but who by a half-concealed smile betrayed her mocking mood. It was perhaps to this secret, merry spirit that I might have attributed the many “little miseries” which beset me in the *Selkethal*—as for instance, when I sought to spring over the rivulet, I plunged in exactly up to

my middle; how when I continued my wet campaign with slippers, one of them was soon "not at hand," or rather "not at foot," for I lost it:—how a puff of wind bore away my cap,—how thorns scratched me, &c., &c. Yet do I forgive the fair lady all this, for she *is* fair. And even now she stands before the gates of Imagination, in all her silent loveliness and seems to say. "Though I laugh I mean no harm, and I pray you, sing of me!" The magnificent *Bode* also sweeps into my memory and her dark eye says, "Thou art like me in pride and in pain, and I will that thou lovest me. Also the fair Ilse comes merrily springing, delicate and fascinating in mien, form, and motion, in all things like the dear being who blesses my dreams, and like her she gazes on me with unconquerable indifference, and is withal so deeply, so eternally, so manifestly true. Well, I am Paris, and I award the apple to the fair Ilse.

It is the first of May, and spring is pouring like a sea of life over the earth, a foam of white blossoms covers the trees, the glass in the town windows flashes merrily, swallows are again building on the roofs, people saunter along the street, wondering that the air affects them so much, and that they feel so cheerful; the oddly dressed Vierlander girls are selling bouquets of violets, foundling children, with their blue jackets and dear little illegitimate faces, run along the *Jungfernstieg*, as happily as if they had all found their fathers; the beggar on the bridge looks as jolly as though he had won the first lottery-prize, and even on the grimy and as yet un-hung pedlar, who scours about with his rascally "manufactory goods" countenance, the sun shines with his best-natured rays,—I will take a walk beyond the town-gate.

It is the first of May, and I think of thee, thou fair ILSE—or shall I call thee by the name which I better love, of AGNES?—I think of thee and would fain see once more how thou leapest in light adown thy hill. But best of all were it, could I stand in the valley below, and hold thee in my arms. It is a lovely day! Green—the colour of hope—is everywhere around me. Everywhere, flowers—those dear wonders—are blooming, and my heart will bloom again also. This heart is also a flower of strange and wondrous sort. It is no modest violet, no smiling rose, no pure lily, or similar flower, which with good gentle loveliness makes glad a maiden's soul, and may be fitly placed before her pretty breast, and which withers to-day, and to-morrow blooms again. No, this heart rather resembles that strange, heavy flower, from the woods of Brazil, which, according to the legend, blooms but once in a century. I remember well that I

once, when a boy, saw such a flower. During the night we heard an explosion, as of a pistol, and the next morning a neighbor's children told me that it was their "aloe," which had bloomed with the shot. They led me to their garden, where I saw to my astonishment that the low, hard plant, with ridiculously broad, sharp-pointed leaves, which were capable of inflicting wounds, had shot high in the air and bore aloft beautiful flowers, like a golden crown. We children could not see so high, and the old grinning CHRISTIAN, who liked us all so well, built a wooden stair around the flower, upon which we scrambled like cats, and gazed curiously into the open calyx, from which yellow threads, like rays of light, and strange foreign odors, pressed forth in unheard-of splendor.

Yes, AGNES, this flower blooms not often, not without effort; and according to my recollection it has as yet opened but once, and that must have been long ago—certainly at least a century since. And I believe that, gloriously as it then unfolded its blossoms, it must now miserably pine for want of sunshine and warmth, if it is not indeed shattered by some mighty wintry storm. But now it moves, and swells, and bursts in my bosom—dost thou hear the explosion? Maiden, be not terrified! I have not shot myself, but my love has burst its bud and shoots upwards in gleaming songs, in eternal dithyrambs, in the most joyful fullness of poesy!

But if this high love has grown too high, then, young lady, take it comfortably, climb the wooden steps, and look from them down into my blooming heart.

It is as yet early; the sun has hardly left half his road behind him, and my heart already breathes forth so powerfully its perfumed vapor that it bewilders my brain, and I no longer know where irony ceases and heaven begins, or that I people the air with my sighs, and that I myself would fain dissolve into sweet atoms in the uncreated Divinity;—how will it be when night comes on, and the stars shine out in heaven, "the unlucky stars, who could tell thee——"

It is the first of May, the lowest errand boy has to-day a right to be sentimental, and would you deny the privilege to a poet?

THE NORTH SEA.

(1825—1826.)

Motto: Xenophon's *Anabasis*, IV. 7.

PART FIRST.

(1825.)

1.

TWILIGHT.*

On the white strand of Ocean,
Sat I, sore troubled with thought, and alone.
The sun sank lower and lower, and cast
Red glowing shadows on the water,
And the snow-white, rolling billows
By the flood impelled,
Foamed up while roaring nearer and nearer,
A wondrous tumult, a whistling and whispering,
A laughing and murmuring, sighing and washing,
And mid them a lullaby known to me only—
It seemed that I thought upon legends forgotten,
World old and beautiful stories,
Which I once, when little,
From the neighbor's children had heard,
When we, of summer evenings,
Sat on the steps before the house-door,

* The Translator does not venture to hope that he has succeeded in giving, in all respects, a perfect version of the extraordinary series of poems which form the first part of *The North Sea*. Those familiar with the original will possibly be lenient.

Bending us down to the quiet narrative,
With little, listening hearts,
And curious cunning glances ;—
While near, the elder maidens,
Close by sweet smelling pots of roses,
At the windows were calmly leaning,
Rosy-hued faces,
Smiling and lit by the moon.

2.

SUNSET.

THE sun in crimsoned glory falls
Down to the ever quivering,
Grey and silvery world sea ;
Airy figures, warm in rosy-light,
Quiver behind, while eastward rising,
From autumn-like darkening veils of vapour,
With sorrowful death-pale features,
Breaks the silent moon,
Like sparks of light behind her,
Cloud-distant, glimmer the planets.

Once there shone in Heaven,
Bound in marriage,
LUNA the goddess, and SOL, the god,
And the bright thronging stars in light swam round them,
Their little and innocent children.

But evil tongues came whisp'ring quarrels.
And they parted in anger,
The mighty, light-giving spouses.

Now, but by day, in loneliest light
The sun-god walks yonder on high,
All for his lordliness
Ever prayed to and sung by many
By haughty, heartless, prosperous mortals,
But still by night
In heaven, wanders Luna,

The wretched mother
With all her orphaned starry children,
And she shines in silent sorrow,
And soft-loving maidens and gentle poets,
Offer their songs and their sorrows.

The tender Luna! woman at heart,
Ever she loveth her beautiful lord
And at evening, trembling and pale,
Out she peeps from light cloud curtains,
And looks to the lost one in sorrow,
Fain would she cry in her anguish: "Come!
Come, the children are longing for thee—"
In vain,—the haughty-souled god of fire,
Flashes forth at the sight of pale Luna
In doubly deep purple,
For rage and pain,
And yielding he hastens him down
To his ocean-chilled and lonely bed.

* * * *

Spirits whispering evil
By their power brought pain and destruction
Even to great gods eternal.
And the poor deities, high in the heavens,
Travel in sorrow—
Endless, disconsolate journeys,
And they are immortal,
Still bearing with them,
Their bright-gleaming sorrow.

But I, the mortal,
Planted so lowly, with death to bless me,
I sorrow no longer.

3.

NIGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

STARLESS and cold is the Night,
The wild sea foams;
And over the sea, flat on his face,

Lies the monstrous terrible North-wind,
Sighing and sinking his voice as in secret,
Like an old grumbler, for once in good humor,
Unto the ocean he talks,
And he tells her wonderful stories,—
Giant legends, murderous-humored,
Very old sages of Norway,
And midst them, far sounding, he howls while laughing
Sorcery-songs from the Edda,
Grey old Runic sayings,
So darkly-stirring and magic-inspiring,
That the snow-white sea-children
High are springing and shouting,
Drunk with wanton joy.

Meanwhile, on the level, white sea-beach,
Over the sand ever-washed by the flood,
Wanders a stranger with wild-storming spirit,
And fiercer far than wind and billow;
Go where he may,
Sparks are flashing and sea-shells are cracking,
And he wraps him well in his iron-grey mantle,
And quickly treads through the dark-waving Night
Safely led by a distant taper
Which guiding and gladdening glimmers
From the fisherman's lonely hovel.

Father and brother are on the sea,
And all alone and sad, there sits
In the hovel the fisher's daughter,
The wondrous, lovely fisher's daughter,
She sits by the hearth,
Listening to the boiling kettle's
Sweet prophetic, domestic humming;
Scattering light-crackling wood on the fire,
And blows on it,
Till the flashing, ruddy flame rays
Shine again in magic lustre
On her beautiful features,
On her tender, snow-white shoulder,
Which moving, comes peeping
Over heavy, dark grey linen,

And on the little industrious hand,
Which more firmly binds her under garment
Round her well-formed figure.
But lo ! at once the door springs wide,
And there enters in haste the benighted stranger ;
Love assuring rest his glances
On the foam-white slender maiden,
Who trembling near him stands,
Like a storm terrified lily ;
And he casts on the floor his mantle,
And laughs and speaks :

Seest thou, my child, I keep my word,
For I seek thee, and with me comes
The olden time, when the bright gods of Heaven
Came once more to the daughters of mortals,
And the daughters of mortals embraced them,
And from them gave birth to
Sceptre-carrying races of monarchs,
And heroes astounding the world.
Yet stare not, my child, any longer
At my divinity,
And I entreat thee, make some tea with rum,
For without, it is cold,
And by such a night air
We too oft freeze, yes we, the undying,
And easily catch the divinest catarrhs
And coughs, which may last us for ever.

4.

POSEIDEN.

THE sun's bright rays were playing,
Over the far, away-rolling sea ;
Far in the harbor glittered the ship,
Which to my home ere long should bear me ;
But we wanted favourable breezes,
And I still sat calm on the snow-white sea beach,
Alone on the strand,

And I read the song of Odysseus,
The ancient, ever new-born song,
And from its ocean-rippled pages,
Friendly there arose to me
The breath of immortals,
And the light-giving human spring tide,
And the soft blooming heaven of Hellas.

My noble heart accompanied truly,
The son of Læertes in wand'ring and sorrow,
Set itself with him, troubled in spirit,
By bright gleaming fire-sides,
By fair queens, winning, purple spinning.
And help'd him to lie and escape, glad singing
From giant-caverns and nymphs seducing,
Followed behind in fear-boding night,
And in storm and shipwreck,
And thus suffered with him unspeakable sorrow.

Sighing I spoke: "thou evil Poseidon,
Thy wrath is fearful,
And I myself dread
For my own voyage homeward."

The words were scarce spoken,
When up foamed the sea,
And from the sparkling waters rose
The mighty bulrush crownéd sea-god,
And scornful he cried:

"Be not afraid, small poet!
I will not in leastwise endanger
Thy wretched vessel,
Nor put thy precious being in terror,
With all too significant shaking.
For thou, small poet, hast troubled me not,
Thou hast no turret—though trifling—destroyed
In the great sacred palace of Priam,
Nor one little eye-lash hast thou e'er singed,
In the eye of my son Polyphemus;
Thee with her counsels did never protect

The goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athéne
And so spake Poseidon,
And sank him again in the sea ;
And over the vulgar sailor's joke
There laughed under the water
Amphitrite, the fat old fish-wife,
And the stupid daughters of Nereus.

5.

HOMAGE.

Ye poems ! ye mine own valiant poems !
Up, up and weapon ye !
Let the loud trump be ringing,
And lift upon my shield
The fair young maiden,
Who, now my heart in full,
Shall govern as a sov'reign queen.

All hail to thee, thou fair young queen !

From the sun above me
I tear the flashing, ruddy gold,
And weave therefrom a diadem
For thy all holy head.
From the fluttering, blue-silken heaven's curtain,
Wherein night's bright diamonds glitter,
I cut a costly piece,
To hang as coronation-mantle,
Upon thy white, imperial shoulders.
I give to thee, dearest, a city
Of stiffly adorned sonnets,
Proud triple verses and courteous stanzas ;
My wit thy courier shall be,
And for court-fool my fantasy,
As herald, the soft smiling tears in my escutcheon,
And with them, my humor.
But I, myself, oh gentle queen,
I bow before thee, lowly,
And kneeling on scarlet velvet cushions,
I here offer to thee

The fragments of reason,
Which from sheer pity once were left to me
By her who ruled before thee in the realm.

6:

EXPLANATION.

ADOWN and dimly came the evening,
Wilder tumbled the waves,
And I sat on the strand, still looking at
The snow-white billows dancing,
And then my breast swelled up like the sea,
And longing, there seized me a deep home-sickness,
For thee, thou lovely form,
Who everywhere art round
And everywhere dost call,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the rustling of breezes, the roaring of Ocean,
And in the sighing of this, my sad heart.

With a light reed I wrote in the sand :

“ Agnes, I love but thee !”

But wicked waves came washing fast

Over the tender confession,

And bore it away.

Thou too fragile reed, thou false shifting sand,

Ye swift flowing waters, I trust ye no more !

The heaven grows darker, my heart grows wilder,

And, with strong right hand, from Norway's forests

I'll tear the highest fir-tree,

And dip it adown

Into Ætna's hot glowing gulf, and with such a

Fiery, flaming, giant graver,

I'll inscribe on heaven's jet-black cover :

“ Agnes, I love but thee.”

And every night I'll witness, blazing

Above me, the endless flaming verse,

And even the latest races born from me

Will read, exulting, the heavenly motto :

“ Agnes, I love but thee !”

7.

NIGHT IN THE CABIN.

THE sea hath many pearl-drops.
The heaven hath many planets,
But this fond heart, my heart,
My heart hath tender true-love.

Great is the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart;
And fairer than pearl drops or planets
Flashes the love in my bosom.

Thou little gentle maiden,
Come to my beating heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are lost in loving frenzy.

* * *

On the dark blue heaven curtain,
Where the lovely stars are gleaming,
Fain would I my lips be pressing,
Press them wildly, storm-like weeping.

And those planets are her bright eyes
But a thousand times repeated;
And they shine and greet me kindly,
From the dark blue heaven's curtain.

To the dark blue heavenly curtain
To the eyes I love so dearly,
High my hands I raise devoutly,
And I pray, and I entreat her:

Lovely eyes, ye lights of mercy,
Oh, I pray ye, bless my spirit,
Let me perish, and exalt me
Up to ye, and to your heaven.

* * *

From the heavenly eyes above me,
Snow-light sparks are trembling, falling
Through the night, and all my spirit,
Wide in love, flows forth and wider.

Oh, ye heavenly eyes above me!
Weep your tears upon my spirit,
That those living tears of starlight
O'er my soul may gently ripple.

* * *

Cradled calm by waves of ocean,
And by wondrous dreaming, musing
Still I lie within the cabin,
In my gloomy corner hammock.

Through the open dead-light gazing,
Yonder to the gleaming star-light,
To the dearest, sweetest glances
Of my sweetest, much-loved maiden.

Yes, those sweetest, best loved glances,
Calm above my head are shining,
They are ringing, they are peeping,
From the dark blue vault of heaven.

To the dark blue vault of heaven
Many an hour I gaze in rapture,
Till a snow-white cloudy curtain
Hides from me the best-loved glances.

On the planking of the vessel,
Where my light dreaming head lies,
Leap up the waters—the wild, dark waters—
They ripple and murmur
Right straight in my ear:

“Thou crazy companion!

Thy arm is short, and the heaven is far,
And the stars up yonder are nailed down firmly;
In vain is thy longing, in vain is thy sighing,
The best thou canst do is to go to sleep.

* * *

And I was dreaming of a heath so dreary,
Forever mantled with the sad, white snow,
And 'neath the sad white snow I lay deep buried,
And slept the lonely ice-cold sleep of death.

And yet on high from the dark heaven were gazing
Adown upon my grave the starlight glances,
Those sad sweet glances! and they gleamed victorious,
So calmly cheerful and yet full of true love.

8.

STORM.

Loud rages the storm,
And he whips the waves,
And the waters, rage-foaming and leaping,
Tower on high, and with life there come rolling
The snow white water-mountains,
And the vessel ascends them,
Earnest striving,
Then quickly it darts adown,
In jet-black, wide opening, wat'ry abysses.—

Oh, Sea !
Mother of Beauty, born of the foam-billow !
Great Mother of *all* Love ! be propitious !
There flutterers, corpse foreboding,
Around us the spectre-like sea gull,
And whets his sharp bill on the top-mast,
And yearns with hunger lust, for the life-blood
Of him who sounded the praise of thy daughter,
And whom thy grandson, the little rogue,
Chose for a plaything,
In vain my entreaties and tears !
My plainings are lost in the terrible storm,
Mid war-cries of north-winds ;
There's a roaring and whistling, a crackling and howling,
Like a mad-house of noises !
And amid them I hear distinctly,
Sweet enticing harp tones,
Melody mad with desire,
Spirit melting and spirit rending,
Well I remember the voices.

Far on the rocky coast of Scotland,
Where the old grey castle towers
Over the wild-breaking sea,
In a lofty archéd window,
There stands a lovely sickly dame,
Clear as crystal, and marble pale,

And she plays the harp and sings ;
Through her locks the wind is waving,
And bears her gloomy song,
Over the broad, white storm rolling sea.

9.

CALM AT SEA.

OCEAN silence ! rays are falling,
From the sun upon the water,
Like a train of quivering jewels
Sweeps the ship's green wake behind us.

Near the rudder lies our boatswain,
On his face, and deeply snoring ;
By the mast, his canvass sewing,
Sits a little tarry sailor.

But o'er all his dirty features
Glow a blush, and fear is twitching
Round his full sized mouth, and sadly
Gaze his large and glittering eye-balls.

For the captain stands before him,
Fumes and swears and curses " Rascal !
Rascal !—there's another herring
Which you've stolen from the barrel !"

Ocean silence ! From the water
Up a little fish comes shooting,
Warms its head in pleasant sunlight,
With its small tail merry paddling.

But the sea-gull, sailing o'er us,
Darts him headlong on the swimmer,
And, with claws around his booty,
Flies and fades far, far above me.

10.

A SEA PHANTOM.

BUT I still leaned on the edge of the vessel,
Gazing with sad-dreaming glances,
Down at the crystal-mirror water,
Looking yet deeper and deeper—
'Till in the sea's abysses,
At first, like quivering vapours,
Then slowly,—slowly,—deeper in colour,
Domes of churches and towers seemed rising,
And then, as clear as day a city grand,
Quaint, old-fashioned,—Netherlandish.
And living with men.
Men of high standing, wrapped in black mantles,
With snowy-white neck-ruffs and chains of honour
And good long rapiers, and good long faces,
Treading in state o'er the crowded market,
To the high steps of the town hall,
Where stone-carved statues of Kaisars
Kept watch with their swords and sceptres.
Nor distant, near houses in long array,
With windows clear as mirrors,
Stand lindens, cut in pyramidal figures,
And maidens in silk-rustling garments wander.
A golden zone round the slender waist,
With flower-like faces modestly curtained
In jet-black velvet coverings,
From which a ringlet-fulness comes pressing.
Quaint cavaleros in old Spanish dress,
Sweep proudly along and salute them.
Elderly ladies
In dark-brown, old fashioned garments,
With prayer-book and rosary held in their hands,
Hasten, tripping along,
To the great Cathedral,
Attracted by bells loud ringing,
And full-sounding organ-tones.

E'en I am seized at that far sound,
With strange, mysterious trembling,

Infinite longing, wondrous sorrow,
Steals through my heart,
My heart as yet scarce healed;
It seems as though its wounds, forgotten,
By loving lips again were kissed,
And once again were bleeding,
Drops of burning crimson,
Which long and slowly trickle down
Upon an ancient house below there
In the deep, deep sea town,
On an ancient, high-roofed, curious house,
Where lone and melancholy,
Below by the window a maiden sits,
Her head on her arm reclined—
Like a poor and uncared-for child,
And I know thee, thou poor and long-sorrowing child!
Thou didst hide thus, my dear,
So deep, so deep from me,
In infant-like humor,
And now canst not arise,
And sittest strange amid stranger people,
For full five hundred years,
And I meanwhile, my spirit all grief,
Over the whole broad world have sought thee.
And ever have sought thee,
Thou dearly beloved,
Thou the long-lost one,
Thou finally found one—
At last I have found thee, and now am gazing
Upon thy sweet face,
With earnest, faithful glances,
Still sweetly smiling—
And never will I again on earth leave thee,
I am coming adown to thee,
And with longing, wide-reaching embraces,
Love, I leap down to thy heart!
But just at the right instant
The captain caught and held me safe,
And drew me from danger,
And cried, half-angry laughing
“Doctor—is Satan in you?”

11.

PURIFICATION.

STAY thou in gloomy ocean caverns,
Maddest of dreams,
Thou who once so many a night,
Hast vexed with treacherous joy my spirit ;
And now, as ocean sprite,
Even by sun-bright day dost annoy me—
Rest where thou art, to eternity,
And I will cast thee as offering down,
All my long-worn sins and my sorrows,
And the cap and bells of my folly,
Which so long round my head have rung,
And the ice-cold slippery serpent-skin
Of hypocrisy,
Which so long round my soul has been twining,
The sad, sick spirit,
The God disbelieving, and angel denying,
Miserable spirit—
Hillo ho ! hallo ho ! There comes the wind !
Up with the sails ! they flutter and belly ;
Over the silent, treacherous surface
Hastens the ship,
And loud laughs the spirit set free.

12.

PEACE.

HIGH in heaven the sun was standing,
By cold-white vapors be-dimmed,
The sea was still,
And musing, I lay by the helm of the vessel,
Dreamily musing,—and half in waking,
And half in slumber, I saw in vision,
The Saviour of Earth.
In flowing snow-white garments
He wandered giant-high
Over land and sea ;
He lifted his head unto Heaven,

His hands were stretched forth in blessing
Over land and sea;
And as a heart in his breast
He bore the sun orb,
The ruddy, radiant sun-orb,
And the ruddy, radiant, burning heart
Poured forth its beams of mercy
And its gracious and love-bless'd light,
Enlight'ning and warming,
Over land and sea.

Sweetest bell-tones drew us gaily,
Here and there, like swans soft leading
By bands of roses the smooth-gliding ship.
And swam with it sporting to a verdant country,
Where mortals dwelt, in a high towering
And stately town.

Oh, peaceful wonder! How quiet the city
Where the sounds of this world were silent,
Of prattling and sultry employment,
And o'er the clean and echoing highways
Mortals were walking, in pure white garments,
Bearing palm branches,
And whenever two met together,
They saw each other with ready feeling,
And thrilling with true love and sweet self-denial,
Each pressed a kiss on the forehead,
And then gazed above
To the bright sun-heart of the Saviour,
Which, gladly atoning his crimson blood,
Flashed down upon them,
And, trebly blessed, thus they spoke:
"Blessed be Jesus Christ!"

If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
What wouldst thou have given,
My excellent friend?
Thou who in head and limbs art so weak,
But in *faith* still so mighty,
And in single simplicity honourest the Trinity,
And the lap-dog, and cross, and fingers

Of thy proud patronness daily kissest,
And by piety hast worked thyself up
To "*Hofrath*," and then to "*Justizrath*,"
And now art councillor under government,
In the pious town,
Where sand and true faith are at home,
And the patient *Spree*, with its holy water,
Purifies souls and weakens their tea—
If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
My excellent friend!
Thou'dst take it to some noble quarter for sale,
Thy pale, white, quivering features
Would all be melting in pious humility,
And His Gracious Highness,
Enchanted and enraptured,
Praying would sink, like thee, on his knee,
And his eyes, so sweetly beaming,
Would promise thee an augmented pension
Of a hundred current Prussian dollars,
And thou wouldst stammer, thy hands enfolding:
"Blessed be Jesus Christ!"

PART SECOND.

(1826.)

1.

SEA GREETING.

THALATTA! Thalatta!
Be thou greeted! thou infinite sea!
Be thou greeted ten thousand times,
With heart wild exulting,
As once thou wert greeted
By ten thousand Grecian spirits,
Striving with misery, longing for home again,
Great, world-famous Grecian true-hearts.

The wild waves were rolling,
Were rolling and roaring,
The sunlight poured headlong upon them
His flickering rosy radiance,
The frightened fluttering trains of sea-gulls
Went flutt'ring up, sharp screaming,
Loud stamped their horses, loud rung their armour,
And far it re-echoed, like victor's shout:
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Greeting to thee, thou infinite sea,
Like the tongue of my country ripples thy water
Like dreams of my childhood seem the glimmer,
On thy wild, wavering watery realm,
And ancient memories again seemed telling,
Of all my pleasant and wonderful play things,
Of all the bright coloured Christmas presents,
Of all the branches of crimson coral,
Small gold fish, pearls and beautiful sea shells,
Which thou in secret ever keep'st
Beneath in thy sky clear crystal home.

(123)

Oh ! how have I yearned in desolate exile !
Like to a withered flowret
In a botanist's tin herbarium,
Lay the sad heart in my breast ;
Or as if I had sat through the weary winter,
Sick in a hospital dark and gloomy,
And now I had suddenly left it,
And all bewild'ring there beams before me
Spring, —green as emerald, waked by the sun rays,
And white tree-blossoms are rustling around me,
And the young flow'rets gaze in my face,
With eyes perfuming and coloured,
And it perfumes and hums, and it breathes and smiles,
And in the deep blue heaven sweet birds are singing—
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thou brave, retreating heart !
How oft, how bitter oft
The barbarous dames of the North have pressed thee round !
From blue eyes, great and conquering,
They shot their burning arrows ;
With artful polished phrases,
Often they threatened to cleave my bosom,
With arrow-head letters full oft they smote
My poor brain bewildered and lost—
All vainly held I my shield against them,
Their arrows hissed, and their blows rang round me,
And by the cold North's barbarous ladies
Then was I driv'n, e'en to the sea,
And free breathing I hail thee, oh Sea !
Thou dearest, rescuing Sea,
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

2.

STORM.

DARK broods a storm on the ocean,
And through the deep, black wall of clouds,
Gleams the zig-zag lightning flash,
Quickly darting and quick departing.

Like a joke from the head of Kronion,
Over the dreary, wild waving water,
Thunder afar is rolling,
And the snow-white steeds of the waves are springing,
Which Boreas himself begot
On the beautiful mares of Erichthon
And ocean birds in their fright are fluttering,
Like shadowy ghosts o'er the Styx,
Which Charon sent back from his shadowy boat.

Little ship,—wretched yet merry,
Which yonder art dancing a terrible dance!
Æolus sends thee, the "*fastest*" companions,
Wildly they're playing the merriest dances;
The first pipes soft—the next blows loud,
The third growls out a heavy basso—
And the tottering sailor stands by the helm,
And looks incessantly on the compass,
The quivering soul of the ship,
Lifting his hands in prayer to Heaven—
O save me, Castor, giant-like hero,
And those who fight'st with fist, Polydeukes!

3.

THE SHIPWRECKED.

Lost hope and lost love! All is in ruins!
And I myself, like a dead body,
Which the sea has thrown back in anger,
Lie on the sea beach;
On the waste, barren sea beach,
Before me rolleth a waste of water,
Behind me lies starvation and sorrow,
And above me go rolling the storm-clouds,
The formless, dark grey daughters of air,
Which from the sea, in cloudy buckets,
Scoop up the water,
Ever wearied lifting and lifting,
And then pour it again in the sea,
A mournful, wearisome business,
And useless too as this life of mine.

The waves are murm'ring, the sea-gulls screaming,
Old recollections seem floating around.
Long vanished visions, long faded pictures,
Torturing, yet sweet, seem living once more!

There lives a maid in Norland,
A lovely maid, right queenly fair;
Her slender cypress-like figure
Is clasped by a passionate snowy-white robe;
The dusky ringlet-fulness,
Like a too happy night, comes pouring
From the lofty braided-hair crowned forehead,
Twining all dreamily sweet
Round the lovely snow-pale features,
And from the lovely, snow-pale features,
Great and wondrous, gleams a dark eye,
Like a sun of jet black fire.

Oh thou bright, black sun eye, how oft,
Enraptured oft, I drank from thee
Wild glances of inspiration,
And stood all quivering, drunk with their fire—
And then swept a smile all mild and dove-like,
Round the lips high mantling, proud and lovely;
And the lips high mantling, proud and lovely,
Breathed forth words as sweet as moonlight,
Soft as the perfume of roses—
Then my soul rose up in rapture
And flew, like an eagle, high up to heaven!
Hush! ye billows and sea-mews!
All is long over, hope and fortune,
Fortune and true love! I lie on the sea beach,
A weary and wreck-ruined man,
Still pressing my face, hot glowing,
In the cold, wet sand.

4.

SUNSET.

The beautiful sun-orb,
Has calmly sunk down to his rest in the sea;
The wild rolling waters already are tinged

With night's dark shade,
Though still the evening crimson
Strews them with light, as yet bright golden,
And the stern roaring might of the flood,
Crowds to the sea-beach the snowy billows,
All merrily quickly leaping,
Like white woolly flocks of lambkins,
Which youthful shepherds at evening, singing,
Drive to their homes.

"How fair is the sun-orb!"
Thus spoke, his silence breaking, my friend,
Who with me on the sea-beach loitering
And jesting half, and half in sorrow,
Assured me that the bright sun was
A lovely dame, whom the old ocean god
For "convenience" once had married.
And in the day-time she wanders gaily
Through the high heaven, purple arrayed,
And all in diamonds gleaming,
And all beloved and all amazing
To every worldly being:
And every worldly being rejoicing,
With warmth and splendor from her glances;
Alas! at evening, sad and unwilling,
Back must she bend her slow steps
To the dripping home, to the barren embrace
Of grisly old age.

"Believe me,"—added to this my friend,
And smiling and sighing, and smiling again—
"They're leading below there the loveliest life!
For either they're sleeping or they are scolding,
Till high uproars above here the sea,
And the fisher in watery roar can hear
How the Old One his wife abuses.—
"Bright round measure of all things!
Wooring with radiance!
All the long day shinest thou for other loves,
By night, to me, thou art freezing and weary."
At such a stern curtain lecture,

Of course the Sun-bride falls to weeping,
Falls to weeping and wails her sorrow,
And cries so wretchedly, that the Sea God
Quickly, all desperate leaps from his bed,
And straight to the ocean surface comes rising,
To get to fresh air—and his senses,”

“So I beheld him, but yesterday night,
Rising breast high up from the Ocean,
He wore a long jacket of yellow flannel,
And a new night-cap, white as a lily
And a wrinkled faded old face.”

5.

THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

COLDER the twilight falls on the Ocean,
And lonely, with his own lonelier spirit,
Yon sits a man on the barren strand,
And casts death-chilling glances on high,
To the wide-spread, death-chilling vault of heaven,
And looks on the broad, wide wavering sea ;
And over the broad, white-wavering sea,
Like air-borne sailors, his sighs go sweeping,
Returning once more sad-joyful,
But to discover, firm fastened, the heart,
Wherein they fain would anchor—
And he groans so loud, that the snow-white sea-mews
Frightened up from their nests in the sand heaps,
Around in white clouds flutter,
And he speaks unto them the while, and laughing :

“Ye black legged sea-fowl,
With your white pinions o'er the sea fluttering,
With crooked dark bills drinking the sea-water,
And rank, oily seal-blubber devouring,
Your wild life is bitter, e'en as your food is !
While I here, the fortunate, taste only sweet things !
I've tasted the sweetest breath of roses,

Those nourished with moonshine nightingale brides,
I eat the most delicate sugar *meringues*,
And the sweetest of all I've tasted :
Sweetest true love, and sweetest returned love.

She loves me ! she loves me ! the lovely maiden !
She now stands at home—perhaps at the window,
And looks through the twilight, afar on the highway,
And looks and longs but for me—in earnest,
All vainly she gazes around, still sighing,
Then sighing, she walks adown in the garden,
Wandering in moonlight and perfume,
And speaks to the sweet flowers—oft telling to them
How I, the beloved one, deserve her love,
And am *so* agreeable—that's certain !
In bed reposing, in slumber, in dreams,
There flits round her, happy, my well-loved form,
E'en in the morning at breakfast ;
On the glittering bread and butter,
She sees my dear features sweet smiling,
And she eats it up out of love—that's certain !”

Thus he's boasting and boasting,
And 'mid it all, loud scream the sea-gulls,
Like old and ironical tittering ;
The evening vapours are climbing up ;
From clouds of violet—strange and dream-like,
Out there peeps the grass-yellow moon
High are roaring the ocean billows,
And deep from the high up-roaring sea,
All sadly as whispering breezes,
Sounds the lay of the Oceanides,
The beautiful, kind-hearted water-fairies,
And clearest among them, the sweet notes are ringing
Of the silver-footed bride of Peleus,
And they sigh and are singing :
“ Oh fool, thou fool ! thou weak boasting fool !
Thou tortured with sorrows !
Vanished and lost are the hopes thou hast cherished,
The light sporting babes of thy heart's love ;
And ah ! thy heart, thy Niobe heart

By grief turned to stone!
And in thy wild brain 'tis night,
And through it is darting the lightning of madness,
And thou boastest from anguish!
Oh fool! thou fool, thou weak boasting fool!
Stiff-necked art thou, like thy first parent,
The noblest of Titans, who from the immortals
Stole heavenly fire and on Man bestowed it,
And eagle-tortured, to rocks firm fettered,
Defied Olympus, enduring and groaning,
Until we heard it deep down in the sea,
And gathered around him with songs consoling.

Oh fool, thou fool! thou weak boasting fool!
Thou who art weaker by far than he,
Had'st thou thy reason thou'dst honour th' immortals,
And bear with more patience the burden of suffering,
And bear it in patience, in silence, in sorrow
Till even Atlas his patience had lost,
And the heavy world from his shoulders was thrown
Into endless night.

So rang the deep song of the Oceanides,
The lovely compassionate water-spirits,
Until the wild waters had drowned their music—
Behind the dark clouds down sank the moon,
Tired night was yawning,
And I sat yet awhile in darkness sad weeping.

6.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

Thou full blooming Moon! In thy soft light,
Like wavering gold, bright shines the sea;
Like morn's first radiance, yet dimly enchanted,
It lies o'er the broad, wide, strand's horizon;
And in the pure blue heaven all starless
The snowy clouds are sweeping,
Like giant towering shapes of immortals
Of white gleaming marble.

Nay, but I err ; no clouds are those yonder !
Those are in person the great gods of Hellas,
Who once so joyously governed the world,
But now long banished, long perished,
As monstrous terrible spectres are sweeping
O'er the face of the midnight heaven.

Gazing and strangely bewildered I see
The airy Pantheon,
The awfully silent, fearful far sweeping
Giant-like spectres.

He there is Kronion, the King of Heaven,
Snow-white are the locks of his head,
The far-famed locks which send throbs through Olympus,
He holds in his hand the extinguished bolt,
Sorrow and suffering sit stern on his brow,
Yet still it hath ever its ancient pride.
Once there were lordlier ages, oh Zeus,
When thou did'st revel divinely,
Mid fair youths and maidens and hecatombs rich !
But e'en the immortals may not reign forever,
The younger still banish the elder,
As thou, thyself, didst banish thy father,
And drove from their kingdom thy Titan uncles,
Jupiter Parricida !
Thee too I know well, proudest sorceress !
Spite of all thy fearful jealousy,
Though from thee another thy sceptre hath taken
And thou art no more the Queen of Heaven,
And thy wondrous eyes seem frozen,
And even thy lily-white arms are powerless,
And never more falls thy vengeance
On the god-impregnated maiden,
And the wonder effecting son of Jove,
Well too I know thee, Pallas Athéne !
With shield and wisdom still then could'st not
Avert the downfall of immortals !
Thee, too, I know now, yes thee, Aphrodité !
Once the Golden One—now the Silver One !
E'en yet the charm of thy girdle adorns thee ;
But I shudder at heart before thy beauty,

And were I once b'essed in thy favouring embrace
Like the ancient heroes, I'd perish with fear ;
As the goddess of corpses thou seem'st to me,
Venus Libitina !
No more in fond love looks on thee,
There, the terrible Ares.
Sadly now gazeth Phœbus Apollo,
The youthful. His lyre sounds no more,
Which once rang with joy at the feasts of the gods.
And sadder still looks Hephaistos,
And, truly the limping one ! nevermore
Will he fill the office of Hebe,
And busily pour out, in the Assembly,
The sweet tasting nectar.—And long hath been silent
The ne'er to be silenced laugh of immortals.
Gods of old time, I never have loved ye !
For the Greeks did never chime with my spirit,
And e'en the Romans I hate at heart,
But holy compassion and shudd'ring pity
Streams through my soul,
As I now gaze upon ye, yonder.
Gods long neglected,
Death-like, night-wandering shadows ;
Weak as clouds which the wind hath scattered—
And when I remember how weak and windy
The Gods now are who o'er you triumphed,
The new and the sorrowful gods who now rule,
The joy-destroyers in lamb-ropes of meekness—
Then there comes o'er me gloomiest rage,
Fain would I shatter the modern temples,
And battle for ye, ye ancient immortals,
For ye and your good old ambrosial right.
And before your lofty altars,
Once more erected, with incense sweet smoking,
Would, I once more, kneeling, adoring,
And praying, uplift my arms to you.

For constantly, ye old immortals,
Was it your custom, in mortal battles,
Ever to lend your aid to the conqueror,
Therefore is man now far nobler than ye,

And in the contest I now take part
With the cause of the conquered immortals.

* * *

'Twas thus I spoke, and blushes were visible
Over the cold white ærial figures,
Gazing upon me like dying ones,
With pain transfigured, and quickly vanished.
The moon concealed her features
Behind a cloud, which darkly went sweeping :
Loudly the wild sea rose foaming,
And the beautiful calm beaming stars, victorious
Shone out o'er Heaven.

7.

QUESTIONING.

By the sea, by the dreary, darkening sea
Stands a youthful man,
His heart all sorrowing, his head all doubting,
And with gloomiest accent he questions the billows :

“ Oh solve me Life's riddle I pray ye,
The torturing ancient enigma,
O'er which full many a brain hath long puzzled,
Old heads in hieroglyph marked mitres,
Heads in turbans and caps mediæval,
Wig-covered pates and a thousand others,
Sweating, wearying heads of mortals—
Tell me what meaneth *Man* ?

Whence came he hither ? Where goes he hence ?
Who dwells there on high in the radiant planets ? ”

The billows are murmuring their murmur unceasing.
Wild blows the wind—the dark clouds are fleeting,
The stars are still gleaming, so calmly and cold,
And a fool awaits an answer.

8.

THE PHŒNIX.

A BIRD from the far west his way came winging ;
He eastward flies
To the beautiful land of gardens,
Where softest perfumes are breathing and growing,
And palm trees rustle and brooks are rippling—
And flying, sings the bird so wondrous :

“She loves him—she loves him !
She bears his form in her little bosom,
And wears it sweetly and secretly hidden,
Yet she knows it not yet !
Only in dreams he comes to *her*,
And she prays and weeps, his hand oft kissing,
His name often calling,
And calling she wakens, and lies in terror,
And presses in wonder those eyes, soft gleaming—
She loves him ! she loves him !

9.

ECHO.

I LEANED on the mast ; on the lofty ship's deck
Standing, I heard the sweet song of a bird.
Like steeds of dark green, with their manes of bright silver,
Sprang up the white and wild curling billows.
Like trains of wild swans, went sailing past us,
With shimmering canvass, the Helgolanders,
The daring *nomades* of the North Sea.
Over my head, in the infinite blue,
Went sailing a snowy white cloud.
Bright flamed the eternal sun-orb,
The rose of heaven, the fire blossoming,
Who, joyful, mirrored his rays in ocean
Till heaven and sea, and my heart besides
Rang back with the echo :
She loves him ! she loves him !

10.

SEA SICKNESS.

THE dark grey vapors of evening
Are sinking deeper adown on the sea,
Which rises darkling to their embrace,
And 'twixt them on drives the ship.

Sea-sick, I sit as before by the main-mast,
Making reflections of personal nature,
World ancient, gray colored examinings,
Which Father Lot first made of old,
When he too much enjoyed life's good things,
And afterwards found that he felt unwell.
Meanwhile I think, too, on other old legends:
How cross and scrip-bearing pilgrims, long perished,
In stormiest voyage, the comforting image
Of the blessed Virgin, confiding, kissed;
How knights, when sea-sick, in dole and sorrow,
The little glove of some fair lady
Pressed to their lips, and soon were calm;—
But here I'm sitting and munching in sorrow
A wretched herring, the salted refreshment
Of drunken-sickness and heavy sorrow!

While I'm groaning, lo! our ship
Fights the wild and terrible flood;
As a capering war-horse now she bounds,
Leaping on high, till the rudder cracks,
Now darting head-forward adown again,
To the sad, howling, wat'ry gulf;
Then, as if all careless—weak with love—
It seems as though 'twould slumber
On the gloomy breast of the giantess Ocean,
Who onward comes foaming—
When sudden, a mighty sea water-fall,
In snowy foam-curled together rolls,
Wetting all, and me, with foam.
This tottering, and trembling, and shaking,
Is not to be borne with!
But vainly sweep my glances and seek

The German coast line. Alas! but water,
And once again water—wild, waving water!

As the winter wanderer, at evening, oft longs
For one good warm and comforting cup of tea,
Even so now longs my heart for thee,
My German Fatherland!

May, for all time, thy lovely valleys be covered
With madness, hussars, and wretched verses,
And little tracts, luke-warm and watery;
May, from this time forth, all thy *zebras*
Be nourished with roses instead of thistles;
And may for ever, too, thy noble monkeys
In a garb of leisure go grandly strutting,
And think themselves better than all the other
Low-plodding, stupid, mechanical cattle.
May, for all time, too, thy snail-like assemblies
Still deem themselves immortal
Because they so slowly go creeping;
And may they daily go on deciding
If the maggots of cheeses belong to the cheese;
And long be lost in deliberation,
How breeds of Egyptian sheep may be bettered,
That their wool may be somewhat improved,
And the shepherd may shear them like any other,
Sans difference—
Ever, too, may injustice and folly
Be all thy mantle, O Germany!
And yet I am longing for thee:
For e'en at the worst thou art solid land.

11.

IN PORT

HAPPY the man who is safe in his haven,
And has left far behind the sea and its sorrows,
And now so warm and calmly sits
In the cosy Town Cellar of Bremen.

Oh, how the world, so home-like and sweetly,
In the wine-cup is mirrored again,

And how the wavering *microcosmus*
Sunnily flows through the thirstiest heart !
All things I behold in the glass—
Ancient and modern histories by myriads,
Grecian and Ottoman, Hegel and Gans,
Forests of citron and watches patrolling,
Berlin, and Schilda, and Tunis, and Hamburg,
But above all the form of the loved one,
An angel's head on a Rhine-wine-gold ground.

Oh, how fair ! how fair art thou, beloved !
Thou art as fair as roses !
Not like the roses of Shiraz,
The brides of the nightingale sung by old Hafiz !
Not like the rose of Sharon,
Holistly blushing and hallowed by prophets ;
Thou art like the rose in the cellar of Bremen !*
That is the Rose of Roses,
The older she grows, the sweeter she bloometh,
And her heavenly perfume hath made me happy,
It hath inspired me—hath made me tipsy,
And were I not held by the shoulder fast,
By the Town Cellar Master of Bremen,
I had gone rolling over !

The noble soul ! we sat there together,
And drank too, like brothers,
Discoursing of lofty, mysterious matters,
Sighing and sinking in solemn embraces,
He made me a convert to Love's holy doctrine ;
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave the worst of all poets,
As I myself some day shall be forgiven ;
Till piously weeping, before me
Silently opened the gates of redemption,

*In the Rathskeller—Council Cellar or Town Hall Cellar—of Bremen, there is kept a celebrated tun called THE ROSE containing wine three hundred years old. Around it are the TWELVE APOSTLES, or hogsheads filled with wine of a lesser age. When a bottle is drawn from the Rose it is supplied from one of the Apostles, and by this arrangement the contents of the ROSE are thus kept up to the requisite standard of antiquity. Those who are familiar with the writings of HAUFF will remember the exquisite and genial sketch entitled, "A Fantasy in the Rathskeller of Bremen."—*Note by Translator.*

Where the twelve Apostles, the holy barrels,
Preach in silence and yet so distinctly
Unto all nations.
Those are *the* sort
Invisible outwards in sound oaken garments,
Yet they within are lovely and radiant,
For all the proudest Levites of the Temple,
And the lifeguardsmen and courtiers of Herod,
Glittering in gold and arrayed in rich purple ;—
Still I have ever maintained
That not amid common, vulgar people,
No—but in the *élite* of society,
Constantly lived the monarch of Heaven.

Hallelujah! How sweetly wave round me
The palm trees of Bath-El!
How sweet breathe the myrrh shrubs of Hebron!
How Jordan ripples and tumbles with gladness,
And my own immortal spirit tumbleth,
And I tumble with it, and tumbling
I'm helped up the stairway into broad daylight,
By the brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen!

Thou brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen!
Seest thou upon the roofs of the houses sitting
Lovely, tipsy angels sweetly singing ;
The radiant sun, too, yonder in Heaven
Is only a crimson, wine-colored proboscis,
Which the World-Soul protrudeth,
And round the red nose of the World-Soul
Circles the whole of the tipsified world.

12.

EPILOGUE.

As in the meadow the wheat is growing,
So, sprouting and waving in mortal souls,
Thoughts are growing.
Aye—but the soft inspirations of poets
Are like the blue and crimson flowrets,
Blossoming amid them.

Blue and crimson blossoms!
The ill natured reaper rejects ye as useless,
Block-headed simpletons scorn ye while threshing,
Even the penniless wanderer,
Who, by your sight is made glad and inspired,
Shaketh his head,
And calls ye weeds, though lovely.
Only the fair peasant maiden,
The one who twineth garlands,
Doth honor you and plucks you,
And decks with you her lovely tresses,
And when thus adorned, to the dance hastens,
Where the pipe and the viol are merrily pealing;
Or to the tranquil beech tree,
Where the voice of the loved one more pleasantly sounds,
Than the pipe or the viol.

PART THIRD.

(1826.)

WRITTEN ON THE ISLAND NORDERNEY.

— The natives are generally poor as crows, and live by their fishery, which begins in the stormy month of October. Many of these islanders also serve as sailors in foreign merchant vessels, and remain for years absent from home, without being heard from by their friends. Not unfrequently they perish at sea. I have met upon the island poor women, all the male members of whose families had thus been lost—a thing which is likely enough to occur, as the father generally accompanies his sons on a voyage.

Maritime life has for these men an indescribable attraction, and yet I believe that they are happiest when at home. Though they may have arrived in their ships at those southern lands, where the sun shines brighter, and the moon glows with more romance, still all the flowers there do not calm their hearts, and in the perfumed home of Spring they still long for their sand island, for their little huts, and for the blazing hearth, where their loved ones, well protected in woollen jackets, crouch, drinking a tea which differs from sea-water only in name, and gabble a jargon of which the real marvel is that they can understand it themselves.

That which connects these men so firmly and contentedly, is not so much the inner mystical sentiment of love, as that of custom—that mutual “through-and-above-living” according to nature, or that of social directness. They enjoy an equal elevation of soul, or, to speak more correctly, an equal depression, from which result the same needs and the same desires, the same experiences and the same reflections. Consequently, they more readily understand each other, and sit socially together by the fire in their little huts, crowd up together when it is cold, see the thoughts in each other’s eyes before a word is spoken, all the conventional signs of daily life are readily intelligible, and by a single sound, or a single gesture, they excite in each other that laughter, those tears, or that pious feeling, which we could

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not awaken in our like without long preliminary explanations, expectorations and declamations. For at bottom we live spiritually alone, and owing to peculiar methods of education, and peculiar reading, we have each formed a different individual character. Each of us, spiritually masked, thinks, feels and acts differently from his fellow, and misunderstandings are so frequent, that even in roomy houses, life in common costs an effort, and we are everywhere limited, everywhere strange, and everywhere, so to speak, in a strange land.

Entire races have not unfrequently lived for ages, as equal in every particular, in thought and feeling, as these islanders. The Romish Church in the Middle Ages seemed to have desired to bring about a similar condition in the corporate members of all Europe, and consequently took under its protection every attribute of life, every power and development—in short, the entire physical and moral man. It cannot be denied that much tranquil happiness was thereby effected, that life bloomed more warmly and *inly*, and that Art, calmly developing itself, unfolded that splendor at which we are even yet amazed, and which, with all our dashing science, we cannot imitate. But the soul hath its eternal rights, it will not be darkened by statutes, nor lullabied by the music of bells—it broke from its prison, shattering the iron leading-strings by which Mother Church trained it along—it rushed in a delirium of joyous liberty over the whole earth, climbed the highest mountain peaks, sang and shouted for wantonness, recalled ancient doubts, pored over the wonders of day, and counted the stars by night. We know not as yet the number of the stars, we have not yet solved the enigmas of the marvels of the day, the ancient doubts have grown mighty in our souls—are we *happier* than we were before? We know that this question, as far as the multitude are concerned, cannot be lightly assented to; but we know, also, that the happiness which we owe to a lie is no true happiness, and that we, in the few and far-between moments of a god-like condition, experience a higher dignity of soul and more happiness than in the long, onward, vegetating life of the gloomy faith of a coal-burner.

In every respect that church government was a tyranny of the worst sort. Who can be bail for those good intentions, as I have described them? Who can prove, indeed, that evil intentions were not mingled with them? Rome would always rule, and when her legions fell, she sent dogmas into the provinces. Like a giant spider she sat in the centre of the Latin world, and spun over it her endless web. Generations of people lived beneath it a peaceful life, for they believed that to be a heaven near them, which was only a Roman

web. Only the higher striving spirits, who saw through its meshes, felt themselves bound down and wretched, and when they strove to break away, the crafty spider easily caught them, and sucked the bold blood from their hearts;—and was not the dreamy happiness of the purblind multitude purchased too dearly by such blood? The days of spiritual serfdom are over; weak with age, the old *cross* spider sits between the broken pillars of her Colisæum, ever spinning the same old web—but it is weak and brittle, and catches only butterflies and bats, and no longer the wild eagles of the North.

It is right laughable to think that just as I was in the mood to expand with such good will over the intentions of the Roman Church, the accustomed Protestant feeling which ever ascribes to her, the worst, suddenly seized upon me, and it is this very difference of opinion in myself, which again supplies me with an illustration of the incongruities of the manner of thinking prevalent in these days. What we yesterday admired, we hate to-day, and to-morrow, perhaps, we ridicule it with perfect indifference.

Considered from a certain point, all is equally great or small, and I thus recurred to the great European revolutions of ages, while I looked at the little life of our poor islanders. Even *they*, stand on the margin of such a new age, and their old unity of soul, and simplicity will be disturbed by the success of the fashionable watering-place recently established here, inasmuch as they every day pick up from the guests some new bits of knowledge, which they must find difficult to reconcile with their ancient mode of life. If they stand of an evening before the lighted windows of the conversation-hall, and behold within, the conduct of the gentlemen and ladies, the meaning glances, the longing grimaces, the voluptuous dances, the full contented feasting, the avaricious gambling, *et cetera*, it is morally certain that evil results must ensue, which can never be counterbalanced by the money which they derive from this bathing establishment. This money will never suffice for the consuming new wants which they conceive, and from this must result disturbances in life, evil enticements, and greater sorrows. When but a boy, I always experienced a burning desire when beautiful freshly baked tarts, which I could not obtain, were carried past me, reeking in delicious fragrance and exposed to view. Later in life I was goaded by the same feeling, when I beheld fashionably *undressed*, beautiful ladies walk by me, and I often reflect that the poor islanders, who have hitherto lived in such a state of blessed innocence, have here unusual opportunities for similar sensations, and that it would be well if the proprietors of the beautiful tarts, and the ladies

in question, would cover them up a *little* more carefully. These numerous and exposed delicacies, on which the natives can only feed with their eyes, must terribly whet their appetites, and if the poor female-islanders, when *enceinte*, conceive all sorts of sweet-baked fancies, and even go so far as to bring forth children which strongly resemble the aristocratic guests, the matter is easily enough understood. I do not wish to be here understood as hinting at any immodest or immoral connexions. The virtue of the islanderesses is amply protected by their ugliness, and still more so by an abominably fishy odour which, to me at least, is insupportable. Should, in fact, children with fashionable-boarder faces be here born into the world, I should much prefer to recognize in it a psychological phenomenon, and explain it by those material-mystical laws, which GOETHE has so beautifully developed in his *Elective Affinities*.

The number of enigmatical appearances in nature, which can be explained by those laws, is truly astonishing. When I, last year, owing to a storm at sea, was cast away on another East Frisian island, I there saw hanging, in a boatman's hut, an indifferent engraving, bearing the title, *la tentation du viellard*, and representing an old man disturbed in his study by the appearance of a woman, who, naked to the hips, rose from a cloud; and singular to relate, the boatman's daughter had exactly the same wanton pug-dog face as the woman in the picture!—To cite another example: in the house of a money-changer, whose wife attended to the business, and carefully examined coins from morning till night, I found that the children had in their countenances a startling likeness to all the greatest monarchs of Europe, and when they were all assembled, fighting and quarreling, I could almost fancy that I beheld a congress of sovereigns!

On this account, the impression on coins is for politicians a matter of no small importance. For as people so often love money from their very hearts, and doubtlessly gaze lovingly on it, their children often receive the likeness of their prince impressed thereon, and thus the poor prince is suspected of being in sober sadness, the father of his subjects. The Bourbons had good reasons for melting down the *Napoleons d'or*—not wishing to behold any longer so many Napoleon heads among their subjects. Prussia has carried it further than any other in her specie politics, for they there understand by a judicious intermixture of copper to so make their new small change, and changes, that a blush very soon appears on the cheeks of the monarch. In consequence, the children in Prussia have a far healthier appearance

than of old, and it is a real pleasure to gaze upon their blooming little silver groschen faces.

I have, while pointing out the destruction of morals with which the islanders are threatened, made no mention of their spiritual defence, the Church. How this really appears, is beyond my powers of description, not having been in it. The Lord knows I am a good Christian, and even often get so far as to intend to make a call at his house, but by some mishap I am invariably hindered in my good intentions. Generally this is done by some long winded gentleman who holds me by the button in the street, and even if I get to the gate of the temple, some jesting, irreverent thought comes over me and then I regard it as sinful to enter. Last Sunday something of the sort happened, when just before the door of the Church there came into my head an extract from GOETHE'S *Faust*, where the hero passing with Mephistopheles by a cross, asks the latter,

“Mephisto, art in haste?

Why cast'st thou at the cross adown thy glances?”

To which Mephistopheles replies,

“I know right well it shows a wretched taste,

But crosses never ranked among my fancies”

These verses, as I remember, are not printed in any edition of *Faust*, and only the late HOFRATH MORITZ, who had read them in GOETHE'S manuscript, gave them to the world in his “Philip Reiser,” a long out-of-print romance, which contains the history of the author, or rather the history of several hundred dollars which his pocket did *not* contain, and owing to which his entire life became an array of self-denials and economies, while his desires were anything but presuming—namely, to go to Weimar and become a servant in the house of the author of *Werther*. His only desire in life was to live in the vicinity of the man, who of all mankind, had made the deepest impression on his soul.

Wonderful! even then, GOETHE had awoke such inspiration, and yet it seems that “our third after-growing race,” is first in condition to appreciate his true greatness.

But this race has also brought forth men, into whose hearts only cool water trickles, and who would fain dam up in others the springs of such healthy life-blood; men whose powers of enjoyment are extinguished, who slander life, and who would render all the beauty and glory of this world disgusting to others, representing it as a bait which the Evil One has placed here simply to tempt us, just as a cunning house-wife leaves during her absence the sugar bowl exposed,

with every lump duly counted, that she may test the honesty of the maid. These men have assembled a virtuous mob around them, preaching to their adherents a crusade against the Great Heathen and against his naked images of the gods, which they would gladly replace with their disguised dumb devils.

Masks and disguises are their highest aim, the naked and divine is fatal to them, and a Satyr has always good reasons for donning pantaloons and persuading Apollo to do the same. People then call him a moral man, and know not that in the CLAUREN-smiles of a disguised Satyr there is more which is really repulsive than in the entire nudity of a Wolfgang-Apollo, and that in those very times when men wore puff-breeches, which required in make sixty yards of cloth, morals were no better than at present.

But will not the ladies be offended at my saying *breeches* instead of pantaloons?—Oh the refined feelings of ladies! In the end only eunuchs will dare to write for them, and their spiritual servants in the West, must be as harmless as their body servants in the East.

Here a fragment from BERTHOLD's diary comes into my head.

"If we only reflect on it, we are all naked under our clothes," said Doctor M——, to a lady who was offended by a rather cynical remark to which he had given utterance.

The Hanoverian nobility is altogether discontented with GOETHE, asserting that he disseminates irreligion, and that this may easily bring forth false political views,—in fine, that the people must by means of the old faith be led back to their ancient modesty and moderation. I have also recently heard much discussion of the question whether GOETHE were greater than SCHILLER. But lately I stood behind the chair of a lady, from whose very back at least sixty-four descents were evident, and heard on the Goethe and Schiller theme a warm discourse between her and two Hanoverian nobles, whose origin was depicted on the Zodiac of Dendera. One of them, a long lean youth, full of quicksilver, and who looked like a barometer, praised the virtue and purity of SCHILLER, while the other, also a long up-sprouted young man, lisped verses from the "Dignity of Woman," smiling meanwhile as sweetly as a donkey who has stuck his head into a pitcher of molasses, and delightedly licks his lips. Both of the youths confirmed their assertions with the refrain, "But he is still greater. He is really greater in fact. He is the greater, I assure you upon my honor he is greater." The lady was so amiable as to bring me too into this æsthetic conversation and inquire: "Doctor, what do *you* think of GOETHE?" I, how-

ever, crossed my arms on my breast, bowed my head as a believer and said : *La illah illallah wamohammed rasul allah !*

The lady had, without knowing it, put the shrewdest of questions. It is not possible to directly inquire of a man—"What thinkest thou of Heaven and Earth? what are thy views of Man and Human Life? art thou a reasonable being or a poor dumb devil?" Yet all these delicate queries lie in the by no means insidious question: "What do you think of GOETHE?" For while GOETHE's works lie before our eyes, we can easily compare the judgment which another pronounces with our own, and thus obtain an accurate standard whereby to measure all his thoughts and feelings. Thus has he unconsciously passed his own sentence. But, as GOETHE himself, like a common world thus lies open to the observation of all, and gives us opportunities to learn mankind; so can we in turn best learn to know him by his own judgment of objects which are exposed to all, and on which the greatest minds have expressed opinions. In this respect I would prefer to point to GOETHE's Italian Journey, as we are all familiar with the country in question, either from personal experience or from what we have learned from others. Thus we can remark how every writer views it with *subjective* eyes, the one with displeased looks which beheld only the worst, another with the inspired eyes of Corinna, seeing everywhere the glorious, while GOETHE with his clear Greek glances sees all things, the dark and the light, colours nothing with his individual feelings, and pictures the land and its people in the true outlines and true colours in which God clothed it.

This is a merit of GOETHE's which will not be appreciated until later times, for we, as we are nearly all invalids, remain too firm in our sickly ragged romantic feelings which we have brought together from all lands and ages, to be able to see plainly how sound, how uniform, and how plastic GOETHE displays himself in his works. He himself as little remarks it,—in his *naïve* unconsciousness of his own ability, he wonders when "a reflection on present things" or "objective thought" is ascribed to him, and while in his autobiography he seeks to supply us with a critical aid to comprehend his works, he still gives us no measure of judgment, but only new facts whereby to judge him. Which is all natural enough, for no bird can fly over itself.

Later times will also in addition to this ability of plastic perception, feeling and thinking, discover much in GOETHE of which we have as yet no shadow of an idea. The works of the soul are immutably firm, but criticism is somewhat volatile; she is born of the views of

the age, is significant only for it, and if she herself is not of a sect which involves artistic value, as for example that of SCHLEGEL, she passes with her time, to the grave. Every age when it gets new ideas, gets with them new eyes, and sees much that is new in the old efforts of mind which have preceded it. A SCHUBARTH now sees in the Iliad, something else and something more than all the Alexandrians; and critics will yet come, who will see more than a SCHUBARTH in GOETHE.

And so I finally prattled with myself, to GOETHE! But such digressions are natural enough, when, as on this island, the roar of the ocean thrills our ears and tunes the soul according to its will.

There is a strong north-east wind blowing, and the witches have once again mischief in their heads. There are many strange legends current here of witches, who know how to conjure storms,—for on this, as on all northern islands, there is much superstition. The sea-folks declare that certain islands are secretly governed by peculiar witches, and that when mishaps occur to vessels passing them, it is to be attributed entirely to the evil will of these mysterious guardians. While I, last year, was some time at sea, the steersman of our ship told me, one day, that witches were remarkably powerful on the Isle of Wight, and sought to delay every ship which sailed past during the day, that it might then by night be dashed to pieces on the rocks, or driven ashore. At such times the witches are heard whizzing so sharply through the air, and howling so loudly around the ship, that the *Klabotermann* can with difficulty withstand them. When I asked who the *Klabotermann* was, the sailor answered very earnestly, that he was the good invisible guardian angel of the ship, who takes care lest ill luck befall honest and orderly skippers, who look after everything themselves, and provide a place for everything. The brave steersman assured me, in a more confidential tone, that I could easily hear this spirit in the hold of the vessel, where he willingly busied himself with stowing away the cargo more securely, and that this was the cause of the creaking of the barrels and the boxes when the sea rolled high, as well as of the groaning of the planks and beams. It was also true, that the *Klabotermann* often hammered without, on the ship, and this was a warning to the carpenter to repair some unsound spot which had been neglected. But his favorite fancy is to sit on the top-sail, as a sign that a good wind blows or will blow ere long. In answer to my question if he were ever seen, he replied, “No—that he was never seen, and that no man wished to see him, for he only showed himself when there was no hope of being saved.” The steersman could not vouch from his own experience, but he had

heard others say, that the *Klabotermann* was often heard giving orders from the topsail to his subordinate spirits; and that when the storm became too powerful for him, and utter destruction was unavoidable, he invariably took a place at the helm—showing himself for the first time—and then breaking it, vanished. Those who beheld him at this terrible moment were always engulfed the moment after.

The captain who had listened with me to this narration, smiled more graciously than I could have anticipated from his rough countenance, hardened by wind and weather, and afterwards told me that fifty or a hundred years ago, the faith in the *Klabotermann* was so strongly impressed on the sailor's minds, that at meals they always reserved for him the best morsels, and that on some vessels this custom was still observed.

I often walk alone on the beach, thinking over these marvellous sea legends. The most attractive of them all is that of the Flying Dutchman, who is seen in a storm with all sail set, and who occasionally sends out a boat to ships, giving them letters to carry home, but which no one can deliver, as they are all addressed to persons long since dead. And I often recall the sweet old story of the fisher boy, who one night listened securely on the beach to the music of the *Water-Nixies*, and afterwards wandered through the world, casting all into enchanted raptures who listened to the melody of the sea-nymph waltz. This legend was once told me by a dear friend, as we were at a concert in Berlin. I once heard just such an air played by the wondrous boy, FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLOM.

There is an altogether peculiar charm in excursions around the island. But the weather must be fair, the clouds must assume strange forms, we must lie on our backs, gazing into heaven—and at the same time have a piece of heaven in our hearts. Then the waves will murmur all manner of strange things, all manner of words in which sweet memories flutter, all manner of names which, like sweet associations, re-echo in the soul—"EVELINA!" Then ships come sailing by, and we greet them as if we could see them again every day. But *at night* there is something uncanny and mysterious in thus meeting strange ships at sea; and we imagine that our best friends, whom we have not seen for years, sail silently by, and that we are losing them for ever.

I love the sea, as my own soul.

I often feel as if the sea were really my own soul itself, and as there are in it hidden plants, which only rise at the instant in

which they bloom above the water, and sink again at the instant in which they fade; so from time to time there rise wondrous flower forms from the depths of my soul, and breathe forth perfume, and gleam, and vanish—"EVELINA!"

They say that on a spot not far from this island, where there is now nothing but water, there once stood the fairest villages and towns, which were all suddenly overwhelmed by the sea, and that in clear weather, sailors yet see in the ocean, far below, the gleaming pinnacles of church spires, and that many have often heard, early on quiet Sabbath mornings, the chime of their bells. The story is true, for the sea is my own soul.

"There a wondrous world to ocean given,
Ever hides from daylight's searching gleam;
But it shines at night like rays from heaven,
In the magic mirror of my dream."

Awakening then I hear the echoing tones of bells and the song of holy voices—"EVELINA!"

If we go walking on the strand, the ships sailing by present a beautiful sight. When in full sail they look like great swans. But this is particularly beautiful when the sun sets behind some passing ship, and this seems to be rayed round as with a giant glory.

Hunting, on this beach, is also said to present many very great attractions. As far as I am concerned, I am not particularly qualified to appreciate its charms. A love for the sublime, the beautiful and the good is often inspired in men by education, but a love for hunting lies in the *blood*. When ancestors in ages beyond recollection killed stags, the descendant still finds pleasure in this legitimate occupation. But my ancestors did not belong to the hunters so much as to the hunted, and the idea of attacking the descendants of those who were our comrades in misery goes against my grain. Yes, I know right well, from experience, and from moral conviction, that it would be much easier for me to let fly at a hunter who wishes that those times were again here when human beings were a higher class of game. God be praised! those days are over! If such hunters now wish to chase a man, they must pay him for it, as was the case with a runner whom I saw two years ago in Göttingen. The poor being had already run himself weary in the heat of a sultry Sunday, when some Hanoverian youths, who there studied *humaniora*, offered him a few dollars if he would run the whole course over again. The

man did it. He was deathly pale, and wore a red jacket, and close behind him, in the whirling dust, galloped the well-fed noble youths, on high horses, whose hoofs occasionally struck the goaded, gasping being,—and he was a man!

For the sake of the experiment, for I must accustom my blood to a better state, I went hunting yesterday. I shot at a few sea-gulls which flew too confidently around, and could not of course know that I was a bad shot. I did not wish to shoot them, but only to warn them from going another time so near persons with loaded guns; but my gun shot “wrong,” and I had the bad luck to kill a young gull. It was well that it was not an old one, for what would then have become of the poor little gulls which as yet unfledged lie in their sand-nests on the great downs, and which, without their mother, must starve to death. Before I went out I had a presentiment that something unfortunate would happen, for a hare run across my path.

But I am in an altogether strange mood when I wander alone by twilight on the strand—behind me the flat downs, before me the waving, immeasurable ocean, and above me, heaven, like a giant crystal dome—for I then appear to myself so ant-like small, and yet my soul expands so world-wide. The lofty simplicity of nature, as she here surrounds me, at the same time subdues and elevates my heart, and indeed, in a higher degree than in any other scene, however exalting. Never did any dome as yet appear great enough to me; my soul, with its Titan prayer, ever strove higher than the Gothic pillars, and would ever fain pierce the vaulted roof. On the peaks of the Ross-trappe, at first sight, the colossal rocks, in their bold groupings, had a tolerably imposing effect on me; but this impression did not long endure, my soul was only startled, not subdued, and those monstrous masses of stone became, little by little, smaller in my eyes, and finally they merely appeared like the little ruins of a giant palace, in which, perhaps, my soul would have found itself comfortably at home.

Ridiculous as it may sound, I cannot conceal it, but the disproportion between soul and body torments me not a little, and here on the sea, in the sublimest natural scenery, it becomes very significant, and the metempsychosis is often the subject of my reflection. Who knows the divine irony which is accustomed to bring forth all manner of contradictions between soul and body? Who knows in what tailor's body the soul of PLATO now dwells, and in what schoolmaster the soul of CÆSAR may be found? Who knows if the soul of GREGORY VII. may not sit in the body of the Great Turk, and feel itself, amid the caressing hands of a thousand women, more comfort-

able than of old in its purple cœlibate's cowl? On the other hand, how many true Moslem souls, of the days of ALI, may, perhaps, be now found among our anti-Hellenic statesmen! The souls of the two thieves who were crucified by the SAVIOUR'S side, now hide, perhaps, in fat Consistorial bodies, and glow with zeal for orthodox doctrine. The soul of GHENGIS-KHAN lives, it may be, in some literary reviewer, who daily, without knowing it, sabres down the souls of his truest Baschkirs and Calmucks, in a critical journal! Who knows! who knows! The soul of PYTHAGORAS hath travelled, mayhap, into some poor candidate for a University degree, and who is plucked at examination, because he cannot explain the Pythagorean doctrines; while in his examiners dwell the souls of those oxen which PYTHAGORAS once offered to the immortal gods for joy at discovering the doctrines in question. The Hindoos are not so stupid as our missionaries think. They honour animals for the human souls which they suppose dwell in them, and if they found hospitals for invalid monkies, after the manner of our academies, nothing is more likely than that in those monkies dwell the souls of great scholars, since it is evident enough that among us, in many great scholars are only apish souls!

But who can look with the omniscience of the past, from above, on the deeds of mortals. When I, by night, wander by the sea, listening to the song of the waves, and every manner of presentiment and of memory awakes in me, then it seems as though I had once heard the like from above, and had fallen, through tottering terror, to earth; it seems too as though my eyes had been so telescopically keen that I could see the stars wandering as large as life in Heaven, and had been dazzled by all their whirling splendor;—then as if from the depth of a millennium, there come all sorts of strange thoughts into my soul, thoughts of wisdom old as the world, but so obscure that I cannot surmise what they mean; only this much I know that all our cunning, knowledge, effort, and production, must to some higher spirit seem as little and valueless as those spiders seemed to me which I have so often seen in the library of Göttingen. There they sat, so busily weaving, on the folios of the World's History, looking so philosophically confident on the scene around them, and they had so exactly the pedantic obscurity of Göttingen, and seemed so proud of their mathematical knowledge—of their contributions to Art—of their solitary reflections—and yet they knew nothing of all the wonders which were in the book on which they were born, on which they had passed their lives, and on which they must die, if not disturbed by the prying Doctor

L—. And who is the prying Doctor L—? His soul once dwelt in just such a spider and *now* he guards the folios on which he once sat, —and if he reads them he never learns their true contents.

What may have happened on the ground where I now walk? A *Convector* who was bathing here, asserted that it was in this place, that the religious rites of *HERTHA*, or more correctly speaking, of *FORSETE* were once celebrated — those rites of which *TACITUS* speaks so mysteriously. Let us only trust that the reporter from whom *TACITUS* picked up the intelligence, did not err and mistake a bathing wagon for the sacred vehicle of the goddess.

In the year 1819, I attended in Bonn, in one and the same season, four courses of lectures on German antiquities, from the remotest times. The first of these was the history of the German tongue by *SCHLEGEL* who for three months developed the most old fashioned hypotheses on the origin of the Teutonic race; 2d. the Germania of *TACITUS* by *ARNDT*, who sought in the old German forests for those virtues which he misses in the saloons of the present day; 3d. German National Law, by *HÜLLMANN*, whose historical views are the least vague of those current, and 4th. Primitive German History, by *RADLOFF*, who at the end of the half year had got no further than the time of *Sesostris*. In those days the legend of the ancient *HERTHA* may have interested me more than at present. I did not at all admit that she dwelt in *Rügen*, and preferred to believe that it was on an East Frisian island. A young *savant* always likes to have his own private hypothesis. But at any rate I never supposed that I should some day wander on the shore of the North Sea, without thinking of the old Goddess with patriotic enthusiasm. Such is in fact, not altogether the case, for I am here thinking of goddesses, only younger and more beautiful ones. Particularly when I wander on the strand, near those terrible spots where the most beautiful ladies have recently been swimming like nymphs. For neither ladies nor gentlemen bathe here under cover, but walk about in the open sea. On this account the bathing places of the two sexes are far apart, and yet not altogether *too* far, and he who carries a good spy-glass, can every where in this world see many marvels. There is a legend of the island that a modern *Actæon* in this manner once beheld a bathing *Diana*, and wonderful to relate, it was not he, but the *husband* of the beauty who got the horns!

The bathing-carriages, those hackney-coaches of the North Sea, are here simply shoved to the edge of the water. They are generally angular wooden structures, covered with coarse stiff linen-

Now, during winter, they are ranged along the conversation hall, and without doubt, maintain among themselves as wooden and stiff linen-like conversations as the aristocratic world which not long since filled their place.

But when I say the aristocratic world, I do not mean the good citizens of East Friesland, a race, flat and tame as their own sand-hills, who can neither pipe nor sing, and yet possess a talent worth any trilling and nonsense—a talent which ennobles man, and lifts him above those windy souls of service, who believe themselves alone to be noble. I mean the talent for freedom. If the heart beats for liberty, that beating is better than any strokes conferring knighthood, as the “free Frisians” well know, and they well deserve this, their national epithet. With the exception of the ancient days of chieftainship, an aristocracy never predominated in East Friesland; very few noble families have ever dwelt there, and the influence of the Hanoverian nobility by force and military power as it now spreads over the land, troubles many a free Frisian heart. Everywhere a love for their earlier Prussian government is manifested.

Yet I cannot unconditionally agree with the universal German complaint of the pride of birth of the Hanoverian nobility. The Hanoverian corps of officers give least occasion for complaints of this nature. It is true that, as in Madagascar, only the nobility have the right to become butchers, so in days of old, only the nobility in Hanover were permitted to become soldiers. But since, in recent times, so many citizens have distinguished themselves in German regiments, and risen to be officers, this evil customary privilege has fallen into disuse. Yes, the entire body of the German legions has contributed much to soften all prejudices, for these men have travelled afar, and out in the world men see many things, especially in England; and they have learned much, and it is a real pleasure to hear them talk of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Isles, Ireland, and other distant lands where they have fought, and “seen full many towns, and learned full many manners,” so that we can imagine that we are listening to an Odessy, which alas will never find its Homer! Among these officers many independent English customs have also found their way, which contrast more strikingly with the old Hanoverian manners, than we in the rest of Germany would imagine; as we are in the habit of supposing that England has exercised great influence over Hanover. Through all the land of Hanover, nothing is to be seen but genealogical trees, to which horses are bound, so that for mere trees, the land itself is obscured, and with all its horses, it

never advances. No—through this Hanoverian forest of nobility, there never penetrated a sun-ray of British freedom, and no tone of British freedom was ever perceptible amid the neighing noise of Hanoverian steeds.

The general complaint of Hanoverian pride of birth is best founded as regards the hopeful youth of certain families, who either rule or believe that they really rule the realm. But these noble youths will soon lay aside this haughtiness, or, more correctly speaking, this naughtiness, when they too have seen a little more of the world, or have had the advantage of a better education. It is true that they are sent to Göttingen, but they hang together, talking about their horses, dogs, and ancestry: learning but little of modern history, and if they happen once in a while by chance to hear of “it, their minds are notwithstanding, stupified by the sight of the count’s table,” which, a true indication of Göttingen, is intended only for students of noble birth. Of a truth, if the young Hanoverian nobility were better taught, many complaints would be obviated. But the young become like the old. The same delusion, as though they were the flowers of the earth, and we others but its grass; the same folly, seeking to cover their own worthlessness with their ancestors’ merits; the same ignorance of what there may be problematic in these merits, as there are few indeed among them who reflect that princes seldom reward their most faithful and virtuous subjects, but very often their panders, flatterers and similar favorite rascals with ennobling grace. Few indeed among these nobles could say with any certainty what their ancestors have done, and they can only show their name in RUXNER’S Book of Tournaments,—yes, and if they could prove that an ancestor was at the taking of Jerusalem, then ought they, before availing themselves of the honor, to prove that their ancestor fought as a knight should, that his mail suit was not lined with fear, and that beneath his red cross beat an honest heart. Were there no Iliad, but simply a list of names of those heroes who fought before Troy; and if those family names were yet among us, how would the descendants of Thersites be puffed up with pride! As for the purity of the blood, I will say nothing; philosophers and family footmen have doubtless some peculiar thoughts on this subject.

My fault-finding, as already hinted, is based upon the lame education of the Hanoverian nobility, and their early impressed delusion as to the importance of certain idle forms. Oh! how often have I laughed when I remarked the importance attached to these forms;

as if it were even a difficult matter to learn this representing, this presenting, this smiling without saying anything, this saying something without thinking, and all these noble arts which the good plain citizen stares at, as on wonders from beyond sea, and which after all, every French dancing-master has better and more naturally, than the German nobleman, to whom they have with weary pains been made familiar, in the cub-licking Lutetia, and who, after their importation, teaches them with German thoroughness, and German labor, to his descendants. This reminds me of the fable of the dancing bear, who, having escaped from his master, rejoined his fellow bears in the wood, and boasted to them of the difficulty of learning to dance, and how he himself excelled in the art, and in fact, the poor brutes who beheld his performances, could not withhold their admiration. That *nation*, as Werther calls them, formed the aristocratic world, which here at this watering-place, shone on water and land, and they were altogether excellent, excellent folks, and played their parts well.

Persons of royal blood were also here, and I must admit that they were more modest in their address than the lesser nobility. Whether this modesty was in the hearts of these elevated persons, or whether they were impelled to it by their position, I will here leave undecided. I assert this, however, only of the German mediatised princes. These persons have of late suffered great injustice, inasmuch as they have been robbed of a sovereignty, to which they had as good right as the greater princes, unless, indeed, any one will assume that that which cannot maintain itself by its own power, has no right to exist. But for the greatly divided Germany, it was a benefit, that this array of sixteen-mo despots were obliged to resign their power. It is terrible when we reflect on the number which we poor Germans are obliged to feed for although these mediatised princes no longer wield the sceptre, they still wield knives, forks, and spoons, and do not eat hay, and if they did, hay would still be expensive enough. I imagine that we shall eventually be freed by America from this burden of princes. For sooner or later the presidents of those free states will be metamorphosed into sovereigns, and if they need legitimate princesses for wives, they will be glad if we give them our blood-royal dames, and if they take six, we will throw in the seventh gratis; and by and by, our princes may be busied with their daughters in turn; for which reason the mediatised princes have acted very shrewdly in retaining at least their right of birth, and value their family trees as much as the Arabs value the pedigrees of their horses, and indeed, with the same object, as they well know that Germany has been in

all ages, the great princely stud from which all the reigning neighboring families have been supplied with mares and stallions.

In every watering place it is an old established customary privilege, that the departed guests should be sharply criticised by those who remain, and as I am here the last in the house, I may presume to exercise that right to its fullest extent.

And it is now so lonely in the island, that I seem to myself like NAPOLEON on St. Helena, Only that I have here found something entertaining, which he wanted. For it is with the great Emperor himself with whom I am now busied. A young Englishman recently presented me with MAITLAND's book, published not long since, in which the mariner sets forth the way and manner in which NAPOLEON gave himself up to him, and deceived himself on the Bellerophon, till he, by command of the British ministry was brought on board the Northumberland. From this book it appears clear as day, that the Emperor, in a spirit of romantic confidence in British magnanimity, and to finally give peace to the world, went to the English more as a guest than as a prisoner. It was an error which no other man would have fallen into, and least of all, a WELLINGTON. But history will declare that this error was so beautiful, so elevated, so sublime, that it required more true greatness of soul than we, the rest of the world, can elevate ourselves to in our greatest deeds.

The cause which has induced Captain MAITLAND to publish this book, appears to be no other than the moral need of purification, which every honorable man experiences who has been entangled by bad fortune in a piece of business of a doubtful complexion. The book itself is an invaluable contribution to the history of the imprisonment of NAPOLEON, as it forms the last portion of his life, singularly solves all the enigmas of the earlier parts, and amazes, reconciles, and purifies the mind, as the last act of a genuine tragedy should. The characteristic differences of the four principal writers who have informed us as to his captivity, and particularly as to his manner and method of regarding things, is not distinctly seen, save by their comparison.

MAITLAND, the stern, cold, English sailor, describes events without prejudice, and as accurately as though they were maritime occurrences to be entered in a log-book. LAS CASAS, like an enthusiastic chamberlain, lies, as he writes, in every line, at the feet of his Emperor; not like a Russian slave, but like a free Frenchman, who involuntarily bows the knee to unheard of heroic greatness and to the dignity of renown. O'MEARA, the physician, though born in Ireland, is still altogether a Britain, and as such was once an enemy of the Emperor.

But now, recognising the majestic rights of adversity, he writes boldly, without ornament, and conscientiously:—almost in a lapidary style, while we recognise not so much a style as a stiletto in the pointed, striking manner of writing of the Italian AUTOMMARCHI, who is altogether mentally intoxicated with the vindictiveness and poetry of his land.

Both races, French and English, gave from either side a man of ordinary powers of mind, uninfluenced by the powers that be, and this jury has judged the Emperor, and sentenced him to live eternally—an object of wonder and of commiseration.

There are many great men who have already walked in this world. Here and there we see the gleaming marks of their footsteps, and in holy hours they sweep like cloudy forms before our souls; but an equally great man sees his predecessors far more significantly. From a single spark of the traces of their earthly glory, he recognises their most secret act, from a single word left behind, he penetrates every fold of their hearts, and thus in a mystical brotherhood live the great men of all times. Across long centuries they bow to each other, and gaze on each other with significant glances, and their eyes meet over the graves of buried races whom they have thrust aside between, and they understand and love each other. But we little ones, who may not have such intimate intercourse with the great ones of the past, of whom we but seldom see the traces and cloudy forms, it is of the highest importance to learn so much of these great men, that it will be easy for us to take them distinct, as in life, into our own souls, and thereby enlarge our minds. Such a man is NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. We know more of his life and deeds than of the other great ones of this world, and day by day we learn still more and more. We see the buried form divine, slowly dug forth, and with every spade full of earth which is removed, increases our joyous wonder at the symmetry and splendor of the noble figure which is revealed, and the spiritual lightnings with which foes would shatter the great statue, serve but to light it up more gloriously. Such is the case with the assertions of M^{ME} DE STAEL, who, with all her bitterness, says nothing more than that the Emperor was not a man like other men, and that his soul could be measured with no measure known to us.

It is to such a spirit that KANT alludes, when he says, that we can think to ourselves an understanding, which, because it is not discursive like our own, but intuitive, goes from the synthetic universal, of the observation of the whole, as such, to the particular—that is to say, from the whole to a part. Yes—NAPOLEON'S spirit saw through

that which we learn by weary analytical reflection, and long deduction of consequences, and comprehended it in one and the same moment. Thence came his talent to understand his age, to cajole its spirit into never abusing him, and being ever profitable to him.

But as this spirit of the age is not only revolutionary, but is formed by the antagonism of both sides, the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary, so did NAPOLEON act not according to either alone, but according to the spirit of both principles, both efforts, which found in him their union, and he accordingly always acted naturally, simply and greatly; never convulsively and harshly—ever composed and calm. Therefore he never intrigued in details, and his striking effects were ever brought about by his ability to comprehend and to bend the masses to his will. Little analytical souls incline to entangled, wearisome intrigues, while, on the contrary, synthetic intuitive spirits understand in a wondrously genial manner, so to avail themselves of the means which are afforded them by the present, as quickly to turn them to their own advantage. The former often founder, because no mortal wisdom can foresee all the events of life, and life's relations are never long permanent; the latter, on the contrary, the intuitive men, succeed most easily in their designs, as they only require an accurate computation of that which is at hand, and act so quickly, that their calculations are not miscarried by any ordinary agitation, or by any sudden unforeseen changes.

It is a fortunate coincidence that NAPOLEON lived just in an age which had a remarkable inclination for history, for research, and for publication. Owing to this cause, thanks to the memoirs of contemporaries, but few particulars of Napoleon's life have been withheld from us, and the number of histories which represent him as more or less allied to the rest of the world, increase every day. On this account the announcement of such a work by SCOTT awakens the most anxious anticipation.

All those who honor the genius of SCOTT must tremble for him, for such a book may easily prove to be the Moscow of a reputation which he has won with weary labor by an array of historical romances, which, more by their subject than by their poetic power, have moved every heart in Europe. This theme is, however, not merely an elegiac lament over Scotland's legendary glory, which has been little by little banished by foreign manners, rule, and modes of thought, but the greatest suffering for the loss of those national peculiarities which perish in the universality of modern civilization—a grief which now

causes the hearts of every nation to throb. For national memories lie deeper in man's heart than we generally imagine. Let any one attempt to bury the ancient forms, and over night the old love blooms anew with its flowers. This is not a mere figure of speech, but a fact, for when **BULLOCK**, a few years ago, dug up in Mexico an old heathen stone image, he found, next morning, that during the night it had been crowned with flowers ; although Spain had destroyed the old Mexican faith with fire and sword, and though the souls of the natives had been for three centuries digged about and ploughed, and sowed with Christianity, And such flowers as these bloom in **WALTER SCOTT**'s poems. These poems themselves awaken the old feeling, and as once in Grenada men and women ran with the wail of desperation from their houses, when the song of the departure of the Moorish king rang in the streets, so that it was prohibited, on pain of death, to sing it, so hath the tone which rings through **SCOTT**'s romance thrilled with pain a whole world. This tone re-echoes in the hearts of our nobles, who see their castles and armorial bearings in ruins ; it rings again in the hearts of our burghers, who have been crowded from the comfortable narrow way of their ancestors by wide-spreading, uncongenial modern fashion ; in Catholic cathedrals, whence faith has fled ; in Rabbinic synagogues, from which even the faithful flee. It sounds over the whole world, even into the Banian groves of Hindostan, where the sighing Brahmin sees before him the destruction of his gods, the demolition of their primeval cosmogony, and the entire victory of the Briton.

But his tone—the mightiest which the Scottish bard can strike upon his giant harp—accords not with the imperial song of **NAPOLEON**, the new man—the man of modern times—the man in whom this new age mirrors itself so gloriously, that we thereby are well nigh dazzled, and never think meanwhile of the vanished Past, nor of its faded splendor. It may well be pre-supposed that **SCOTT**, according to his predilections, will seize upon the stable element already hinted at, the counter-revolutionary side of the character of **NAPOLEON**, while, on the contrary, other writers will recognize in him the revolutionary principle. It is from this last side that **BYRON** would have described him—**BYRON**, who forms in every respect an antithesis to **SCOTT**, and who, instead of lamenting like him the destruction of old forms, even feels himself vexed and bounded by those which remain, and would fain annihilate them with revolutionary laughter and with gnashing of teeth. In this rage he destroys the holiest flowers of life with his melodious poison, and like a mad harle-

quin, strikes a dagger into his own heart, to mockingly sprinkle with the jetting black blood the ladies and gentlemen around.

I truly realize at this instant that I am no worshipper, or at least no bigotted admirer of BYRON. My blood is not so splentically black, my bitterness comes only from the gall-apples of my ink, and if there be poison in me it is only an anti-poison, for those snakes which lurk so threateningly amid the shelter of old cathedrals and castles. Of all great writers BYRON is just the one whose writings excite in me the least passion, while SCOTT, on the contrary, in his every book, gladdens, tranquillizes, and strengthens my heart. Even his imitators please me, as in such instances as WILLIBALD ALEXIS, BRONIKOWSKI, and COOPER, the first of whom, in the ironic "Walladmoor," approaches nearest his pattern, and has shown in a later work such a wealth of form and of spirit, that he is fully capable of setting before our souls with a poetic originality well worthy of SCOTT, a series of historical novels.

But no true genius follows paths indicated to him, these lie beyond all critical computation, so that it may be allowed to pass as a harmless play of thought, if I may express my anticipatory judgment over WALTER SCOTT'S History of NAPOLEON. Anticipatory judgment* is here the most comprehensive expression. Only one thing can be said with certainty, which is that the book will be read from its uprising even unto the down-setting thereof, and we Germans will translate it.

We have also translated SEGUR Is it not a pretty epic poem? We Germans also write epic poems, but their heroes only exist in our own heads. The heroes of the French epos, on the contrary, are real heroes, who have performed more doughty deeds and suffered far greater woes than we in our garret rooms ever dreamed of. And yet we have much imagination, and the French but little. Perhaps on this account the LORD helped them out in another manner, for they only need truly relate what has happened to them during the last thirty years to have such a literature of experience as no nation and no age ever yet brought forth. Those memoirs of statesmen, soldiers, and noble ladies which appear daily in France, form a cycle of legends in which posterity will find material enough for thought and song—a cycle in whose centre the life of the great Emperor rises like a giant tree. SEGUR'S History of the Russian Campaign is a song, a French song of the people, which belongs to this legend cycle and which in its tone and matter, is, and will remain, like the epic

"*Vorurtheit*"—*præjudicium*—prejudice—fore-judgment.—NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

poetry of all ages. A heroic poem which from the magic words "freedom and equality" has shot up from the soil of France, and as in a triumphal procession, intoxicated with glory and led by the Goddess Fame herself, has swept over, terrified and glorified the world. And now at last it dances clattering sword-dances on the ice fields of the North, until they break in, and the children of fire and of freedom perish by cold and by the *Slaves*.

Such a description of the destruction of a heroic world is the key note and material of the epic poems of all races. On the rocks of Ellora and other Indian grotto-temples, there remain such epic catastrophes, engraved in giant hieroglyphics, the key to which must be sought in the *Mahabarata*. The North too in words not less rock-like, has narrated this twilight of the gods in its Edda, the Nibelungen sings the same tragic destruction, and has in its conclusion a striking similarity with SEGUR's description of the burning of Moscow. The Roland's Song of the battle of Roncesvalles, which though its words have perished still exists as a legend, and which has recently been raised again to life by IMMERMANN, one of the greatest poets of the Father Land, is also the same old song of woe. Even the song of Troy gives most gloriously the old theme, and yet it is not grander or more agonizing than that French song of the people in which SEGUR has sung the downfall of his hero world. Yes, this is a true epos, the heroic youth of France is the beautiful hero who early perishes as we have already seen in the deaths of Balder, Siegfried, Roland, and Achilles, who also perished by ill-fortune and treachery; and those heroes whom we once admired in the Iliad we find again in the song of SEGUR. We see them counselling, quarrelling, and fighting, as once of old before the Skaisch gate. If the court of the King of Naples is somewhat too variedly modern, still his courage in battle and his pride are greater than those of Pelides; a Hector in mildness, and bravery is before us in "PRINCE EUGENE, the knight so noble." NEY battles like an Ajax, BERTHIER is a Nestor without wisdom; DAVOUST, DARU, CAULINCOURT, and others, possess the souls of Menelaus, of Odysseus, of Diomed—only the Emperor alone has not his like—in his head is the Olympus of the poem, and if I compare him in his heroic apparition to Agamemnon, I do it because a tragic end awaited him with his lordly comrades in arms, and because his Orestes yet lives.

There is a tone in SEGUR's epos like that in SCOTT's poems which moves our hearts. But this tone does not revive our love for the long-vanished legions of olden time. It is a tone which brings to us the present, and a tone which inspires us with its spirit.

But we Germans are genuine Peter Schlemihls! In later times we have seen much and suffered much—for example, having soldiers quartered on us, and pride from our nobility; and we have given away our best blood, for example, to England, which has still a considerable annual sum to pay for shot-off arms and legs, to their former owners, and we have done so many great things on a small scale, that if they were reckoned up together, they would result in the grandest deeds imaginable, for instance, in the Tyrol, and we have lost much, for instance, our “greater shadow,” the title of the holy darling Roman empire—and still, with all our losses, sacrifices, self-denials, misfortunes and great deeds, our literature has not gained one such monument of renown, as rise daily among our neighbors, like immortal trophies. Our Leipzig Fairs have profitted but little by the battle of Leipzig. A native of Gotha, intends, as I hear, to sing them successively in epic form, but as he has not as yet determined whether he belongs to the one hundred thousand souls of Hildburghausen, or to the one hundred and fifty thousand of Meiningen, or to the one hundred and sixty thousand of Altenburg, he cannot as yet begin his epos, and must accordingly begin with, “Sing, immortal souls, Hildburghausian souls, Meiningian or even Altenburgian souls, sing, all the same, sing the deliverance of the sinful Germans!” This soul-murderer, and his fearful ruggedness, allows no proud thought, and still less, a proud word to manifest itself, our brightest deeds become ridiculous by a stupid result; and while we gloomily wrap ourselves in the purple mantle of German heroic blood, there comes a political waggish knave and puts his cap and bells on our head.

Nay, we must even compare the literati on the other side of the Rhine, and of the canal, with our bagatelle-literature, to comprehend the emptiness and insignificance of our bagatelle-life. And as I intend to subsequently extend my observations over this theme of German literature-*miserere*, I here offer a merrier compensation by the intercalation of the following Xenia, which have flown from the pen of IMMERMANN, my lofty colleague. Those of congenial dispositions will, without doubt, thank me for communicating these verses, and with a few exceptions, which I have indicated with stars, I willingly admit that they express my own views.

THE POETIC MAN OF LETTERS.

Cease thy laughing, cease thy weeping, let the truth be plainly said,
When HANS SACHS first saw the daylight, WECKHERLIN just then
was dead.

“All mankind at length must perish,” quoth the dwarf with wondrous spirit,
Ancient youth,—the news you tell us hath not novelty for merit.

In forgotten old black letter, still his author-boots he’s steeping,
And he eats poetic onions to inspire a livelier weeping.

*Spare old LUTHER, FRANK, I pray you, in the comments which you
utter,
He’s a fish which pleases better, plain, than with thy melted butter.

THE DRAMATIST.

1.

“To revenge me on the public, tragedies I’ll write no longer?”
Only keep thy word, and then we’ll let thee curse us more and
stronger.

2.

In a cavalry-lieutenant, stinging spur-like verse we pardon;
For he orders phrase and feelings, like recruits whom drills must
harden.

3.

Were Melpomené a maiden, tender, loving as a child,
I would bid her marry this one—he’s so trim, so neat and mild.

4.

For the sins on Earth committed, goes the soul of KOTZEBUE.
In the body of this monster, stockingless, without a shoe.

Thus to honor comes the doctrine which the earliest ages give,
That the souls of the departed, afterwards in beasts must live.

ORIENTAL POETS.

At old SAADI'S imitators *tout le monde* just now are wondering :—
Seems to me the same old story, if we East or West go blundering.

Once there sang in summer moonlight, philomel *seu* nightingale,
Now the *bulbul* pipes unto us, still it seems the same old tale.

Of the rat-catcher of Hameln, ancient poet,—you remind me ;
Whistling eastwards, while the little singers follow close behind thee.

India's holy cows they honor for a reason past all doubt,
For ere long in every cow-stall they will find Olympus out.

Too much fruit they ate in Shiraz, where they held their thievish revels,
In "Gazelles" they cast it up now—wretched Oriental devils.

BELL-TONES.

See the plump old pastor yonder at his door, with pride elate,
Loudly singing, that the people may adore him dressed in state.

And they flock to gaze upon him, both the blind men and the lame,
Cramped and pectoral sufferers—with them many a hysteric dame.

Simple cerate healeth nothing, neither doth it hurt a wound,
Therefore friends, in every book-shop simple cerate may be found.

If the matter thus progresses, till they every priest adore
To old Mother Church's bosom I'll go creeping back once more.

There a single Pope they honor and adore a *præsens numen*,
Here each one ordained as *lumen*, elevates himself to *numen*.

*ORBIS PICTUS.

If the mob who spoil the world, had but one neck and here would
show it !

Oh, ye Gods, a single neck of wretched actors, priests and poets !

In the church to look at farces oft I linger of a morning,
In the theatre sit at evening, from the sermon taking warning.

E'en the Lord to me oft loses much in influence and vigor,
For so many thousand people carve him in their own base figure.

Public—when I please ye, then I think myself a wretched weaver,
But when I can really vex you, then it strengthens up my liver.

“How he masters all the language!”—yes and makes us die of
laughter,

How he jumps and makes his captive crazily come jumping after!

Much can I endure that’s vexing—one thing makes me sick and
haggard,

When I see a nervous weakling try to play the genial blackguard

*Once I own that thou didst please me, fair *Lucinda’s* favors winning,
Out upon thy brazen courtship! now with *Mary* thoud’st be sinning!

First in England, then mid Spaniards—then where BRAHMA’S dark-
ness scatters,

Everywhere the same old story—German coat and shoes in tatters.

When the ladies write, for ever in their private pains they’re dealing,
Faussés couches and damaged virtue—oh, such open hearts revealing!

Let the ladies write—they please me—in one thing they beat us
hollow,

When a dame takes “pen in hand,” we’re sure no bad results can
follow.

Literature will soon resemble parties at a tea or christening,
Naught but lady-gossips prating, while the little boys are listening.

Where I a GHENGIS-KHAN, oh, China, long in dust had’st thou been
lying,

From thy cursed tea came parties—and of them I’m slowly dying.

All now settles down in silence, o’er the Mightiest peace is flowing,
Calmly in his ledger entering what the early age is owing.

Yonder town is full of statues, pictures, verses, music’s din :
At the door stands Merry Andrew with his trump and cries come in.

Why, these verses ring most vilely, without measure, feet or form !
But should literary Pandours wear a royal uniform ?

Say how can you use such phrases—such expression without blushing,
We must learn to use our elbows, when through market crowds we’re
pushing.

But of old thou oft hast written rhymes both truly good and great !
He who mingles with the vulgar must expect a vulgar fate.

IDEAS.

BOOK LE GRAND.

(1826.)

The mighty race of Oerindur,
The pillar of our throne,
Though Nature perish, will endure,
For ever and alone.—MULLNER.

CHAPTER I.

She was worthy of love, and he loved her. He, however, was not loveable, and she did not love him.—*Old Play.*

MADAME, are you familiar with that old play? It is an altogether extraordinary performance—only a little too melancholy. I once played the leading part in it myself, so that all the ladies wept save one, who did not shed so much as a single tear, and in that, consisted the *whole* point of the play—the real catastrophe.

Oh, that single tear! it still torments me in my reveries. When the Devil desires to ruin my soul, he hums in my ear a ballad of that tear, which ne'er was wept, a deadly song with a more deadly tune—ah! such a tune is only heard in hell!

* * * * *

You can readily form an idea MADAME of what life is like, in Heaven—the more readily, as you are married. There people amuse themselves altogether superbly, every sort of entertainment is provided, and one lives in nothing but desire and its gratification, or as the saying is, “like the Lord in France.” There they live from morning to night, and the cookery is as good as JAGOR’s, roast geese fly around with gravy-boats in their bills, and feel flattered if any one condescends to eat them; tarts gleaming with butter grow wild like sun-flowers, everywhere there are rivulets of *bouillon* and champagne, everywhere trees on which clean napkins flutter wild in the wind, and you eat and wipe your lips and eat again without injury to the health. There too, you sing psalms, or flirt and joke with the

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dear delicate little angels, or take a walk on the green Hallelujah-Meadow, and your white flowing garments fit so comfortably, and nothing disturbs your feeling of perfect happiness—no pain, no vexation. Nay—when one accidentally treads on another's corns and exclaim, "*excusez!*" the one trodden on smiles as if glorified, and insists "Thy foot, brother, did not hurt in the least, quite *au contraire*—it only causes a deeper thrill of Heavenly rapture to shoot through my heart!"

But of Hell, MADAME, you have not the faintest idea. Of all the devils in existence, you have probably made the acquaintance only of AMOR, the nice little *Croupier* of Hell, who is the smallest Beelzebub of them all. And you know him only from DON JUAN, and doubtless think that for such a betrayer of female innocence Hell can never be made hot enough, though our praiseworthy theatre directors shower down upon him as much flame, fiery rain, squibs and colophonium as any Christian could desire to have emptied into Hell itself.

However, things in Hell look much worse than our theatre directors imagine;—if they *did* know what is going on there, they would never permit such stuff to be played as they do. For in Hell it is infernally hot, and when I was there, in the dog-days, it was past endurance. MADAME—you can have no idea of Hell! We have very few official returns from that place. Still it is rank calumny to say that down there all the poor souls are compelled to read all day long all the dull sermons which were ever printed on earth. Bad as Hell is, it has not *quite* come to that,—Satan will never invent such refinements of torture. On the other hand, Dante's description is too mild—I may say, on the whole, too poetic. Hell appeared to me like a great town-kitchen, with an endlessly long stove, on which were placed three rows of iron pots, and in these sat the damned, and were cooked. In one row were placed Christian sinners, and, incredible as it may seem, their number was anything but small, and the devils poked the fire up under them with especial good will. In the next row were Jews, who continually screamed and cried, and were occasionally mocked by the fiends, which sometimes seemed odd enough—as for instance, when a fat, wheezy old pawnbroker complained of the heat, and a little devil poured several buckets of cold water on his head, that he might realize what a refreshing benefit baptism was. In the third row sat the heathen, who, like the Jews, could take no part in salvation, and must burn forever. I heard one of the latter, as a square-built, burly devil put fresh coals under his kettle, cry out

from his pot—"Spare me! I was once SOCRATES, the wisest of mortals—I taught Truth and Justice, and sacrificed my life for Virtue." But the clumsy, stupid devil went on with his work, and grumbled—"Oh, shut up, there! All heathens must burn, and we can't make an exception for the sake of a single man." I assure you, MADAME, the heat was terrible, with such a screaming, sighing, groaning, croaking, crying, quacking, cracking, growling, grunting, yelling, squealing, wailing, trilling—and through all this terrible turmoil there rang distinctly the fatal melody of the Song of the Unwept Tear.

CHAPTER II.

"She was worthy of his love, and he loved her. He, however, was not loveable, and she did not love him."

MADAME! that old play is a tragedy, though the hero in it is neither killed nor commits suicide. The eyes of the heroine are beautiful—very beautiful:—MADAME, do you scent the perfume of violets?—very beautiful, and yet so piercing that they struck like poignards of glass through my heart and probably came out through my back—and yet I was not killed by those treacherous, murderous eyes. The voice of the heroine was also sweet—MADAME, was it a nightingale you heard sing just as I spoke?—a soft, silken voice, a sweet web of the sunniest tones, and my soul was entangled in it and choked and tormented itself. I myself—it is the Count of Ganges who now speaks, and as the story goes on, in Venice—I myself soon had enough of those tortures, and had thoughts of putting an end to the play in the first act, and of shooting myself through the head, foolscap and all. Therefore I went to a fancy store in the VIA BURSTAH, where I saw a pair of beautiful pistols in a case—I remember them perfectly well—near them stood many ornamental articles of mother-of-pearl and gold, steel hearts on gilt chains, porcelain cups with delicate devices, and snuff-boxes with pretty pictures, such as the divine history of Susannah, the Swan Song of Leda, the Rape of the Sabines, Lucretia, a fat, virtuous creature, with naked bosom, in which she was lazily sticking a dagger; the late Bethmann, *la belle Ferroniere*—all enrapturing faces—but I bought the pistols without much ado, and then I bought balls, then powder, and then I went to the restaurant of Signor Somebody, and ordered oysters and a glass of Hock.

I could eat nothing, and still less could I drink. The warm tears fell in the glass, and in that glass I saw my dear home, the blue, holy Ganges, the ever gleaming Himalaya, the giant banyan woods, amid whose broad arcades calmly wandered wise elephants and white-robed pilgrims, strange dream-like flowers gazed on me with meaning glance, wondrous golden birds sang softly, flashing sun-rays and the droll, silly chatter of monkeys pleasantly mocked me, from far pagodas sounded the pious prayers of priests, and amid them rang the melting, wailing voice of the Sultanness of Delhi—she ran wildly around in her carpetted chamber, she tore her silver veil, she struck with her peacock fan the black slave to the ground, she wept, she raged, she cried.—I could not hear what she said, the restaurant of Signor Somebody is three thousand miles distant from the Harem of Delhi, besides the fair Sultanness had been dead three thousand years—and I quickly drank up the wine, the clear, joy-giving wine, and yet my soul grew darker and sadder—I was condemned to death.

* * * * *

As I left the restaurant, I heard the “bell of poor sinners” ring, a crowd of people swept by me; but I placed myself at the corner of the *Strada San Giovanni*, and recited the following monologue:

In ancient tales they tell of golden castles,
Where harps are sounding, lovely ladies dance,
And trim attendants serve, and jessamine,
Myrtle and roses spread their soft perfume—
And yet a single word of sad enchantment,
Sweeps all the glory of the scene to naught,
And there remains but ruins old and gray,
And screaming birds of night and foul morass,—
E'en so have I with a short single word,
Enchanted Nature's blooming loveliness.
There lies she now, lifeless and cold and pale,
E'en like a monarch's corse laid out in state,
The royal deathly cheeks fresh stained with rouge,
And in his hand the kingly sceptre laid,
Yet still his lips are yellow and most changed,
For they forget to dye them, as they should,
And mice are jumping o'er the monarch's nose,
And mock the golden sceptre in his grasp.

It is an universal regulation, MADAME, that every one should deliver a soliloquy before shooting himself. Most men, on such occa-

sions, use Hamlet's "To be, or not to be." It is an excellent passage, and I would gladly have quoted it—but charity begins at home, and when a man has written tragedies himself, in which such farewell-to-life speeches occur, as for instance, in my immortal "Almanson," it is very natural that one should prefer his own words even to SHAKESPEARE'S. At any rate the delivery of such speeches is an excellent custom; for thereby one gains at least a little time. And as it came to pass that I remained a long time standing on the corner of the Strada San Giovanni—and as I stood there like a condemned criminal awaiting death, I raised my eyes, and suddenly beheld HER.

She wore her blue silk dress and rose-red bonnet, and her eyes beamed on me so mild, so death-conqueringly, so life-givingly.—MADAME, you well know, that when the vestals in ancient Rome, met on their way a malefactor condemned to death, they had the right to pardon him, and the poor rogue lived.—With a single glance she saved my life, and I stood before her revived, and dazzled by the sunny gleaming of her beauty, and she passed on—and left me alive.

CHAPTER III.

And she saved my life, and I live, and that is the main point.

Others may, if they choose, enjoy the good fortune of having their lady-love adorn their graves with garlands and water them with the tears of true love,——Oh, women! hate me, laugh at me, mitten me!—but let me live! Life is all too wondrous sweet, and the world is so beautifully bewildered; it is the dream of an intoxicated divinity who has taken French leave of the tipling multitude of immortals, and has laid down to sleep in a solitary star, and knows not himself that he also creates all that which he dreams—and the dream images form themselves often so fantastically wildly, and often so harmoniously and reasonably. The Iliad, PLATO, the battle of Marathon, MOSES, the Medician Venus, the Cathedral of Strasburg, the French Revolution, HEGEL and steamboats, &c., &c., are other good thoughts in this divine dream—but it will not last long, and the immortal one awakes and rubs his sleepy eyes, and smiles—and our world has run to nothing—yes, has never been.

No matter! I live. If I am but the shadowy image in a dream, still this is better than the cold black void annihilation of Death.

Life is the greatest of blessings and death the worst of evils. Berlin lieutenants of the guard may sneer and call it cowardice, because the Prince of Homburg shudders when he beholds his open grave. HENRY KLEIST had, however, as much courage as his high breasted, tightly laced colleagues, and has, alas! proved it. But all great, powerful souls love life. GOETHE's Egmont does not cheerfully take leave "of the cheerful wontedness of being and action." IMMERMAN's Edwin clings to life "like a child upon the mother's breast." And though he finds it hard to live by stranger mercy, he still begs for mercy: "For life and breath is still the best of boons."

When Odysseus in the lower world regards Achilles as the leader of dead heroes, and extols his renown among the living, and his glory even among the dead, the latter replies:

No more discourse of death, consolingly, noble Odysseus!

Rather would I in the field as daily laborer be toiling,

Slave to the meanest of men, a pauper and lacking possessions,

Than mid the infinite host of long vanished mortals be ruler.

Yes, when MAJOR DUVENT challenged the great ISRAEL LYON to fight with pistols and said to him: "If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog;" the latter replied 'I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion!'—and was right. I have fought often enough MADAME to dare to say this—God be praised! I live! Red life boils in my veins, earth yields beneath my feet, in the glow of love I embrace trees and statues, and they live in my embrace. Every woman is to me the gift of a world. I revel in the melody of her countenance, and with a single glance of my eye I can enjoy more than others with their every limb through all their lives. Every instant is to me an eternity, I do not measure time with the ell of Brabant or of Hamburg, and I need no priest to promise me a second life, for I can live enough in this life, when I live backwards in the life of those who have gone before me, and win myself an eternity in the realm of the past.

And I live! The great pulsation of nature beats too in my breast, and when I carol aloud, I am answered by a thousand-fold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to awaken Earth from her morning slumber, and Earth trembles with ecstasy, her flowers are hymns, which she sings in inspiration to the sun—the sun moves far too slowly, I would fain lash on his steeds that they might advance more rapidly.—But when he sinks hissing in the sea, and the night rises with her great eyes, oh! then true pleasure first

thrills through me like a new life, the evening breezes lie like flattering maidens on my wild heart, and the stars wink to me, and I rise and sweep over the little earth and the little thoughts of mankind.*

CHAPTER IV.

BUT a day must come when the fire of youth will be quenched in my veins, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snow flakes will whiten my locks, and his mists will dim my eyes. Then my friends will lie in their lonely grave, and I alone will remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race will have sprung up with new desires and new ideas, full of wonder I hear new names and listen to new songs, for the old names are forgotten and I myself am forgotten, perhaps honored by but few, scorned by many and loved by none! And then the rosy cheeked boys will spring around me and place the old harp in my trembling hand, and say, laughing, "Thou indolent grey-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth."

* The reader has already been forewarned in the preface that Heine's writings abound in the harshest, at times most repulsive, expressions of his views. In these chapters we see him under two influences—that of Hegelian atheism and Hellenic sensuousness, or of a purely material Greek nature-worship. In one of his latest poems, a translation from which appeared in the London Athenæum, March 31, 1855, we find evidences of a fearful though occasional reaction from this early intoxication:

"How wearily time crawls along,—
That hideous snail that hastens not,—
While I, without the power to move,
Am ever fixed to one dull spot.

"Upon my dreary chamber wall
No gleam of sunshine can I trace
I know that only for the grave,
Shall I exchange this hopeless place.

"Perhaps already I am dead,
And these perhaps are phantoms vain;—
These motley phantasies that pass
At night through my disordered brain.

"Perhaps with ancient heathen shapes,
Old fabled gods, this brain is full;
Who, for their most unholy rites,
Have chosen a dead poet's skull.

"And charming frightful orgies hold,—
The mad-cap phantoms!—all the night,
That in the morning this dead hand
About their revelries may write."

[*Note by Translator.*]

Then I will grasp the harp and my old joys and sorrows will awake, tears will again gleam on my pale cheeks. Spring will bloom once more in my breast, sweet tones of woe will tremble on the harp-strings. I will see once more the blue flood and the marble palaces and the lovely faces of ladies and young girls—and I will sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

It will be my last song, the stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the loving moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks, the spirit chorus of nightingales long dead will sound from afar, my eyes intoxicated with sleep will softly close, my soul will re-echo with the notes of my harp—perfume breathes from the flowers of the Brenta.

A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the North. It will be a linden, and of a summer evening lovers will sit there caressing; the green finches will be listening silently, and my linden will rustle protectingly over the heads of the happy ones who will be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tomb-stone. But when at a later day, the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh, and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone until he reads the inscription: "He loved the flowers of the Brenta."

CHAPTER V.

MADAME! I have been telling you lies. I am not the Count of the Ganges. Never in my life did I see the holy stream, nor the lotus flowers, which are mirrored in its sacred waves. Never did I lie dreaming under Indian palms, nor in prayer before the Diamond Deity Juggernaut, who with his diamonds might have easily aided me out of my difficulties. I have no more been in Calcutta than the turkey, of which I ate yesterday at dinner, had ever been in the realms of the Grand Turk. Yet my ancestors came from Hindostan, and therefore I feel so much at my ease in the great forest of song of Valmiki. The heroic sorrows of the divine Ramo, move my heart like familiar griefs, from the flower lays of Kalidasa the sweetest memories bloom, and when a few years ago, a gentle lady in Berlin showed me the beautiful pictures, which her father, who had been Governor-General in India, had brought from thence, the delicately painted, holy, calm faces, seemed as familiar to me as though I were gazing at my own family gallery.

FRANZ BOPP—MADAME you have of course read his *Nalus* and his System of Conjugations—gave me much information relative to my ancestry, and I now know with certainty that I am descended from BRAHMA's head, and not from his corns. I have also good reason to believe that the entire *Mahabarata* with its two hundred thousand verses is merely an allegorical love-letter, which my first fore-father wrote to my first fore-mother. Oh! they loved dearly, their souls kissed, they kissed with their eyes, they were both but one single kiss.

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral bough in the silent sea, and sings a song of the love of my ancestors, earnestly gaze the pearls from their shelly cells, the wondrous water-flowers tremble with sad longing, the cunning-quaint sea-snails bearing on their backs many-coloured porcelain towers come creeping onwards, the ocean-roses blush with shame, the yellow, sharp-pointed starfish, and the thousand hued glassy jelly-fish quiver and stretch, and all swarm and crowd and listen.

Unfortunately, MADAME, this nightingale song is far too long to admit of translation here; it is as long as the world itself—even its mere dedication to ANANGAS, the God of Love, is as long as all SIR WALTER SCOTT's novels together, and there is a passage referring to it in Aristophanes, which in German* reads thus:

“Tiotio, tiotio, tiotinx,
Totototo, totototo, tototinx.”
[Voss's Translation.]

No, I was not born in India. I first beheld the light of the world on the shores of that beautiful stream, in whose green hills folly grows and is plucked in Autumn, laid away in cellars, poured into barrels, and exported to foreign lands.

— In fact, only yesterday I heard some one speaking a piece of folly which, in the year 1818, was imprisoned in a bunch of grapes, which I myself then saw growing on the Johannisburg.—But much folly is also consumed at home, and men are the same there as everywhere: they are born, eat, drink, sleep, laugh, cry, slander each other, are in great trouble and care about the continuation of their race, try to seem what they are not and to do what they cannot, never shave until they have a beard, and often have beards before they get discretion, and when they at last have discretion, they drink it away in white and red folly.

* Or in English.

Mon dieu! if I had faith, so that I could remove mountains—the Johannisburg would be just the mountain which I would transport about everywhere. But not having the requisite amount of faith, fantasy must aid me—and she at once bears me to the beautiful Rhine.

Oh, *there* is a fair land, full of loveliness and sunshine. In its blue streams are mirrored the mountain shores, with their ruined towers, and woods, and ancient towns. There, before the house-door, sit the good people, of a summer evening, and drink out of great cans, and gossip confidingly,—how the wine—the Lord be praised!—thrives, and how justice should be free from all secrecy, and MARIE ANTOINETTE'S being guillotined is none of our business, and how dear the tobacco tax makes the tobacco, and how all mankind are equal, and what a glorious fellow GERRES is.

I have never troubled myself much with such conversation, and greatly preferred sitting by the maidens in the arched window, and laughed at their laughing, and let them strike me in the face with flowers, and feigned ill-nature until they told me their secrets, or some other story of equal importance. Fair GERTRUDE was half wild with delight when I sat by her. She was a girl like a flaming rose, and once as she fell on my neck, I thought that she would burn away in perfumes in my arms. Fair KATHARINE melted in musical sweetness when she talked with me, and her eyes were of that pure, perfect *internal* blue, which I have never seen in animated beings, and very seldom in flowers—one gazed so gladly into them, and could then ever imagine the sweetest things. But the beautiful HEDWIGA loved me, for when I came to her she bowed her head till the black locks fell down over the blushing countenance, and the gleaming eyes shone forth like stars from a dark heaven. Her diffident lips spoke not a word, and even I could say nothing to her. I coughed and she trembled. She often begged me, through her sisters, not to climb the rocks so eagerly, or to bathe in the Rhine when I had exercised or drunk wine until I was heated. Once I overheard her pious prayer to the image of the VIRGIN MARY, which she had adorned with leaf gold and illuminated with a glowing lamp, and which stood in a corner of the sitting-room. She prayed to the Mother of God to keep me from climbing, drinking and bathing! I should certainly have been desperately in love with her had she manifested the least indifference, and I was indifferent because I knew that she loved me. MADAME, if any one would win my love, they must treat me *en canaille*.

JOHANNA was the cousin of the three sisters, and I was right glad to be with *her*. She knew the most beautiful old legends, and when she pointed with the whitest hand in the world through the window out to the mountains where all had happened which she narrated, I became fairly enchanted. The old knights rose visibly from the ruined castles and hewed away at each other's iron clothes, the Lorely sat again on the mountain summit, singing a-down her sweet seductive song, and the Rhine rippled so intelligibly, so calmly—and yet at the same time so mockingly and strangely—and the fair JOHANNA gazed at me so bewilderingly, so mysteriously, so enigmatically confiding, as though she herself were one with the legend which she narrated. She was a slender, pale beauty, sickly and musing, her eyes were clear as truth itself, her lips piously arched, in her features lay a great untold story—perhaps a love legend? I know not what it was, nor had I ever courage to ask. When I gazed long upon her I became calm and cheerful—it seemed to me as though there were a tranquil Sunday in my heart, and that the angels were holding church service there.

In such happy hours I told her tales of my childhood, and she listened earnestly to me, and singular! when I could not think of this or that name, she remembered it. When I then asked her with wonder where she had learned the name, she would answer with a smile that she had learned it of a little bird which had built its nest on the sill of her window—and she tried to make me believe that it was the same bird which I once bought with my pocket money from a hard-hearted peasant boy, and then let fly away. But I believed that she knew everything because she was so pale, and really soon died. She also knew when she must die, and wished that I would leave Andernach the day before. When I bade her farewell she gave me both her hands—they were white, sweet hands, and pure as the Host—and she said: thou art very good, and when thou art bad, then think of the little dead VERONICA.

Did the chattering birds also tell her *this* name? Often in hours when desirous of recalling the past, I had wearied my brain in trying to think of that dear name, and could not.

And now that I have it again, my earliest infancy shall bloom again in recollections—and I am again a child, and play with other children in the Castle Court at Dusseldorf, on the Rhine.

CHAPTER VI.

YES, MADAME, there was I born, and I am particular in calling attention to this fact, lest after my death seven cities—those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt*—should contend for the honour of having witnessed my birth. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine, where about sixteen thousand mortals live, and where many hundred thousands are buried. And among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old HERR VON GELDEN, and the young HERR VON GELDEN, who were both such celebrated doctors, and saved the lives of so many men, and yet at last must both die themselves. And good pious Ursula, who bore me, when a child, in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows over her grave—she loved rose-perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose-perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old *Canonicus* also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there—and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, “William—do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!” and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook, and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say *home* I mean the *Volkerstrasse* and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it, that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green

* All insignificant towns—with the exception of Göttingen, which is here supposed to be equally insignificant.—*Note by the Translator.*

veiled English ladies will give the servant girl when she shows them the room where I was born and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes, and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk—oh Lord! MADAME—should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my renown as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow, has not spread its perfume through the wide world, and the green veiled English ladies, when they visit Düsseldorf, leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the Market Place and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince Elector, JAN WILHELM. He wears black armour and a long, hanging wig. When a boy, I was told that the artist who made this statue observed with terror while it was being cast that he had not metal enough to fill the mould, and then all the citizens of the town came running with all their silver spoons, and threw them in to make up the deficiency—and I often stood for hours before the statue wondering how many spoons were concealed in it, and how many apple-tarts the silver would buy. Apple tarts were then my passion—now it is love, truth, liberty and crab soup—and not far from the statue of the Prince Elector, at the Theatre corner, generally stood a curiously constructed sabre-legged rascal with a white apron, and a basket girt around him full of smoking apple tarts, which he well knew how to praise with an irresistible voice. “Here you are! hot apple tarts! just from the oven—see how they smoke—quite delicious!” Truly, whenever in my later years the Evil One sought to win me, he always cried in just such an enticing soprano voice, and I should certainly have never remained twelve hours by the Signora Guilletta, if she had not thrilled me with her sweet perfumed apple-tart-tones. And in fact the apple tarts would never have so sorely tempted me, if the crooked HERMANN had not covered them up so mysteriously with his white aprons—and it is aprons, you know, which—but I wander from the subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue which has so many silver spoons in it, and no soup, and which represents the Prince Elector, JAN WILHELM.

He was a brave gentleman 'tis reported, and was himself a man of genius. He founded the picture gallery in Düsseldorf, and in the observatory there, they show a very curiously executed piece of wooden work, consisting of one box within another, which he, himself,

had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter, he had every day four and twenty.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their caps over it and slept in peace, and their people slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said "Good morning, father!"—and he replied "Good morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this, for one morning when we awoke, and would say "Good morning, father!" the father had travelled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently through the market and read the long paper placed on the door of the townhouse. It was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor KILLIAN stood in the nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woollen stockings so that his little bare legs peeped out as if in sorrow, and his thin lips quivered as he read, murmuringly, the handbill. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine, read it in a somewhat louder tone, and little by little a transparent tear ran down his white, honorable old mustache. I stood near him and asked why we wept? And he replied "The Prince Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words "for the long manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Princely Electoral coat of arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as miserably dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The gentlemen town councillors went about at an abdicating wearisome gait, even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy ALOVISIUS, stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, while the tipsy, crooked GUMPERTZ rolled around in the gutter, singing *ca ira! ca ira!*

But I went home, weeping and lamenting because "the Prince Elector had *abducted!*" My mother had trouble enough to explain the word but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew, and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end—that all the fair flower gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled up, and put away like carpets and baize from the floor, that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and

took down the sun, and that the tailor KILIAN stood by and said to himself "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker—a few stars glimmered sparsely on high, and these at length fell down like yellow leaves in Autumn, one by one all men vanished, and I a poor child, wandered in anguish around, until before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house, I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head—but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave—and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing and spelling "The Prince Elector has abducted."

When I awoke, the sun shone as usual through the window, there was a sound of drums in the street, and as I entered the sitting room and wished my father—who was sitting in his white dressing gown—a good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town Hall to the Arch Duke JOACHIM. I heard, too, that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor NAPOLEON, and was really a very respectable man—that he wore his beautiful black hair in flowing locks, that he would shortly enter the town, and in fine that he must please all the ladies. Meanwhile, the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching in that joyful race of fame, who, singing and playing, swept over the world, the merry, serious faces of the grenadiers, the bear-skin shakoës, the tri-coloured cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of vivacity and *point d'honneur*, and the omnipotent giant-like silver laced Tambour Major, who cast his *baton* with a gilded head as high as the second story, and his eyes to the third, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house—in which my mother differed from me—and I hastened to the market-place. There everything looked changed—somewhat as though the world had been new white-washed. A new coat of arms was placed on the Town Hall, its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery. French grenadiers stood as sentinels, the old gentlemen town councillors had put on new faces, and donned their Sunday coats and looked at each other Frenchily, and said "*Bon jour!*" ladies looked from every window, curious citizens and armed soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the great bronze horse of the Prince Elector, and thence gazed down on the motley crowd.

Our neighbor's PETER, and tall JACK SHORT nearly broke their necks in accomplishing this feat, and it would have been better if they had been killed outright, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence, while the other, having made geographical researches in strange pockets, was on this account elected member of a public tread-mill institute. But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London, in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Tall JACK told us that there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time ere this was over. Finally the balcony of the Council House was filled with gaily dressed gentlemen, with flags and trumpets, and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like India rubber or like a night-cap into which one has thrown a stone—only that it was not the stone of wisdom—and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases, for instance that “we are now to be made happy”—and at the last words the trumpets sounded out and the people cried *hurrah!*—and as I myself cried hurrah, I held fast to the old Prince Elector. And it was really necessary that I should, for I began to grow giddy. It seemed to me as if the people were standing on their heads because the world whizzed around, while the old Prince Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, “Hold fast to me!”—and not till the cannon re-echoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climbed slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home I saw the crazy ALOVISIUS again dancing on one leg, while he chattered the names of French generals, and I also beheld crooked GUMPERTZ rolling in the gutter and growling *ca ira, ca ira*, and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and that on that account we had that day no school.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman Emperors, chronology—the *nomina in im*, the *verba irregularia*—Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be thoroughly learned. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman Emperors by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether NIEBUHR had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned the numbers of the different years, how could I ever, in later years, have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water, or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head. Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event, which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the Battle of Marathon; if I saw the banker CHRISTIAN GUMPEL, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portugese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the University Judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if WADZECK, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra.—Ah, heaven! the poor creature is dead now, our tears are dry, and we may say of her, with Hamlet, “Take her for all in all, she was an old woman—we oft shall look upon her like again!” But as I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are, moreover, regular professors. But oh, the trouble I had at school with my learning to count!—and it went even worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all, *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule—“Four can’t be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one”—but I advise all, in such a case, to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

But oh! the Latin!—MADAME, you can really have no idea of what a mess it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin. Lucky dogs!

they already knew in their cradles the nouns ending in *im*. I on the contrary had to learn it by heart, in the sweat of my brow, but still it is well that I knew it. For if I, for example, when I publicly disputed in Latin, in the College Hall of Göttingen on the 20th of July, 1825—MADAME, it was well worth while to hear it—if I, I say, had said, *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the blunder would have been evident to the Freshmen, and an endless shame for me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*.—These words which have attracted so much attention in the world, effected this, inasmuch as they belonged to a determined class, and yet were withal an exception. And the fact that I have them ready at my finger's ends when I perhaps need them in a hurry, often affords me in life's darkened hours, much internal tranquillity and spiritual consolation. But, MADAME, the *verba irregularia*—they are distinguished from the *verbis regularibus* by the fact that the boys in learning them get more whippings—are terribly difficult. In the arched way of the Franciscan cloister near our school-room, there hung a large Christ-crucified of grey wood, a dismal image, that even yet at times rises in my dreams and gazes sorrowfully on me with fixed bleeding eyes—before this image I often stood and prayed. “Oh thou poor and also tormented God, I pray thee, if it be possible, that I may get by heart the irregular verbs!”

I will say nothing of *Greek*—otherwise I should vex myself too much. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so very much in the wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the Devil. Lord knows what I suffered through it. It went better with Hebrew, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, although they to this very hour have crucified my good name. In fact I never could get so far in Hebrew as my watch did, which had a much more intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers than I, and in consequence acquired many Jewish habits—for instance, it would not go on Saturday—and it learned the holy language, and was subsequently occupied with its grammar, for often when sleepless in the night I have to my amazement heard it industriously repeating: *katal, katalta, katalki—kittel, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—pikat—pik—pik*.

Meanwhile I learned more of German than of any other tongue, though German itself is not such child's play, after all. For we poor Germans, who have already been sufficiently vexed with having soldiers quartered on us, military duties, poll-taxes, and a thousand other exactions, must needs over and above all this, bag Mr. ADELUNG, and torment each other with accusatives and datives. I learned much

German from the old Rector SCHALLMEYER, a brave, clerical gentleman, whose protégé I was from childhood. Something of the matter I also learned from Professor SCHRAMM, a man who had written a book on eternal peace, and in whose class my school fellows quarrelled and fought with unusual vigor.

And while thus dashing on in a breath, and thinking of everything I have unexpectedly found myself back among old school stories, and I avail myself of this opportunity to mention, MADAME, that it was not my fault, if I learned so little of geography, that later in life I could not make my way in the world. For in those days the French made an intricate mixture of all limits and boundaries, every day lands were re-coloured on the world's map; those which were once blue suddenly became green, many indeed were even dyed blood-red, the old established rules were so confused and confounded that the Devil himself would never have remembered them. The products of the country were also changed, chickory and beets now grew where only hares and hunters running after them were once to be seen; even the character of different races changed, the Germans became pliant, the French paid compliments no longer, the English ceased making ducks and drakes of their money, and the Venetians were not subtle enough; there was promotion among princes, old kings obtained new uniforms, new kingdoms were cooked up and sold like hot cakes, many potentates were chased on the other hand from house and home, and had to find some new way of earning their bread, while others went at once at a trade, and manufactured for instance, sealing-wax, or—MADAME, this paragraph must be brought to an end, or I shall be out of breath—in fine, in such times it is impossible to advance far in geography.

I succeeded better in natural history, for there we find fewer changes and we always have standard engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, &c., &c. And having many such pictures in my memory, it often happens that at first sight many mortals appear to me like old acquaintances.

I also did well in mythology, and took a real delight in the mob of gods and goddesses who ran so jolly naked about the world. I do not believe that there was a schoolboy in ancient Rome who knew the principal points of his catechism—that is, the loves of Venus—better than I. To tell the plain truth, it seems to me that if we must learn all the heathen gods by heart, we might as well have kept them from the first, and we have not perhaps made so much out of our New-Roman Trinity or our Jewish unity. Perhaps the old

mythology was not in reality so immoral as we imagine, and it was, for example, a very decent idea of HOMER to give to the much loved Venus a husband.

But I succeeded best in the French class of the ABBÉ D'AULNOI, a French *émigré* who had written a number of grammars, and wore a red wig, and jumped about very nervously when he recited his *Art poétique*, and his German history. He was the only one in the whole gymnasium who taught German history. Still French has its difficulties, and to learn it there must be much quartering of troops, much drumming in, much *apprendre par cœur*, and above all, no one should be a *Bête allemande*. From all this resulted many a cross word, and I can remember as though it happened but yesterday, that I got into many a scrape through *la religion*. I was once asked at least six times in succession: "HENRI, what is the French for 'the faith?'" And six times, ever more weepingly, I replied. "It is called *le crédit*," And after the seventh question, with his cheeks of a deep red-cherry-rage colour, my furious examiner cried "It is called *la religion*"—and there was a rain of blows and a thunder of laughter from all my schoolmates. MADAME!—since that day I never hear the word *religion*, without having my back turn pale with terror, and my cheeks turn red with shame. And to tell the honest truth, *le crédit* has during my life stood me in better stead than *la religion*. It occurs to me just at this instant that I still owe the landlord of the Lion, in Bologna, five dollars. And I pledge you my sacred word of honour that I would willingly owe him five dollars more, if I could only be certain that I should never again hear that unlucky word, *la religion*, as long as I live.

Parbleu, MADAME! I have succeeded tolerably well in French. For I understand not only *patois*, but even aristocratic governess French. Not long ago, when in noble society, I understood full one-half of the conversation of two German countesses, one of whom could count at least sixty-four years, and as many descents. Yes—in the *Café Royal*, I once heard Monsieur HANS MICHEL MARTENS talking French, and could understand every word he spoke, though there was no understanding in any thing he said. We must know the *spirit* of a language, and this is best learned by *drumming*. *Parbleu!* how much do I not owe to the French Drummer who was so long quartered in our house, who looked like the Devil, and yet had the good heart of an angel, and who above all this drummed so divinely.

He was a little, nervous figure, with a terrible black mustache,

beneath which, red lips came bounding suddenly outwards, while his wild eyes shot fiery glances all around.

I, a young shaver, stuck to him like a burr, and helped him to clean his military buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipe-clay his vest—for MONSIEUR LE GRAND liked to look well—and I followed him to the watch, to the roll-call, to the parade—in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons and merriment—*les jours de fête sont passées!* MONSIEUR LE GRAND knew but a little broken German, only the three principal words in every tongue—"Bread," "Kiss," "Honour"—but he could make himself very intelligible with his drum. For instance, if I knew not what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the *Marseillaise*—and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march

*Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates à la Lanterne!*

and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as GOETHE also declares, have drummed in Champagne—and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word *l'Allemagne* (or Germany) and he drummed the all too *simple* melody, which on market days is played to dancing dogs—namely, *dum—dum—dumb!* I was vexed—but I understood him, for all that!

In like manner he taught me modern history. I did not understand, it is true, the words which he spoke, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I understood him. This is, fundamentally, the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastile, of the Tuilleries and the like, cannot be correctly understood until we know how *the drumming* was done on such occasions. In our school compendiums of history we merely read: "Their excellencies the Baron and Count, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid were beheaded." Their highnesses the Dukes and Princes with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid were behead." "His Majesty the King with his most sublime spouse, the Queen, was beheaded." But when you hear the red march of the guillotine *drummed*, you understand it correctly, for the first time, and with it, the how and the why. MADAME—that is really a wonderful march! It thrilled through marrow and bone when I first heard it, and I was glad that I forgot it. People are apt to forget one thing and another as they grow older, and a young man has now-a-days so much and such a variety of knowledge to keep in his head—whist, Boston, genealogical registers, parliamentary conclusions, dramaturgy, the liturgy, carving—and yet, I

assure you, that despite all my jogging up of my brain, I could not for a long time recall that tremendous tune! And only to think, MADAME!—not long ago, I sat one day at table with a whole menagerie of Counts, Princes, Princesses, Chamberlains, Court-Marshall Lesses, Seneschals, Upper Court Mistresses, Court-keepers-of-the-royal-plate, Court-hunters' wives, and whatever else these aristocratic domestics are termed, and *their* under-domestics ran about behind their chairs, and shoved full plates before their mouths—but I, who was passed by and neglected, sat at leisure without the least occupation for my jaws, and kneaded little bread-balls, and drummed with my fingers—and to my astonishment, I found myself suddenly drumming the red, long-forgotten guillotine march!

“And what happened?”—MADAME, the good people were not in the least disturbed, nor did they know that *other* people when they can get nothing to eat, suddenly begin to drum, and that, too, very queer marches, which people have long forgotten.

Is drumming now, an inborn talent, or was it early developed in me?—enough, it lies in my limbs, in my hands, in my feet, and often involuntarily manifests itself. I once sat at Berlin in the lecture-room of the Privy Counsellor SCHMALTZ, a man who had saved the state by his book on the “Red and Black Coat Danger.”—You remember, perhaps, MADAME, that in PAUSANIAS we are told that by the braying of an ass an equally dangerous plot was once discovered, and you also know from LIVY, or from BECKER'S History of the World, that geese once saved the capital, and you must certainly know from SALLUST that by the chattering of a loquacious *putain*, the Lady LIVIA, that the terrible conspiracy of CATALINE came to light. But to return to the mutton aforesaid. I listened to popular law and right, in the lecture-room of the Herr Privy Councillor SCHMALTZ, and it was a lazy sleepy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench and little by little I listened less and less—my head had gone to sleep—when all at once I was wakened by the roll of my own feet, which had *not* gone to sleep, and had probably observed that any thing but popular rights and constitutional tendencies was being preached, and my feet which, with the little eyes of their corns, had seen more of how things go in the world than the Privy Councillor with his Juno-eyes—these poor dumb feet, incapable of expressing their immeasurable meaning by words, strove to make themselves intelligible by drumming, and they drummed so loudly, that I thereby came near getting into a terrible scrape.

Cursed, unreflecting feet! They once acted as though they were

corned indeed, when I on a time in Göttingen sponged without subscribing on the lectures of Professor SAALFELD, and as this learned gentleman, with his angular activity, jumped about here and there in his pulpit, and heated himself in order to curse the Emperor Napoleon in regular set style, right and left—no, my poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming *then*—indeed, I would not have blamed you if in your dumb naïveté you had expressed yourselves by still more energetic movements. How could *I*, the scholar of LE GRAND, hear the Emperor cursed? The Emperor! the Emperor! the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, all in my memory again becomes summer-green and golden. A long avenue of lindens rises blooming around, on the leafy twigs sit singing nightingales, the water-fall rustles, flowers are growing from full round beds, dreamily nodding their fair heads—I stood amidst them once in wondrous intimacy, the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me, the nervous sick lilies nodded with woeful tenderness, the tipsy red roses nodded at me at first sight from a distance, the night-violets sighed—with the myrtle and laurel I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom, but the *reseda*, with whom I am now on such bad terms, was my very particular friend.—I am speaking of the court garden of Düsseldorf, where I often lay upon the bank, and piously listened there when Monsieur LE GRAND told of the warlike feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed during the deeds, so that I saw and heard all to the life. I saw the passage over the Simplon—the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and avalanches thundered in the distance—I saw the Emperor with flag in hand on the bridge of Lodi—I saw the Emperor in his gray cloak at Marengo—I saw the Emperor mounted in the battle of the Pyramids—naught around save powder, smoke and Mamelikes—I saw the Emperor in the battle of Austerlitz—ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road!—I saw, I heard the battle of Jena—*dum, dum, dum*.—I saw, I heard the battles of Eylau, of Wagram—no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur LE GRAND drummed so that I nearly burst my own sheepskin.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT what were my feelings when I first saw with highly blest and with my own eyes *him*, Hosannah! THE EMPEROR!

It was exactly in the avenue of the Court Garden at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur LE GRAND had drummed to me, my heart beat the "general march"—yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation, that no one should dare under penalty of five dollars fine, ride through the avenue. And the Emperor with his *cortège* rode directly down the avenue. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the sun-rays quivered, frightened, yet curiously through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white palfrey which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly—had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding with one hand his rein, and with the other good naturedly patting the neck of the horse.—It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand—one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and reduced to order the war of races—and it good naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman busts, the traits were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques, and on that countenance was plainly written, "Thou shalt have no Gods before me!" A smile, which warmed and tranquillized every heart, flitted over the lips—and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle—*et la Prusse n'existait plus*—those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing—those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire holy Roman realm would have danced. It was an eye, clear as Heaven, it could read the hearts of men, it saw at a glance all things at once, and as they were in this world, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one and by their shaded hues. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and there was a quiver which swept over the brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boots thoughts, wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world—and I believe that every one of those thoughts would have given to a German author full material wherewith to write, all the days of his

CHAPTER IX.

THE Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Indian Sea lies his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow, lies silently under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a gentle little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with unerring pen, has written thereon invisible words, which will resound, like spirit-tones, through thousands of years.

Britannia! the sea is thine. But the sea hath not water enough to wash away the shame with which the death of that Mighty One hath covered thee. Not thy windy Sir Hudson—no, thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo with whom perjured kings bargained, that they might revenge on the man of the people that which the people had once inflicted on one of themselves.—And he was thy guest, and had seated himself by thy hearth.

Until the latest times the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the Bellerophon, and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the strait, there will be a blush on the cheeks of every honorable Briton. But a day will come when this song will ring thither, and there will be no Britannia in existence—when the people of Pride will be humbled to the earth, when Westminster's monuments will be broken, and when the royal dust which they enclosed will be forgotten.—And St. Helena is the Holy Grave, whither the races of the East and of the West will make their pilgrimage in ships, with pennons of many a hue, and their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the deeds of the worldly Saviour, who suffered and died under SIR HUDSON LOWE, as it is written in the evangelists, LAS CASAS, O'MEARA and AUTOMMARCHI.

Strange! A terrible destiny has already overtaken the three greatest enemies of the Emperor. LONDONDERRY has cut his throat, LOUIS XVIII has rotted away on his throne, and Professor SAALFELD is still, as before, Professor in Göttingen.

CHAPTER X.

It was a clear, frosty morning in autumn as a young man, whose appearance denoted the student, slowly loitered through the avenue of the Düsseldorf Court-Garden, often, as in child-like mood, pushing aside with wayward feet the leaves which covered the ground, and often sorrowfully gazing towards the bare trees, on which a few golden-hued leaves still fluttered in the breeze. As he thus gazed up, he thought on the words of GLAUCUS :

Like the leaves in the forests, e'en so are the races of mortals ;
Leaves are blown down to the earth by the wind, while others are
driven
Away by the green budding wood, when fresh up-liveth the spring-
tide ;
So the races of man—this grows and the other departeth.

In earlier days the youth had gazed with far different eyes on the same trees. When he was a boy he had there sought bird's nests or summer chafers, which delighted his very soul, as they merrily hummed around, and were glad in the beautiful world, and were contented with a sap-green leaf and a drop of water, with a warm sun-ray and with the perfume of the herbage. In those times the boy's heart was as gay as the fluttering insects. But now his heart had grown older, its little sun-rays were quenched, its flowers had faded, even its beautiful dream of love had grown dim ; in that poor heart was naught save wanton will and care, and to say the worst—it was my heart.

I had returned that day to my old father-town, but I would not remain there over night, and I longed for Godesberg, that I might sit at the feet of my lady friend and tell of the little VERONICA. I had visited the dear graves. Of all my living friends, I had found but an uncle and an aunt. Even when I met once known forms in the street, they knew me no more, and the town itself gazed on me with strange glances. Many houses were coloured anew, strange faces gazed on me through the window-panes, worn out old sparrows hopped on the old chimneys, everything looked dead and yet fresh, like a salad growing in a grave-yard ; where French was once spoken I now heard the Prussian dialect ; even a little Prussian court had taken up its retired dwelling there, and the people bore court titles. The hair-dresser of

my mother had now become the Court Hair-Dresser, and there were Court-Tailors, Court-Shoemakers, Court-Bed-Bug-Destroyers, Court-Groggeries—the whole town seemed to be a Court-Hospital for courtly spiritual invalids. Only the old Prince Elector knew me, he still stood in the same old place; but he seemed to have grown thinner. For just because he stood in the Market Place, he had had a full view of all the miseries of the time, and people seldom grow fat on such sights. I was as if in a dream, and thought of the legend of the enchanted city, and hastened out of the gate, lest I should awake too soon. I missed many a tree in the court-garden, and many had grown crooked with age, and the four great poplars which once seemed to me like green giants, had become smaller. Pretty girls were walking here and there, dressed as gaily as wandering tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were but little bulbs; for ah! they were the neighbors' children with whom I had once played "Princess in the Tower." But the fair maidens, whom I had once known as blooming roses were now faded roses, and in many a high brow whose pride had once thrilled my heart, Saturn had cut deep wrinkles with his scythe. And now for the first time, and alas! too late, I understood what those glances meant, which they had once cast on the adolescent boy; for I had meanwhile in other lands fathomed the meaning of similar glances in other lovely eyes. I was deeply moved by the humble bow of a man, whom I had once known as wealthy and respectable, and who had since become a beggar. Everywhere in the world, we see that men when they once begin to fall, do so according to Newton's theory, ever faster and faster in ratio as they descend to misery. One, however, who did not seem to be in the least changed was the little baron, who tripped merrily as of old through the Court-Garden, holding with one hand his left coat-skirt on high, and with the other swinging hither and thither his light cane;—he still had the same genial face as of old, its rosy bloom now somewhat concentrated towards the nose, but he had the same nine-pin hat as of old, and the same old queue behind, only that the hairs which peeped from it were now white instead of black. But merry as the old baron seemed, it was still evident that he had suffered much sorrow,—his face would fain conceal it, but the white hairs of his queue betrayed him behind his back. Yet the queue itself seemed striving to lie, so merrily did it shake.

I was not weary, but a fancy seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench, on which I had once carved the name of my love. I

could hardly discover it among the many new names, which had since been cut around. Ah! once I slept upon this bench, and dreamed of happiness and love. "Dreams are foams and gleams." And the old plays of childhood came again to my soul, and with them old and beautiful stories! but a new treacherous game, and a new terrible tale ever resounded through all, and it was the story of two poor souls who were false to each other, and went so far in their untruth, that they were at last unfaithful to the good God himself. It is a bad, sad story, and when one has nothing better on hand to do, he can well weep over it. Oh, LORD! once the world was so beautiful, and the birds sang thy eternal praise, and little VERONICA looked at me with silent eyes, and we sat by the marble statue before the castle court;—on one side lies an old ruined castle, wherein ghosts wander, and at night a headless dame in long, trailing black-silken garments sweeps around:—on the other side is a high, white dwelling in whose upper rooms gay pictures gleamed beautifully in their golden frames, while below stood thousands of great books which VERONICA and I beheld with longing, when the good URSULA lifted us up to the window.—In later years when I had become a great boy, I climbed every day to the very top of the library ladder, and brought down the topmost books, and read in them so long, that finally I feared nothing—least of all ladies without heads—and became so wise that I forgot all the old games and stories and pictures and little VERONICA—whose very name I also forgot.

But while I, sitting upon the bench in the Court-garden, dreamed my way back into the past, there was a sound behind me of the confused voices of men lamenting the ill fortune of the poor French soldiers, who having been taken prisoners in the Russian war and sent to Siberia, had there been kept prisoners for many a long year, though peace had been re-established, and who now were returning home. As I looked up, I beheld in reality several of these orphan children of Fame. Through their tattered uniforms peeped naked misery, deep sorrowing eyes were couched in their desolate faces, and though mangled, weary, and mostly lame, something of the military manner was still visible in their mien. Singularly enough, they were preceded by a drummer who tottered along with a drum, and I shuddered as I recalled the old legend of soldiers, who had fallen in battle, and who by night rising again from their graves on the battle-field, and with the drummer at their head, marched back to their native city. And of them the old ballad sings thus :

"He beat on the drum with might and main,
To their old night-quarters they go again ;
Through the lighted street they come ;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
They march before Sweetheart's home.

Thus the dead return ere break of day,
Like tombstones white in their cold array,
And the drummer he goes before ;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
And we see them come no more."

Truly the poor French drummer seemed to have risen but half repaired from the grave. He was but a little shadow in a dirty patched gray capote, a dead yellow countenance, with a great mustache which hung down sorrowfully over his faded lips, his eyes were like burnt out tinder, in which but a few sparks still gleamed, and yet by one of those sparks I recognized Monsieur LE GRAND.

He too recognized me and drew me to the turf, and we sat down together as of old, when he taught me on the drum French and Modern History. He had still the well known old drum, and I could not sufficiently wonder how he has preserved it from Russian plunderers. And he drummed again as of old, but without speaking a word. But though his lips were firmly pressed together, his eyes spoke all the more, flashing fiercely and victoriously, as he drummed the old marches. The poplars near us trembled, as he again thundered forth the red march of the guillotine. And he drummed as before, the old battles, the deeds of the Emperor, and it seemed as though the drum itself were a living creature which rejoiced to speak out its inner soul. I heard once more the cannon thunder, the whistling of balls, the riot of battle, the death rage of the Guards—I saw once more the waving flags, again, the Emperor on his steed—but little by little there fell a sad tone in amid the most stirring confusion, sounds rang from the drum, in which the wildest hurrahs and the most fearful grief were mysteriously mingled; it seemed a march of victory and a march of death. LE GRAND's eyes opened spirit-like and wide, and I saw in them nothing but a broad white field of ice covered with corpses—it was the battle of Moscow.

I had never imagined that the hard old drum could give forth such wailing sounds as MONSIEUR LE GRAND had drawn from it. They were tears which he drummed, and they sounded ever softer and

softer, and like a troubled echo, deep sighs broke from LE GRAND's breast. And they became ever more languid and ghost-like, his dry hands trembled, as if from frost, he sat as in a dream, and stirred with his drum-stick nothing but the air, and seemed listening to voices far away, and at last he gazed on me with a deep—oh, so deep and entreating a glance—I understood him—and then his head sunk down on the drum.

In this life MONSIEUR LE GRAND never drummed more. And his drum never gave forth another sound, for it was not destined to serve the enemies of liberty for their servile roll calls. I had well understood the last entreating glance of LE GRAND, and I at once drew the rapier from my cane, and with it pierced the drum.

CHAPTER XI.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, MADAME !

But life is in reality so terribly serious, that it would be insupportable were it not for these unions of the pathetic and the comic, as our poets well know. ARISTOPHANES only exhibits the most harrowing forms of human madness in the laughing mirror of wit, GOETHE only presumes to set forth the fearful pain of thought comprehending its own nothingness in the doggerel of a puppet show, and SHAKSPEARE puts the most agonizing lamentations on the misery of the world in the mouth of a fool, who meanwhile rattles his cap and bells in all the nervous suffering of pain.

They have all learned from the great First Poet, who, in his World Tragedy in thousands of acts, knows how to carry *humor* to the highest point, as we see every day. After the departure of the heroes, the clowns and *graciosos* enter with their baubles and lashes, and after the bloody scenes of the Revolution, there came waddling on the stage the fat Bourbons, with their stale jokes and tender 'legitimate' *bon mots*, and the old noblesse with their starved laughter hopped merrily before them, while behind all, swept the pious Capuchins with candles, cross and banners of the Church. Yes—even in the highest pathos of the World Tragedy, bits of fun slip in. It may be that the desperate republican, who, like a Brutus, plunged a knife to his heart, first smelt it to see whether some one had not split a herring with it—and on this great stage of the world all passes exactly the

same as on our beggarly boards. On it, too, there are tipsy heroes, kings who forget their parts, scenes which obstinately stay up in the air, prompter's voices sounding above everything, danseuses who create astonishing effects with their legs, and above all *costumes* which are and ever will be the main thing. And high in Heaven, in the first row of the boxes sit the lovely angels, and keep their *lorgnettes* on us poor sinners commedianizing here down below, and the blessed Lord himself sits seriously in his splendid seat, and, perhaps, finds it dull, or calculates that this theatre cannot be kept up much longer because this one gets too high a salary, and that one too little, and that they altogether play far too indifferently.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, MADAME! As I ended the last chapter, narrating to you how MONSIEUR LE GRAND died, and how I conscientiously executed the *testamentum militare* which lay in his last glance, some one knocked at my room-door, and there entered an old woman, who asked, pleasantly, if I were not a Doctor? And as I assented, she asked me in a friendly, patronizing tone to go with her to her house that I might there cut the corns of her husband.

CHAPTER XII.

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| The German censors of the press— | | | | — | — | — |
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CHAPTER XIII.

MADAME! under Leda's productive hemispheres lay in embryo the whole Trojan world, and you could never understand the far-famed tears of PRIAM, if I did not first tell you of the ancient eggs of the Swan. And I pray you, do not complain of my digressions. In every foregoing and foregone chapter, there is not a line which does not belong to the business in hand.—I write in bonds; I avoid all

superfluity ; I ever and often neglect the necessary—for instance, I have not regularly cited—I do not mean spirits, but on the contrary, beings which are often quite spiritless, that is to say, authors—and yet the citation of old and new books is the chief pleasure of a young author, and a few fundamentally erudite quotations often adorn the entire man. Never believe, MADAME, that I am wanting in knowledge of titles of books. Moreover, I have caught the knack of those great souls who know how to pick corianders out of biscuit, and citations from college lecture books ; and I can also tell whence BARTLE brought the new wine. Nay—in case of need, I can negotiate a loan of quotations from my learned friends. My friend G——, in Berlin is, so to speak a little ROTHSCHILD in quotations, and will gladly lend me a few millions, and if he does not happen to have them about him, I can easily find some cosmopolite spiritual bankers who have. But what need of loans have I, who am a man who stands well with the world, and have my annual income of 10,000 quotations to spend at will ? I have even discovered the art of passing off forged quotations for genuine. If any wealthy literary man would like to buy this secret, I will cheerfully sell it for nineteen thousand current dollars—or will trade with him. Another of my discoveries I will impart gratis for the benefit of literature.

I hold it to be an advisable thing when quoting from an obscure author to invariably give the number of his house.

These “good men and bad musicians,” as the orchestra is termed in *Ponce de Leon*—these unknown authors almost invariably still possess a copy of their long out-of-print works, and to hunt up this latter it is necessary to know the number of their houses. If I wanted, for example, to find “Spitta’s Song Book for Travelling Journeymen Mechanics,”—my dear MADAME where would *you* look for the book ? But if quoted :

“ *Vide*—Song Book for Travelling Journeyman apprentices, by P. SPITTA ; Lüneburg, Lünér Street, No. 2, right hand, around the corner.”

And so you could, if it were worth your while, MADAME, hunt up the book. But it is *not* worth the while.

MOREOVER, MADAME, you can have no idea of the *facility* with which I quote. Everywhere do I discover opportunities to parade my profound pedantry. If I chance to mention eating, I at once remark in a note that the Greeks, Romans and Hebrews also ate—I quote all the costly dishes which were prepared by Lucullus’s cook—woe me, that I was born fifteen hundred years too late !—I also remark, that

these meals were called this, that, or the other by the Romans, and that the Spartans ate black broth. After all, it is well that I did not live in *those* days, for I can imagine nothing more terrible than if I, poor devil, had been a Spartan. Soup is my favourite dish. MADAME, I have thought of going next year to London, but if it is really true, that no soup is to be had there, a deep longing will soon drive me back to the soup-flesh-pots of the Fatherland. I could also dilate by the hour on the cookery of the ancient Hebrews, and also descend into the kitchen of the Jews of the present day. I may cite apropos of this the entire *Steinweg*. I might also allege the refined manner in which many Berlin *Savans* have expressed themselves relative to Jewish eating, which would lead me to the other excellencies and pre-eminencies of the chosen people, to which we are indebted, as for instance, their invention of bills of exchange and Christianity—but hold ! it will hardly do for me to praise the latter too highly—not having as yet made much use of it—and I believe, that the Jews themselves have not profited so much by it as by their bills of exchange. While on the Jews I could appropriately quote TACITUS—he says that they honoured asses in their temples—and what a field of rich erudition and quotation opens on us here ! How many a note-worthy thing can be adduced on ancient asses as opposed to the modern. How intelligent were the former, and, ah ! how stupid are the latter. How reasonably—for instance—spoke the ass of B. Balaam.

Vide Pentat. Lib. — — — —

MADAME, I have not the work just at hand, and will here leave a *hiatus* to be filled at a convenient opportunity. On the other hand, to confirm my assertion of the dulness, tameness, and stupidity of modern asses, I may allege

Vide. — — — — — — —
 — — — — — — —
 — — — — — — —

— no, I will leave these quotations also unquoted, otherwise I myself will be cited, namely, *injuriarum* or for *scan. mag.* The modern asses are great asses. The antique asses, who had reached such a pitch of refinement

Vide GESNERI de antiqua honestate asinorum.

(*In comment. Götting T. II. p. 32.*)

— would turn in their graves could they hear how people talk about their descendants. Once “Ass” was an honourable title, signifying as much as “Court-Councillor” “Baron,” “Doctor of Philosophy,”

— JACOB compared his son ISSACHAR to one, HOMER his hero AJAX, and now we compare Mr. von * * * * * to the same!

MADAME, while speaking of *such* asses I could sink deep into literary history, and mention all the great men who ever were in love, for example ABELARDUS, PICUS MIRANDOLA, BORBONIUS, CURTESIUS, ANGELUS POLITIANUS, RAYMONDUS LULLIUS and HENRICUS HEINEUS. While on *Love* I could mention all the great men who never smoked tobacco, as for instance CICERO, JUSTINIAN, GOETHE, HUGO, I MYSELF, — — by chance it happens that we are all five a sort of half and half lawyers — MABILLION could not for an instant endure the piping of another, for in his *Itinere Germanico*, he complains as regarded the German taverns, "*quod molestus ipsi fuerit tabaci grave olentis foetor.*" On the other hand very great men have manifested an extraordinary partiality for tobacco. RAPHAEL THORUS wrote a hymn in its praise — — MADAME, you may not perhaps be aware that ISAAC ELZEVIUS published it in 1628, at Leyden, in quarto — and LUDOVICUS KINSCHOT wrote an oration in verses on the same subject. GRÆVIUS has even composed a sonnet on the soothing herb, and the great BOXHORNIIUS also loved tobacco. BAYLE in his *Dict Hist. et Critiq.* remarks of him that in smoking he wore a hat with a broad brim, in the fore part of which he had a hole, through which the pipe was stuck that it might not hinder his studies. Apropos of BOXHORNIIUS, I might cite all the great literati who were threatened with bucks' horns, and who ran away in terror. But I will only mention JOH. GEORG MARTIUS: *de fuga literatorum, et cetera, etc. &c.* If we go through history, MADAME, we find that all great men have been obliged to run away once in their lives: LOT, TARQUIN, MOSES, JUPITER, MADAME DE STAEL, NEBUCHADNEZZAR, BENJOWSKY, MAHOMET, THE WHOLE PRUSSIAN ARMY, GREGORY VII., RABBI JIZCHAK ABARBANEL, ROUSSEAU — — to which I could add very many other names, as for instance those whose names stand on the Black Board of the Exchange.*

So, MADAME, you see that I am not wanting in well grounded erudition and profundity. Only in Systematology am I a little behindhand. As a genuine German, I ought to have begun this book with a full explanation of its title, as is usual in the holy Roman Empire, by custom

*In some German cities the names of absconding bankrupts are permanently placarded on the Exchange. In America, such names are published in a much more original manner, viz. by changing them into verbs synonymous of "grabbing and bolting," e. g. To Swartwout, to Schuylerize.

and by prescription. Phidias, it is true, made no preface to his Jupiter, as little to the Medicean Venus—I have regarded her from every point of view, without finding the slightest introduction—but the old Greeks were Greeks, and when a man is a decent, honest, honourable German, he cannot lay aside his German nature, and I must accordingly ‘hold forth’ in regular order, on the title of my book.

MADAME, I shall consequently proceed to speak

I. Of Ideas.

A. Of Ideas in general.

a. Of reasonable Ideas.

B. Of unreasonable Ideas.

z. Of ordinary Ideas.

β. Of Ideas covered with green leather.

These are again divided into — — — as will appear in due time and place.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME, have you on the whole, an idea of an idea? What *is* an idea? “There are some good ideas in the build of this coat,” said my tailor to me as he with earnest attention gazed on the overcoat, which dates in its origin from my Berlin dandy days, and from which a respectable, quiet dressing-gown is now to be manufactured. My washerwoman complains that the Reverend Mr. S—— has been putting “ideas” into the head of her daughter, which have made her foolish and unreasonable. The coachman, PATTENSEN, grumbles out on every occasion, “That’s an idea! that’s an idea!” Yesterday evening he was regularly vexed when I inquired what sort of a thing he imagined an idea to be? And vexedly did he growl, “Nu, Nu,—an idea is an idea!—an idea is any d——d nonsense that a man gets into his head.” It is in this signification that the word is used as the title of a book, by the Court-Counsellor HEEREN in Göttingen.

The coachman, PATTENSEN, is a man who can find his way through night and mist over the broad Lüneburger Heath;—the Court Counsellor, HEEREN, is one who, with equally cunning instinct, can discover the ancient caravan road to the East, and plods on thither as safely and as patiently as any *camel* of antiquity. We can trust such people, and follow them without doubt, and therefore I have entitled this book, “Ideas.”

But the title of the book signifies, on that account, as little as the title of its author. It was chosen by him under any inspiration save that of pride, and should be interpreted to signify anything but vanity. Accept, MADAME, my most sorrowful assurance that I am not vain. This remark—as you yourself were about to remark—is necessary. My friends, as well as divers more or less contemptible contemporaries, have fully taken care of *that* in advance of you. You know, MADAME, that old women are accustomed to take children down a little when any one praised their beauty, lest praise might hurt the little darlings. You remember, too, MADAME, that in Rome, when any one who had gained a military triumph and rode like a god, crowned with glory and arrayed in purple, on his golden chariot with white horses, from the *Campus Martius*, amid a festal train of lictors, musicians, dancers, priests, slaves, elephants, trophy-bearers, consuls, senators, soldiers: then behind him the vulgar mob sang all manner of mocking songs.—And you know, MADAME, that in our beloved Germany there are many old women and a very great vulgar mob.

As I intimated, MADAME, the ideas here alluded to are as remote from those of PLATO as Athens from Göttingen, and you should no more form undue expectations as to the book than as to its author. In fact, how the latter could ever have excited anything of the sort is as incomprehensible to me as to my friends. The Countess JULIA explains the matter by assuring us, that when he says anything really witty and original, he only does it to humbug the world, and that he is in fact as stupid as any other mortal. That is false—I do not humbug at all—I sing just as my bill grows. I write in all innocence and simplicity whatever comes into my head, and it is not my fault if that happens to be something dashed with genius. At any rate, I have better luck in writing than in the Altona Lottery—I wish that it was the other way—and there come from my pen many heart-stunners—many *choirs* of thought—all of which is done by the LORD; for HE who has denied to the most devoted psalm-makers and moral poets all beautiful thoughts and all literary reputation, lest they should be praised too much by their earthly fellow-creatures, and thereby forget heaven, where the angels have already engaged board for them in advance;—HE, I say, provides us other profane, sinful, heretical authors, for whom heaven is as good as nailed up, all the more with admirable ideas and earthly fame, and this indeed from divine grace and mercy, so that the poor souls, since they are really here, be not altogether wanting, and that they may at least enjoy upon earth some of that joy which is denied to them in heaven.

Vide GOETHE and the tract-writers.

You consequently see, MADAME, that you can, without distrust, read my writings, as they set forth the grace and mercy of God. I write in blind reliance on his omnipotence. I am in this respect a true Christian author, and, to speak like GUBITZ, even in this present paragraph do not know exactly how I am going to bring it to an end, and to effect it I trust entirely to the aid of the LORD. And how could I write without this pious reliance?—for lo! even now there stands before me the devil from LANGHOFF'S printing office, waiting for copy, and the new-born word wanders warm and wet to the press, and what I at this instant think and feel, may to-morrow be waste paper.

It is all very fine, MADAME, to remind me of the Horatian *nonum prematur in annum*. This rule, like many others, may be very pretty in theory, but is worth little in practice. When HORACE gave to the author that celebrated precept, to let his works lie nine years in the desk, he should also have given with it a receipt for living nine years without food. While HORACE was inventing this advice, he sat, in all probability, at the table of MÆCENAS eating roast turkey with truffles, pheasant-puddings with venison sauce, ribs of larks with mangled turnips, peacock's tongues, Indian bird's-nests, and the Lord knows what all, and everything *gratis* at that. But we, the unlucky ones, born too late, live in another sort of times. Our MÆCENASES have an altogether different set of principles; they believe that authors, like medlars, are best after they have lain some time on straw, they believe that literary hounds are spoiled for hunting similes and thoughts if they are fed too high, and when they do take it into their heads to give to some one a feed it is generally the worst dog who gets the biggest piece,—some fawning spaniel who licks the hand, or diminutive "King Charles" who knows how to cuddle up into a lady's perfumed lap, or some patient puppy of a poodle, who has learned some bread-earning science, and who can fetch and carry, dance and drum. While I write this my little pug-dog behind me begins to bark. Be still there, *Ami*! I did not mean you, for you love me, and accompany your master about, in need and danger, and you would die on my grave, as true-heartedly as many other German dogs, who, turned away, lie before the gates of Germany, and hunger and whine—excuse me, MADAME, for digressing, merely to vindicate the honor of my dog:—I now return to the Horatian rule and its inapplicability in the Nineteenth Century, when poets are compelled to make cream-pot love to the Muses—*ma foi*, MADAME, I could never

observe that rule for four and twenty hours, let alone nine years, *my* belly has no appreciation of the beauties of immortality. I have thought the matter over and concluded that it is better to be only half immortal and altogether fat, and if VOLTAIRE was willing to give three hundred years of his eternal fame for one good digestion, so would I give twice as much for the dinner itself. And oh, what lovely beautiful eating there is in this world! The philosopher Pangloss is right, it is the best world! But one must have money in this best of worlds. Money in the pocket, not manuscripts in the desk. MR. MARR, mine host of "the King of England," is himself an author and also knows the Horatian rule, but I do not believe that if I wished to put it into practice he would feed me for nine years.

And why in fact should I practise it? I have so much which is good to write of, that I have no occasion to fritter away time over "tight papers." So long as my heart is full of love, and, the heads of my fellow mortals full of folly, I shall never be hot pressed for writing material. And my heart will ever love so long as there are women, should it cool over one, it will immediately fire up over another, and as the King never dies in France, so the Queen never dies in my heart, where the word is, *la reine est morte, vive la reine!* And in like manner the folly of my fellow mortals will live for ever. For there is but one wisdom, and it hath its fixed limits, but there are a thousand illimitable follies. The learned casuist and carer for souls, SCHUPP, even saith that in the world are more fools than human beings.

Vide SCHUPP'S Instructive Writings, p. 1121,

If we remember that the great SCHUPPIUS lived in Hamburg, we may find that his statistical return was not exaggerated. I am now in the same place, and may say that I really become cheerful when I reflect that all these fools whom I see here, can be used in my writings, they are cash down, ready money. I feel like a diamond in cotton. The Lord hath blessed me, the fool-crop has turned out uncommonly well this year, and like a good landlord I consume only a few at a time, and lay up the best for the future. People see me out walking, and wonder that I am jolly and cheerful. Like a rich, plump merchant who rubbing his hands with genial joy wanders here and there amid chests, bales, boxes, and casks, even so do I wander around among my people. Ye are all mine own! Ye are all equally dear to me, and I love ye, as ye yourselves love your own gold, and that is more than a little. Oh! how I laughed from my heart when I lately heard that one of my people had asserted with concern that he knew

not how I could live—or what means I had—and yet he himself is such a first-rate fool that I could live from him alone as on a capital. Many a fool is, however, to me not only ready money, but I have already determined in my own mind what is to be done with the cash which I intend to write out of him. Thus, for instance, from a certain, well-lined, plump millionaire, I shall write me a certain, well-lined, plump arm-chair, of that sort which the French call *chaise percée*. From his fat millionairess I will buy me a horse. When I see the plump old gentleman—a camel will get into heaven before that man would ever go through the eye of a needle—when I see him waddling along on the Promenade, a wondrous feeling steals over me, I salute him involuntarily, though I have no acquaintance with him, and he greets me again so invitingly, that I would fain avail myself of his goodness on the spot, and am only prevented by the sight of the many gaily dressed people passing by. His lady wife is not so bad looking—she has, it is true, only one eye, but that is all the greener on that account, her nose is like the tower which looketh forth towards Damascus, her bosom is broad as the billowy sea, and all sorts of ribbons flutter above it like the flags of the ships which have long since sailed over this ocean bosom—it makes one sea-sick just to glance at it—her neck is quite fair and as plumply rounded as—the simile will be found a little further along—and on the violet blue curtain which covers this comparison, thousands on thousands of silk worms have spun away their lives. You see, MADAME, what a horse I must have in my mind! When I meet this lady, my heart rises within me, I feel at once as if I were ready to ride—I flourish my switch, I snap my fingers, I cluck my tongue—I make all sorts of equestrian movements with my legs—hap!—hey—gee up—g’lang!—and the dear lady smiles on me so intelligently, so full of soul, so appreciatingly as if she read my every thought,—she neighs with her nostrils, she coquettes with the crupper—she curvets, and then suddenly goes off in a dog-trot. And I stand there, with folded arms, looking pleasedly on her as she goes, and reflect whether I shall ride my steed with a curbed-bit or a snaffle-bridle, and whether I shall give her an English or a Polish saddle—*et cetera*. People who see me standing thus cannot conceive what there can be in the lady which so attracts me. Meddling, scandal-bearing tongues have already tried to make her husband uneasy, and insinuated that I looked on his wife with the eye of a *roué*. But my honest, soft leather *chaise percée* has answered that he regards me as an innocent, even somewhat bashful youth, who looks carefully, like one desirous of nearer acquaintance, but who is

restrained by blushing bashfulness. My noble steed thinks on the contrary, that I have a free, independent, chivalric air, and that my salutatory politeness only expresses a wish to be invited for once to dinner with her.

You see, MADAME, that I can thus use everybody, and that the city directory is really the inventory of my property. And I can consequently never become bankrupt, for my creditors themselves are my profits, or will be changed to such. Moreover, as I before said, I live economically,—d——d economically! For instance, while I write this, I sit in a dark, noisy room, on the “Dusty street;” but I cheerfully endure it, for I could, if I only chose, sit in the most beautiful garden, as well as my friends and my loves; for I only need at once realize my *schnapps-clients*. These, MADAME, consist of decayed hair-dressers, broken-down panders, bankrupt keepers of eating-houses, who themselves can get nothing to eat—finished blackguards, who know where to seek me, and who, for the wherewithal to buy a drink (money down), furnish me with all the *chronique scandaleuse* of their quarter of the town. MADAME, you wonder that I do not, once for all, kick such a pack out of doors?—why, MADAME, what can you be thinking of?—these people are my flowers. Some day I will write them all down in a beautiful book, with the proceeds from which I will buy me a garden, and their red, yellow, blue and variegated countenances now appear to me like the flowers of that fair garden. What do I care, if strange noses assert that these flowers smell of anniseed brandy, tobacco, cheese and blasphemy! My own nose, the chimney of my head, wherein the chimney-sweep of my imagination climbs up and down, asserts the contrary, and smells in the fellows nothing but the perfume of roses, violets, pinks and tuberose—oh! how gloriously will I some morning sit in my garden, listening to the song of the birds, and warm my limbs in the blessed sunshine, and inhale the fresh breath of the leaves, and, as I glance at the flowers, think of my old blackguards!

At present I sit near the dark “Dusty street,” in my darker room, and please myself by hanging up in it the greatest “obscurity” of the country—“*Mais est ce que vous verrez plus clair alors?*” Apparently, MADAME, such is the case—but do not misunderstand me—I do not mean that I hang up the man himself, but the crystal lamp which I intend to buy with the money I mean to write out of him. Meanwhile, I believe that it would be clearer through all creation, if we could hang up the “obscurities,” not in imagination, but in reality. But if they cannot be hung they must be branded—I again

speak figuratively, referring to branding *en effigie*. It is true that Herr VON WHITE—he is white and innocent as a lily—tried to white-wash over my assertion, in Berlin, that he had really been branded. On account of this, the fool had himself inspected by the authorities, and obtained from them a certificate that his back bore no marks, and he was pleased to regard this negative certificate of arms as a diploma, which would open to him the doors of the best society, and was astonished when they kicked him out—and now he screams death and murder at me, poor devil! and swears to shoot me wherever he finds me. And what do you suppose, MADAME, that I intend doing? MADAME, from this fool—that is, from the money which I intend to write out of him—I will buy me a good barrel of Rudesheimer Rhine wine. I mention this, that you may not think it is a malicious joy which lights up my face whenever I meet the Herr VON WHITE in the street. In fact, I only see in him my blessed Rudesheimer,—the instant I set eyes on him I become cheerful and genial hearted, and begin to trill, in spite of myself, “Upon the Rhine, ’tis there our grapes are growing;” “This picture is enchanting fair,” “Oh, White Lady.” Then my Rudesheimer looks horribly sour—enough to make one believe that he was compounded of nothing but poison and gall—but I assure you, MADAME, it is a genuine vintage, and though the inspector’s mark be not branded on it, the connoisseur still knows how to appreciate it. I will merrily tap this cask, and should it chance to ferment and threaten to fly out dangerously, I will have it bound down with a few iron hoops, by the proper authorities.

You see, therefore, MADAME, that you need not trouble yourself on my account. I can look at ease on all in this world. The Lord has blessed me in earthly goods, and if he has not exactly stored the wine away for me, in my cellar, he at least allows me to work in his vineyard. I only need gather my grapes, press them, barrel them, and there I have my clear heavenly gift, and if fools do not fly exactly roasted into my mouth, but run at me rather raw, and not even “half baked,” still I know how to roast them, baste them, and “give them pepper,” until they are tender and savoury. Oh, MADAME, but you will enjoy it when I some day give a grand fête! MADAME, you shall then praise my kitchen. You shall confess that I can entertain my satraps as pompously as once did the great AHASUERUS, when he was king from India even unto the Blacks, over one hundred and seven and twenty provinces. I will slaughter whole hecatombs of fools. That great PHILOSCHNAPS, who came, as Jupi-

ter, in the form of an ox,* lusted for favor in the eyes of Europa, will supply the roast beef; a tragical tragedian, who, on the stage, when it represented a tragical Persian kingdom, exhibited to us a tragical Alexander, will supply my table with a splendid pig's head, grinning, as usual, sourly sweet, with a slice of lemon in his mouth, and shrewdly decked, by the artistic cook, with laurel leaves; while that singer of coral lips, swan necks, bounding, snowy little hills, little things, little legs, little kisses, and little assessors, namely, H. CLAUREN, or, as the pious Berharder girls cry after him on the Fredrick's street, "Father CLAUREN! *our* CLAUREN!" will supply me with all the dishes which he knows how to describe so juicily in his annual little pocket bawdy houses, with all the imagination of a lusciously longing kitchen maid. And he shall give us, over and above, an altogether extra little dish, with a little plate of celery, "for which the little heart bounds with love!" A shrewd dried-up maid of honor, whose head is the only part of her which is now of any use, will give us a similar dish, namely, asparagus, and there will be no want of Göttingen sausages, Hamburg smoked beef, Pomeranian geese-breasts, ox-tongues, calves' brains, "cheek," "gudgeons," "cakes," "small potatoes," and therewith all sorts of jellies, Berlin pan-cakes, Vienna tarts, comfits—

MADAME, I have already, in imagination, over-eaten myself! The Devil take such gormandizing! I cannot bear much—the pig's head acts on me as on the rest of the German public—I must eat a WILLIBALD ALEXIS salad on it—that purges and purifies. O, the wretched pig's head! with the still wretcheder sauce, which has neither a Grecian nor a Persian flavor, but which tastes like tea and soft soap!—Bring me my plump millionaire!

CHAPTER XV.

MADAME, I observe a faint cloud of discontent on your lovely brow, and you seem to ask if it is not wrong that I should thus dress fools, stick them on the spit, carbonado them, lard them, and even butcher many which must lie untouched save by the fowls of the air, while widows and orphans cry for want?

* An "ox," when used as an abusive epithet, signifies, in German, much the same as an ass.

MADAME, *c'est la guerre!* But now I will solve you the whole riddle. I myself am by no means one of the wise ones, but I have joined their party, and now for five thousand five hundred and eighty-eight years we have been carrying on war with the fools. The fools believe that they have been wronged by us, inasmuch as they believe that there was once in the world but a certain determined quantity of reason, which was thievishly appropriated—the Lord only knows how—by the wise men, and it is a sin which cries to heaven, to see how much sense one man often gets, while all his neighbors, and, indeed, the whole country for miles around, is fairly befogged with stupidity. This is the veritable secret cause of war, and it is most truly a war of defence. The intelligent show themselves, as usual, the calmest, most moderate and most intelligent—they sit firmly fortified behind their ancient Aristotelian works, have much ordnance, and also ammunition, in store—for they themselves were the inventors of powder—and now and then they shoot a well-aimed bomb among their foes. But, unfortunately, the latter are by far the most numerous, and their outcries are terrible, and day by day they do the most cruel deeds of torture—for, in fact, every folly is a torture to the wise. Their military stratagems are often very cunning indeed. Some of the chiefs of the great Fool Army, take good care not to admit the secret origin of the war. They have heard that a well known deceitful man, who advanced so far in the art of falsehood, that he ended by writing false memoirs—I mean FOUCHE—once asserted that *les paroles sont faites pour nous cacher nos pensées*; and therefore they talk a great deal in order to conceal their want of thought, and make long speeches, and write big books—and if any one is listening, they praise that only spring of true happiness, namely, wisdom; and if any one is looking on at them, they work away at mathematics, logic, statistics, mechanical improvements, and so forth—and as a monkey is more ridiculous the more he resembles man, so are these fools more laughable the more reasonably they behave. Other chiefs of the great army are more open-hearted, and confess that their own share of wisdom is not remarkably great, and that perhaps they never had any, but they cannot refrain from asserting that wisdom is a very sour, bitter affair, and, in reality, of but little value. This may perhaps be true, but, unfortunately, they have not wisdom enough to prove it. They therefore jump at every means of vindication, discover new powers in themselves, explain that these are quite as effectual as reason, and, in some cases, much more so—for instance, the feeling, faith, inspiration—and with this surrogate of wisdom, this poll-

parrot reason, they console themselves. I, poor devil, am especially hated by them, as they assert that I originally belonged to their party, that I am a run-away, a fugitive, a bolter—a deserter, who has broken the holiest ties;—yes, that I am a spy, who secretly reveals their plans, in order to subsequently give point to the laughter of the enemy, and that I myself am so stupid as not to see that the wise at the same time laugh at me, and never regard me as an equal. And there the fools speak sensibly enough.

It is true that my party do not regard me as one of themselves, and often laugh at me in their sleeves. I know that right well, though I pretend not to observe it. But my heart bleeds within me, and when I am alone, then my tears flow. I know right well that my position is a false one, that all I do is folly to the wise and a torment to the fools. They hate me, and I feel the truth of the saying, "Stone is heavy and sand is a burden, but the wrath of a fool is heavier than both." And they do not hate me without reason. It is perfectly true, I have torn asunder the holiest bands, when I might have lived and died among the fools, in the way of the law and of God. And oh! I should have lived so comfortably had I remained among them! Even now, if I would repent, they would still receive me with open arms. They would invite me every day to dinner, and in the evening ask me to their tea parties and clubs, and I could play whist with them, smoke, talk politics, and if I yawned from time to time, they would whisper behind my back, "What beautiful feelings!" "a soul inspired with such faith!"—permit me, MADAME, that I hereby offer up a tear of emotion—ah! and I could drink punch with them, too, until the proper inspiration came, and then they would bring me in a hackney coach to my house, anxiously concerned lest I might catch cold, and one would quickly bring me my slippers, another my silk dressing gown, a third my white night-cap, and finally they would make me a "professor extraordinary," a president of a society for converting the heathen, or head calculator or director of Roman excavations;—and then I would be just the man for all this, inasmuch as I can very accurately distinguish the Latin declensions from the conjugations, and am not so apt as other people to mistake a postillion's boot for an Etruscan vase. My peculiar nature, my faith, my inspiration, could, besides this, effect much good during the prayer-meeting—viz., for myself—and then my remarkable poetic genius would stand me in good stead on the birth-days and at the weddings of the great, nor would it be a bad thought if I, in a great national epic, should sing of all those

heroes, of whom we know, with certainty, that from their mouldering bodies crept worms, who now give themselves out for their descendants.

Many men who are not born fools, and who were once gifted with reason, have on this account gone over to the fools and lead among them a real *pays du Cocagne** life, and those follies which at first so pained them have now become second nature—yes, they are in fact no longer to be regarded as hypocrites, but as true converts. One of these, in whose head utter and outer darkness does not as yet entirely prevail, really loves me, and lately, when I was alone with him, he closed the door, and said, with an earnest voice, “Oh, Fool!” you who play the wise man and have not after all as much sense as a recruit in his mother’s belly! know you not that the great in the land only elevate those who abase themselves, and esteem their own blood less worthy than that of the great? And now you would ruin all among the pious! Is it then such a difficult thing to roll up your eyes in a holy rapture, to hide your arms crossed in faith in your coat sleeve, to let your head hang down like a lamb of God’s, and to murmur Bible sayings got by heart! Believe me, no Gracious Highness will reward you for your godlessness, the men of Love will hate, abuse, and persecute you, and you will never make your way either in this world, or in the next!”

Ah, me! it is all true enough! But I have unfortunately contracted this unlucky passion for Reason! I love her though she loves me not again. I give her all, she gives me naught again. I cannot tear myself from her. And as once the Jewish king Solomon in his canticles sang the Christian Church and that too under the form of a black, love-insatiate maiden, so that his Jews might not suspect what he was driving at, so have I in countless lays, sung just the contrary, that is to say, reason, and that under the form of a white cold beauty, who attracts and repels me, who now smiles at me, then scorns me, and finally turns her back on me. This secret of my unfortunate love, gives you, MADAME, some insight into my folly. You

* *Schlaraffenland*—or in French, ‘*pays du Cocagne* ;’ in English, “the Jack Pudding Paradise;” where the pigs run about ready roasted, with puddings in their bellies, crying, “Come eat me!” as an old authority hath it. It was in this land that “little King Boggan once built a fine hall. Pie crust and pastry crust—that was the wall.” (*Vide* Mother Goose’s Melodies.) In maritime circles *Schlaraffenland* is known as “Fiddler’s Green.” RABELAIS gives us an idea of it in his *Theleme*, and MAHOMET in his *Koran*, while a fine poem on the same subject occurs in most collections of *Trouveur lais*.—*Note by Translator.*

doubtless, perceive that it is of an extraordinary description, and that it rises, magnificently rises over the ordinary follies of mankind. Read my Radcliffe, my Almanzor, my lyrical Intermezzo—reason! reason! nothing but reason!—and you will be terrified at the immensity of my folly. In the words of Agur, I can say, “I am the most foolish of all mankind, and the wisdom of man is not in me.”

High in the air rises the forest of oaks, high over the oaks soar the eagle, high over the eagle sweep the clouds, high over the clouds gleam the stars,—MADAME, is not that too high? *ch bien*—high over the stars sweep the angels, high over the angels rises—no, MADAME, my folly can bring it no higher than this. It soars high enough! It grows giddy before its own sublimity. It makes of me a giant in seven mile boots. At noon I feel as though I could devour all the elephants of Hindostan, and then pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg cathedral; in the evening I become so sentimental that I would fain drink up the Milky Way without reflecting how indigestible I should find the little fixed stars, and by night there is the Devil himself broke loose in my head and no mistake. For then there assemble in my brain the Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Persians, Hebrews, Philistines, Frankforters, Babylonians, Carthaginians, Berliners, Romans, Spartans, Flat-heads, and Chuckleheads—MADAME, it would be too wearisome should I continue to enumerate all these people. Do you only read HERODOTUS, LIVY, the Magazine of HAUDE and SPENER, CURTIUS, CORNELIUS NEPOS, the “Companion,”—Meanwhile, I will eat my breakfast, this morning I do not get along very well with my writing, the blessed Lord leaves me in the lurch—MADAME, I even fear—yes, yes, you remarked it before I did myself—yes—I see. This morning I have not had any of the real regular sort of divine aid. MADAME, I will begin a new chapter, and tell you how after the death of LE GRAND I came to Godesberg.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I arrived at Godesburg I sate myself once more at the feet of my fair friend—and near me lay her brown hound—and we both looked up into her lovely eyes.

Ah, Lord! in those eyes lay all the splendor of earth, and an entire heaven besides. I could have died with rapture as I gazed into them,

and had I died at that instant my soul would have flown directly into *those eyes*. Oh! they are indescribable. I must borrow some poet, who went mad for love, from a lunatic asylum, that he may from the uttermost abyss of his madness fish up some simile wherewith to compare those eyes.—(Between you and I, reader, it seems to me that I must be mad enough myself, to want any help in such a business.) “God damn it!” said an English gentleman, “when she looks at a man quietly from head to foot, she melts his coat buttons and heart, all into a lump!” “*F—e!*” said a Frenchman. “Her eyes are of the largest calibre, and when she shoots one of her forty-two pound glances—crack!—there you are in love!” There was a red-headed lawyer from Mayence, who said that her eyes resembled two cups of coffee—without cream. He wished to say something sweet, and thought that he had done it—because he always sugared his coffee to death. Wretched, wretched comparisons! I and the brown hound lay quietly at the feet of the fair lady, and gazed and listened. She sat near an old iron-gray soldier, a knightly looking man with cross-barred scars on his terrible brow. They both spoke of the Seven Mountains painted by the evening red, and the blue Rhine which flooded its way along in sublime tranquillity. What did we care for the Seven Mountains and the blue Rhine, and the snowy sail-boats which swam thereon, and the music which rang from one particular boat, or the jackass of a student who, seated in it, sang so meltingly and beautifully. I and the brown hound both gazed into the eyes of our fair friend, and looked at the face which came forth rosy pale from amid its black braids and locks, like the moon from dark clouds. The features were of the noblest Grecian type, the lips boldly arched, over which played melancholy, rapture, and child-like fantasy: and when she spoke, the words were breathed forth almost sighingly, and then again shot out impatiently and rapidly—and *when* she spoke, and her speech fell softly as snow, yet like a warm genial flower shower from her lovely mouth—oh, then the crimson of evening fell gently over my soul, and through it flitted with ringing melody the memories of childhood, but, above all, like a fairy bell there pealed within, the voice of the little VERONICA—and I grasped the fair hand of my lady friend, and pressed it to my eyes, till the ringing in my soul had passed away—and then I leaped up and laughed, and the hound bayed, and the brow of the old general wrinkled up sternly, and I sat down again and clasped and kissed the beautiful hand, and told and spoke of little VERONICA.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADAME—you wish me to describe the appearance of the little VERONICA? But I will not. You, MADAME, cannot be compelled to read more than you please, and I on the other hand have the right to write exactly what I choose. But I will now tell what the lovely hand was like, which I kissed in the previous chapter.

First of all I must confess—that I was not worthy to kiss that hand. It was a lovely hand—so tender, so transparent, so perfumed, brilliant, sweet, soft, beautiful—by my faith, I must send to the apothecary for twelve shillings' worth of adjectives.

On the middle finger there sat a ring with a pearl—I never saw a pearl which played a more sorrowful part—on the marriage finger she wore a ring with a blue antique —— I have studied archæology in it for hours—on the forefinger she wore a diamond—it was a talisman, as long as I looked at it I was happy, for wherever it was, there too was the finger with its four friends—and she often struck me on the mouth with all five of them. Since I was thus manipulated I believe fast and firm in animal magnetism. But she did not strike hard, and when she struck I always deserved it by some godless speech, and as soon as she had struck me, she at once repented it, and took a cake, broke it in two, and gave me one half and the brown hound the other half, and smiled, and said, “Neither of you have any religion, and you will never be happy, and so you must be fed with cakes in this world, for there will be no table spread for you in Heaven.” And she was more than half right, for in those days I was very irreligious, and read THOMAS PAINE, the *Système de la Nature*, the “Westphalian Advertiser,” and SCHLEIERMACHER, letting my beard and my reason grow together, and had thoughts of enrolling myself among the Rationalists. But when that soft hand swept over my brow, my “reason” stood still, and sweet dreams came into my soul, and I again dreamed that I heard gentle songs of the Virgin Mother, and I thought on the little VERONICA.

MADAME, you can hardly imagine how beautiful little VERONICA looked as she lay in her little coffin. The burning candles as they stood around cast a glow on the white-smiling little face, and on the red silk roses and rustling gold spangles with which the head and the little shroud were decked—good old URSULA had led me at evening into the silent chamber, and as I looked at the little corpse laid amid

lights and flowers on the table, I at first believed that it was a pretty saint's image of wax. But I soon recognized the dear face, and asked, smilingly, why little VERONICA laid so still? And URSULA said, "Because she is dead, dear!"

And as she said, "Because she is dead"—But I will go no further to-day with this story, it would be too long, besides I should first speak of the lame magpie which hopped about the castle court-yard, and was three hundred years old, and then I could become regularly melancholy. A fancy all at once seizes on me to tell another story, which is a merry one, and just suits this place, for it is really the history itself which I propose to narrate in this book.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NIGHT and storm raged in the bosom of the knight. The poniard blows of slander had struck to his heart, and as he advanced sternly along over the bridge of San Marco, the feeling stole over him as though that heart must burst and flow away in blood. His limbs trembled with weariness—the noble quarry had been fiercely hunted during the live-long summer day—the drops fell from his brow, and as he entered the gondola, he sighed heavily. He sat unthinkingly in the black cabin of the gondola—unthinkingly the soft waves shook him and bore him along the well-known way to the Brenta—and as he stepped out before the well-known palace, he heard that the "SIGNORA LAURA was in the Garden."

She stood leaning on the statue of the Laïcöon, near the red-rose tree, at the end of the terrace, near the weeping willows, which hung down mournfully over the water. There she stood, smiling, a pale image of love, amid the perfume of roses. At the sight he suddenly awaked as from some terrible dream, and was at once changed to mildness and longing. "SIGNORA LAURA," said he, "I am wretched and tormented with hatred and oppression and falsehood"—and here he suddenly paused and stammered;—"but I love you"—and then a tear of joy darted into his eye, and with palpitating heart he cried:—"be my own love and love me!" * * *

There lies a veil of dark mystery over that hour, no mortal has ever known what SIGNORA LAURA replied, and when they ask her guardian angel in Heaven what took place, he hides his face, and sighs, and is silent.

Solitary and alone stood the knight by the statue of the Laücoön—his own face was not less convulsed and deathly pale, unconsciously he tore away the roses from the rose-tree—yes, he plucked even the young buds. *Since that hour the rose tree never bore another floweret*—far in the dim distance sang an insane nightingale—the willows whispered in agony, mournfully murmured the cool waves of the Brenta, night rose on high with her moon and stars—and one star, the loveliest of all, fell adown from Heaven!

CHAPTER XIX.

Vous pleurez MADAME?

Oh, may the eyes which shed such lovely tears long light up the world with their rays, and may a warm and loving hand close them in the hour of death? A soft pillow, MADAME, is also a very convenient thing when dying, and I trust that you will not be without it; and when the fair, weary head sinks down, and the black locks fall in waves over the fast fading face; oh, then, may God repay those tears which have fallen for me—for I myself am the knight for whom you wept—yes, I am the erring errant Knight of Love, the Knight of the Fallen Star!

Vous pleurez, MADAME!

Oh, I understand those tears! Why need I longer play a feigned part? You, MADAME, you yourself are that fair lady, who wept so softly in Godesberg, when I told the sad story of my life. Like drops of pearly dew over roses, the beautiful tears ran over the beautiful face—the hound was silent, the vesper chimes pealed far away in Königs-winter, the Rhine murmured more gently, night covered the earth with her black mantle, and I sat at your feet, MADAME, and looked on high into the starry heaven. At first I took your eyes also for two stars. But how could any one mistake such eyes for stars? Those cold lights of heaven cannot weep over the misery of a man who is so wretched, that he cannot weep.

And I had a particular reason for not mistaking those lovely eyes—for in them dwells the soul of little VERONICA.

I have reckoned it up, MADAME, you were born on the very day on which VERONICA died. JOHANNA, in Andernach, told me that I would find little VERONICA again in Godesburg—and I found her and knew her at once. That was a sad chance, MADAME, that you should die,

just as the beautiful game was about to begin. Since pious URSULA said to me, "It is death, dear," I have gone about solitary and serious in great picture galleries, but the pictures could not please me as they once did—they seemed to have suddenly faded—there was but a single work which retained its colour and brilliancy—you know, MADAME, to which piece I refer :

It is the Sultan and Sultanness of Delhi.

"Do you remember, MADAME, how we stood long hours before it, and how significantly good URSULA smiled, when people remarked that the faces in that picture so much resembled our own? MADAME, I find that your likeness is admirably taken in that picture, and it passes comprehension how the artist could have so accurately represented you, even to the very garments which you then wore. They say that he was mad and must have dreamed your form. Or was there perhaps a soul in the great holy monkey who waited on you, in those days, like a page?—in that case he must certainly remember the silver-grey veil, on which he once spilled red wine, and spoiled it. I was glad when you lost him, he did not dress you remarkably well, and at any rate, the European dress is much more dressy than the Indian—not but that beautiful women are lovely in any dress. Do you remember, MADAME, that a gallant Brahmin—he looked for all the world like GANESA, the god with an elephant's trunk, who rides on a mouse—once paid you the compliment that the divine MANEKA, as she came down from INDRA's golden hill to the royal penitent WISWAMITRA, was not certainly fairer than you, MADAME?

What—forgotten it already!—Why it cannot be more than three thousand years since he said that, and beautiful women are not wont to so quickly forget delicate flattery.

However, for men, the Indian dress is far more becoming than the European. O! my rosy-red lotus-flowered pantaloons of Delhi! had I worn ye when I stood before the SIGNORA LAURA and begged for love—the previous chapter would have rung to a different tune! Alas! alas! I wore straw-coloured pantaloons, which some sober Chinese had woven in Nankin — my ruin was woven with them — the threads of my destiny — and I was made miserable.

Often there sits in a quiet old German coffee-house, a youth, silently sipping his cup of Mocha; and, meanwhile, there blooms and grows in far distant China, his ruin, and there it is spun and woven, and despite the high wall of China, it knows how to find its way to the youth who deems it but a pair of Nankin trousers, and all unheeding, in the gay buoyancy of youth, he pulls them on, and is lost for ever!

And, MADAME, in the little breast of a mortal, so much misery can hide itself, and keep itself so well hid there, that the poor man himself for days together does not feel it, and is as jolly as a piper, and merrily dances and whistles, and trolls—lalarallala, lalarallala.—la——la——la.

CHAPTER XX.

“She was amiable and he loved her, but he was not worthy of love, and she did not love him.”—*Old Play.*

AND for this nonsensical affair you were about to shoot yourself?

MADAME, when a gentleman desires to shoot himself, he generally has ample reason for it—you may be certain of that. But whether he himself knows what these reasons are is another question. We mask even our miseries, and while we die of bosom wounds, we complain of the tooth-ache.

MADAME, you have, I know, a remedy for the tooth-ache?

Alas! I had the tooth-ache in my heart. That is a wearying pain, and requires plugging—with lead, and with the tooth powder invented by BERTHOLD SCHWARTZ.*

Misery gnawed at my heart like a worm, and gnawed—the poor devil of a Chinese was not to blame, I brought the misery with me into the world. It lay with me in the cradle, and when my mother rocked me, she rocked it with me, and when she sang me to sleep, it slept with me, and it awoke when I opened my eyes. When I grew up, it grew with me, until it was altogether too great and burst my ———.

Now we will speak of other things—of virgins’ wreaths, masked balls, of joy and bridal pleasure—lalarallala, lalarallala, lalaral——la——la——la.†

*Or Roger Bacon.

† To the Bridesmaid’s Chorus in *Der Freyschutz*.

A NEW SPRING.

Motto:—A pine tree stood alone

In the north — — —

He dreameth of a palm

Which afar — — —

PROLOGUE.

OFF in galleries of Art
On a pictured knight we glance,
Who to battle will depart,
Armed well with shield and lance.

But young Cupids mocking round him,
Bear his lance and sword away,
And with rosy wreaths they've bound him,
Though he strives as best he may.

Thus to pleasant fetters yielding,
Still I turn the idle rhyme,
While the brave their arms are wielding
In the mighty strife of Time.

1.

WHEN 'neath snow-white branches sitting,
Far thou hearest the wild-wind chiding,
Seest the silent clouds above thee,
In their wintry garments hiding;

See'st that all seems cold and death-like,
Wood and plain lie shorn before thee,
E'en thy heart is still and frozen,
Winter round and winter o'er thee.

(219)

All at once adown come falling
Pure white flakes, and then thou grievest,
That the weary, dreary winter
Should return, as thou believest.

But those are not snow-flakes falling,
Soon thou mark'st with pleasant wonder
That they all are perfumed blossoms,
From the tree thou sittest under,

What a thrilling sweet amazement !
Winter turns to May and pleasure;
Snow is changed to lovely spring flowers,
And thou find'st a new heart's treasure.

2.

In the wood all softly greeneth,
As if maiden-like 'twould woo thee;
And the sun from Heaven smileth :
“ Fair young spring, a welcome to thee ? ”

Nightingale ! I hear thy singing,
As thou flutest, sweetly moving,
Sighing long-drawn notes of rapture,
And thy song is all of loving.

3.

The lovely eyes of the young spring night,
So softly down are gazing—
Oh, the Love which bore thee down with might,
Ere long will thy soul be raising.

All on yon linden sits and sings,
The nightingale soft trilling;
And as her music in me rings,
My soul with love is thrilling.

4.

I LOVE a fair flower, but I know not its name ;

Oh, sorrow and smart !

I look in each flower-cup—my luck is the same :

For I seek for a heart.

The flowers breathe their perfumes—in evening's red shire,

The nightingale trills.

I seek for a heart which is gentle as mine,

Which as tenderly thrills.

The nightingale sings, and I know what she says

In her beautiful song :

We both are love weary and lorn in our lays,

And oh ! sorrow is long.

5.

SWEET May lies fresh before us,

To life the young flowers leap,

And through the Heaven's blue o'er us

The rosy cloudlets sweep.

The nightingale is singing,

Adown from leafy screen,

And young white lambs are springing

In clover fresh and green.

I cannot be singing and springing,

I lie on the grassy plot,

I hear a far distant ringing,

I dream and I know not what.

6.

SOFTLY ring and through me spring,

The sweetest tones to-day ;

Gently ring, small song of spring,

Ring out and far away.

Ring and roam unto the home,
Where violets you see,
And when unto a rose you come,
Oh, greet that rose for me.

7.

THE butterfly long loved the beautiful rose,
And flirted around all day ;
While round him in turn with her golden caress,
Soft fluttered the sun's warm ray.

But who was the lover the rose smiled on,
Dwelt he near the sweet lady or far ?
And was it the clear-singing nightingale,
Or the bright distant Evening Star.

I know not with whom the rose was in love,
But I know that I loved them all.
The butterfly, rose, and the sun's bright ray,
The star and the bird's sweet call.

8.

YES—all the trees are musical
Soft notes the nests inspire ;
Who in the green wood orchestra
Leads off the tuneful choir ?

Is it yon grey old lapwing,
Who nods so seriously ;
Or the pedant who cries "cuckoo"
In time, unweariedly ?

Is it the stork who sternly
As though he lead the band,
Claps with his legs, while music
Pipes sweet on either hand ?

No—in my heart is seated
The one who rules those tones,
As my heart throbs he times them,
And Love's the name he owns.

9.

In the beginning sweetly sang
The nightingale in love's first hours,
And as she sang, grew every where
Blue violets, grass, and apple-flowers.

She bit into her breast—out run
The crimson blood, and from its shower
The first red-rose its life begun,
To which she sings of love's deep power.

And all the birds which round us trill,
Are saved by that sweet blood they say;
And if the rose song rang no more,
Then all were lost and passed away.

Thus to his little nestlings spoke
The sparrow in the old oak tree;
Dame sparrow oft his lecture broke,
Throned in her brooding dignity.

She leads a kind, domestic life,
And nurses well with temper good;
To pass his time, the father gives
Religious lessons to his brood.

10.

THE warm, bewildering spring night-air
Wakes flowrets on the plain;
And oh, my heart, beware, beware,
Or thou wilt love again.

But say—what flower on hill, or dale,
Will snare this willing heart?
I'm cautioned by the nightingale
Against the lily's art.

11.

Trouble and torment—I hear the bells ring?
And oh! to my sorrow, I've lost my poor head!
Two beautiful eyes, and the fresh growing spring,
Have plotted to capture me, living or dead.
The beautiful spring, and two lovely young eyes,
Once more this poor heart in their meshes have got
The rose and the nightingale—yonder she flies,
Are deeply involved in this terrible plot.

12.

Ah me, for tears I'm burning,
Soft, sorrowing tears of love,
Yet, I fear this wild, sad yearning,
But too well my heart will move.
Ah! Love's delicious sorrow,
And Love's too bitter joy
With its heavenly pains, ere morrow
Will my half-won peace destroy.

13.

The spring's blue eyes are open,
Up from the grass they look;
I mean the lovely violets,
Which for a wreath I took.
I plucked the flowers while thinking,
And my thoughts in one sad tale,
To the breezes were repeated,
By the listening nightingale,

Yes—every thought she warbled,
As from my soul it rose,
And now my tender secret,
The whole green forest knows.

14.

WHEN thou didst pass beside me,
Thy soft touch thrilled me through,
Then my heart leaped up and wildly
On thy lovely traces flew.

Then thou didst gaze upon me,
With thy great eyes looking back,
And my heart was so much frightened,
It scarce could keep the track.

15.

THE graceful water-lily
Looks dreamily up from the lake,
And the moon looketh lovingly on her,
For light love keeps fond hearts awake.

Then she bows her small head to the water,
Ashamed those bright glances to meet,
And sees the poor, pale lily lovers
All lying in love at her feet.

16.

If thou perchance good eye-sight hast,
When with my works thou'rt playing,
Thou'lt see a beauty, up and down
Among the ballads straying.

And if perchance good ears are thine
Oh, then thou may'st rejoice,
And thy heart may be bewildered,
With her laughing, sighing voice.

And well I ween with glance and word
Full sore she'll puzzle thee,
And thou'lt go dreaming round in love
As once it chanced to me.

17.

WHAT drives thee around in the warm spring night,
Thou hast driven the flowers half crazy with fright;
The violets no longer are sleeping,
The rose in her night-dress is blushing so red,
The lilies—poor things—sit so pale in their bed
They are crying and trembling and weeping.
Ah, dearest moon! how gentle and good
Are all these fair flowers—in truth I've been rude;
I've been making sad work with my walking:
But how could I know they were lurking around,
When bewildered with love I strayed over the ground,
And to the bright planets was talking.

18.

WHEN thy blue eyes turn on me,
And gaze so soft and meek,
Such dreamy moods steal o'er me,
That I no word can speak.
I dream of those blue glances,
When we are far apart,
And a sea of soft blue memories
Comes pouring o'er my heart.

19.

ONCE again my heart is living,
And old sorrows pass away;
Once again the tenderest feelings
Seem reviving with the May.

Evening late and morning early
Through the well-known paths I rove,
Peeping under every bonnet,
Looking for the face I love.

Once again I'm by the river,
On the bridge as in a trance;
What if she came sailing by me,
What if I should meet her glance!

Now once more 'mid falling water,
Gentle wailings seem to play,
And my heart in beauty catches
All the snow-white waters say.

And once more I dreaming wander
Through the green wood dark and cool,
While the birds among the bushes
Mock me—poor enamoured fool.

20.

THE rose breathes perfumes—but if she has feeling
Of what she breathes, or if the nightingale
Feels in herself what through our souls is stealing
When her soft notes are quivering through the vale—

I do not know—yet oft we're discontented
With Truth itself! and nightingale and rose,
Although their feelings be but lies invented,
Still have their use as many a story shows.

21.

BECAUSE I love thee 'tis my duty
To shun thy face—nay anger not;
Would it agree—that dream of beauty
With my pale face so soon forgot?

But ere I leave thee, let me tell thee,
'Twas all through love this hue I got,
And soon its pallor must repel thee,
And so I'll leave—nay, anger not!

22.

AMID the flowers I wander,
And blossoms as they blow;
I wander as if dreaming,
Uncertain where I go.

Oh, hold me fast, thou dearest—
I'm drunk with love, d'ye see,
Or at your feet I'll fall, love,
And yonder is company.

23.

As the moon's reflection trembles
In the wild and wavering deeps,
While the moon herself in silence,
O'er the arch of heaven sweeps.

Even so I see thee—loved one,
Calm and silent, and there moves
But thine image in my bosom,
For my heart is thrilled and loves.

24.

WHEN both our hearts together,
The holy alliance made;
They understood each other,
And mine on thine was laid.

But oh—the poor young rose-bud,
Which lay just underneath,
The minor, weaker ally,
Was almost crushed to death.

25.

TELL me who first invented the clocks
Classing the hours and the minutes in flocks?
That was some shivering, sorrowful man—
Deep into midnight his reveries ran,
While he counted the nibbling of mice 'round the hall,
And the notes of the death-watch which ticked in the wall.

Tell me who first invented a kiss?
Oh, that was some smiling young mouth, full of bliss,
It kissed without thinking and still kissed away,
'Twas all in the beautiful fresh month of May,
Up from the earth the young blossoms sprung,
The sunbeams were shining the merry birds sung.

26.

How the sweet pinks breathe their perfumes,
How the stars, a wondrous throng,
Like gold bees o'er the blue heaven,
Brightly shining, pass along.

From the darkness of the chestnuts
Gleams the farm-house white and fair;
I can hear its glass-doors rustle,
And sweet voices whispering there.

Gentle trembling—sweet emotion,
Frightened white arms round me cling,
And the sweet young roses listen,
While the nightingales soft sing.

27.

HAVE I not dreamed this self-same dream
Ere now in happier hours?
Those trees the very same do seem,
Love-glances, kisses, flowers.

Was it not here that calm and cold,
The moon looked down in state?
Did not these marble gods then hold
Their watch beside the gate?

Alas! I know how sadly change
These all-too-lovely dreams;
And as with snowy mantle strange
All, chill enveloped seems.

So we ourselves grow calm and cold,
Break off and live apart;
Yes, we—who loved so well of old
And kissed with heart to heart.

28.

KISSES which we steal in darkness
And in darkness give again;
Oh, such kisses—how they rapture
A poor soul in living pain.

Half foreboding, half remembering
Thoughts through all the spirit roam;
Many a dream of days long vanished,
Many a dream of days to come.

But to thus be ever thinking,
Is unthinking, when we kiss;
Rather weep, thou gentle darling,
For our tears we never miss.

29.

THERE was an old, old monarch,
His head was gray, and sad his life;
Alas, the poor old monarch,
He married a fair young wife.

There was a handsome stripling,
Blonde were his locks, and light his mien ;
He bore the train—the silken train,
All of the fair young queen.

Know'st thou the old, old ballad,
It ringeth like a passing bell ;
The queen and page must die—alas !
They loved—and all too well.

30.

AGAIN in my memory are blooming,
Fair pictures long faded away ;
Oh, where in thy voice is the mystery,
Which moves me so deeply to-day.

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lov'st me,
The fairest that Nature can frame ;
The spring time—and with it the spring-love,
Must end in warm passion and shame.

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lovest me,
And kiss and be silent, I pray,
And smile when I show thee to-morrow
The roses all faded away.

31.

LINDEN blossoms drunk with moonlight,
Melt away in soft perfume ;
And the nightingales with carols
Thrill the air amid the bloom.

Oh, but is't not sweet, my loved one,
Thus 'neath linden boughs to sit,
While the golden flashing moon-rays,
Through the perfumed foliage flit.

Every linden leaf above us,
Like a heart is shaped we see,
Therefore, dearest, lovers ever
Sit beneath the linden tree.

But thou smilest as if wandering
In some distant, longing dream ;
Tell me dearest—with what visions
Doth thy busy fancy teem ?

Gladly will I tell thee, dear one,
What I fancied—I would fain
Feel the North wind blowing o'er us
And the white snow fall again—

And that we in furs warm folded
In a sleigh sat side by side,
Bells wild ringing—whips loud crackin
As o'er flood and fields we glide.

32.

In the moonshine—through the forest,
Once I saw the fairies bounding,
Heard their elfin bells soft ringing,
Heard their little trumpets sounding.

Every snow-white steed was bearing
Golden stag-horns, and they darted
Head-long on, like frightened wild fowl,
From their far companions parted.

But the Elf Queen smiled upon me,
Sweetly as she passed before me ;
Was't the omen of a new love,
Or a sign that death hangs o'er me ?

33.

I'll send thee violets to-morrow,
Fresh dripping from the dewy showers;
At eve again I'll bring thee roses,
Which I have plucked in twilight hours.

And know'st thou what the lovely blossom
To thee—*sub rosa*—fain would say?
They mean that thou through night shouldst love me,
Yet still be true to me by day.

34.

Thy letter, fickle rover,
Will cause no tearful song;
Thou sayest that all is over,
And the letter is over long.

Twelve pages filled completely,
A perfect book, my friend;
Oh, girls don't write so neatly
When they the mitten send.

35.

Do not fear lest I, unconscious,
Tell my love to those around—
Though my songs with many a figure
Of thy beauty still abound.

In a wondrous flowering forest
Lies well hidden, cowering low,
All the deeply burning mystery,
All its secret, silent glow.

If suspicious flames should quiver
Mid the roses—let them be;
No one now believes in flames, love,
But they call them—poetry.

36.

As by daylight, so at midnight,
Spring thoughts in my soul are teeming,
Like a verdant echo, ever
In me ringing, in me beaming.

Then in dreams as in a legend,
Songs of birds are round me trilling,
Yet far sweeter, wild in passion,
Violet breath the air is filling.

Every rose seems ruddier blushing
'Neath a glory, child-like golden,
As in glowing Gothic pictures,
Worn by angels fair and olden.

And I seem as if transformed
To a nightingale, soft singing,
While unto a rose—my loved one—
Dream-like, strange, my notes are ringing.

Till the sun's bright glances wake me,
Or the merry jargonizing
Of those other pleasant warblers
Who before my window sing.

37.

With their small gold feet the planets
Step on tip-toe soft and light,
Lest they wake the earth below them
Sleeping on the breast of night.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a soft green ear,
While the mountain as if dreaming,
Holds its arms to cloudlets near.

But what calls me? In my bosom
Rings a soft and flute-like wail,
Was't the accents of the loved one,
Was it but the nightingale.

38.

Ah, spring is sad, and there is sadness
In all its dreams, the flower-decked vale
Seems sorrowful. I hear no gladness
E'en from the singing nightingale.

Smile not so brightly then my dearest,
Ah, do not smile so sweet to-day,
Oh rather weep—but if thou fearest
I'm cold—I'll kiss those tears away.

39.

And from the heart I loved so dearly,
By cruel fate I'm torn away
From that dear heart I loved so dearly,
Ah knewest thou how fain I'd stay.

The coach rolls on—the bridges thunder.
Beneath I see the dark flood swell,
I'm parted from that loveliest wonder
That heart of hearts I love so well.

40.

Our sweetest hopes rise blooming.
And then again are gone,
They bloom and fade alternate,
And so it goes rolling on.

I know it, and it troubles
My life, my love, my rest,
My heart is wise and witty,
And it bleeds within my breast.

41.

Like an old man stern in feature,
Heaven above me seems to glare,
His burning eyes surrounded
With grisly cloudy hair.
And when on earth he's gazing,
Flower and leaf must wilt away,
Love and song must wither with them
In man's heart—ah, well-a-day!

42.

With bitter soul my poor sad heart still galling,
I go aweary through this world so cold,
Lo, autumn endeth and the mists enfold
The long dead landscape as with heavy walling.
Loud pipe the winds, as if in frenzy calling
To the red leaves which here and there are rolled,
The lorn wood sighs, fogs clothe the barren wold,
And worst of all, I b'lieve *the rain is falling*.

43.

Late autumnal cloud-cold fancies,
Spread like gauze o'er dale and hill,
And no more the green leaf dances
On the branches—ghost-like still.
And amid the grove there's only
One sad tree, as yet in leaf,
Damp with sorrow's tears and lonely,
How his green head throbs with grief.
Ah, my heart is all in keeping
With yon scene—the one tree there—
Summer-green, yet sadly weeping,
Is thine image lady-fair.

44.

Gray and week-day looking Heaven !
E'en the city looks dejected ;
Grum as if no plans had thriven,
In the Elbe it stands reflected.

Snubbéd noses—snubbing, sneezing,
Are ye cut as once—and cutting ?
Are the saints still mild appearing,
Or puffed up and proudly strutting ?

Lovely South, how bright and towering,
Seem thy heavens and gods together,
Now I see this vile offscouring
Of base mortals and their weather.

ITALY.

(1828.)

“Hafiz and Ulrich Hutten, too,
Must don their arms, and get to blows,
Against the cowls, both brown and blue,
—My fate like other Christians’ goes.”
GOETHE.

1.

JOURNEY FROM MUNICH TO GENOA.

“A noble soul never comes into your reckoning; and it is that which to-day has founded your wisdom. (He opens his desk, and takes out two pistols, of which he loads one and lays the other on the table.)”

ROBERT’S “*Power of Circumstances.*”

CHAPTER I.

I AM the politest man in the world. I enjoy myself in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many intolerable scamps, who take you by the button, and draw out their grievances, or even declaim their poems—yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their *misereres*, without betraying, by a glance, the intensity of *ennui*, and of boredom, into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I, for a whole day, taken my stand, and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by HIM who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed “Com-

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mercial Councillor," or barren-brained cheesemonger, makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, "Fine weather to-day." No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely replying, "It is very fine weather." Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid, in the inn at Cassel, and at the *table d'hôte*—even by his left side, when he is exactly the very man who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in it, which he is merrily dividing among the many;—if he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail—and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver, and the dish goes around to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil; perhaps, next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine, who has prepared this evil, now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce—alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them!—and the Philistine twinkles his eyes, and snickers, and whispers, "Fine weather to-day!"

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt, at last, come to lie in some churchyard next to that same Philistine, and when, on the Day of Judgment, thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbor, "Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up—my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still!"—then thou wilt suddenly remember the well known Philistine laugh, and wilt hear the mocking tones of "Fine weather to-day!"

CHAPTER II.

"FOINE wey-ther to-day—"

Oh, reader, if you could only have heard the tone—the incomparable trouble-base—in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself—the bronze, prosaic, widow's-saving-bank countenance, the stupid, cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose—you would have at once said, "This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg,

where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself.

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, "In fact, the weather is very fine."

When the Son of the Spree heard that, he grappled boldly on me, and I could not escape from his endless questions, to which he himself answered; nor, above all, from his comparisons between Berlin and Munich, which latter city he would not admit had a single good hair growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens under my protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me, when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy, for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be forever at an end among them. For they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, "The man must be uncommonly green—he even praises *us*!" No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin, both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and "under the Lindens" they were esteemed miserable poets as before. On the other hand, as little notice is taken when some bastard rhymers lets fly in *parabasa** directly at Berlin. But let any one dare to write anything against Polknitz, Insbruck, Schilda, Posen, Krähwinkel, or other capital cities! How the patriotism of the said places would bristle up! The reason of which is: Berlin is no real town, but simply a place where many men, and among them men of intelligence assemble, who are utterly indifferent as to the place; and these persons form the intelligent world of Berlin. The stranger who passes through sees but the far-stretching, uniform-looking houses, the long, broad streets, built by the line and level, and, very generally, by the will of some particular person, but which afford no clue to the manner of thinking of the multitude. Only Sunday children† can ever guess at the private state of mind of the dwellers therein, when they behold the

* *Parabasen*—παράβασις. In the ancient comedy, a passage addressed directly to the audience. SCHOLA. ARISTOPH., Nub. 514.—[Note by Translator.]

† *Sunday Children*.—Those who are born on Sunday are supposed, in Germany, to be better able to see ghosts, and to have a greater insight into spiritual mysteries than other people.

long rows of houses, which, like the men themselves, seem striving to get as far apart as possible, as if they were staring at each other with mutual vindictiveness. Only once—one moonlight night—as I returned home late from Luther and Wegener, I observed that the harsh, hard mood had melted into mild sorrow, and that, in reconciliation, they would fain leap into each other's arms; so that I, poor mortal, who was walking through the middle of the street, feared to be squeezed to death. Many would have found this fear laughable, and I myself laughed at it when I, the next morning, wandered soberly through the same scene, and found the houses yawning as prosaically at each other as before. It is true that it requires several bottles of poetry, if a man wishes to see anything more in Berlin than dead houses and Berliners. Here it is hard to see ghosts. The town contains so few antiquities, and is so new; and yet all this "new" is already so old, so withered and dead. For, as I said, it has grown, in a great degree, not from the intellect of the people, but from that of individuals. FREDERICK THE GREAT is of course the most eminent among these. What he discovered was the firm foundation, and had nothing been built in Berlin since his death, we should have had a historic monument of the soul of that prosaic, wondrous hero, who, with down-right German bravery, set forth in himself the refined insipidity and flourishing freedom of intelligence, the shallowness and the excellence of his age. Potsdam, for instance, seems to be such a monument; amid its deserted streets we wander among the writings of the philosopher of *Sans Souci*—it belongs to his *oeuvres posthumes*, and though it is now but petrified waste paper, and looks ridiculous enough, we still regard it with earnest interest, and suppress an occasional smile, when it rises, as if we feared a sudden blow across our backs from the Malacca cane of "old Fritz." But such feelings never assail us in Berlin; we there feel that old FRITZ and his Malacca cane have lost their power, or else there would not peep so many a sickly, stupid countenance from the old enlightened windows of the healthy town of reason, nor would so many stupid, superstitious houses have settled down among the old skeptical, philosophical dwellings. I would not be misunderstood, and expressly remark that I am not here in any wise snapping at the new Werder church—that gothic temple in revived proportions—which has been put, out of pure irony, between modern buildings, in order to allegorically indicate how childish and stupid it would appear if any one were desirous of reviving the long obsolete institutions of the Middle Ages among the new formations of a modern day.

The above remarks are applicable only to the exterior of Berlin, and if any one wishes to compare Munich, in this relation, to Berlin, he may safely assert that it forms its very opposite. For Munich is a town built by the people in person, and by one generation after another, whose peculiar spirit is still visible in their architectural works ; so that we behold there, as in the witch scene in Macbeth, a chronological array of ghosts, from the dark red spectre of the Middle Ages, who, in full armor, steps forth from some ecclesiastical Gothic door-way, down to the accomplished and light-footed sprite of our own age, who holds out to us a mirror, in which every one complacently beholds himself reflected. In all these scenes there is something which reconciles our feelings ; that which is barbaric does not disturb us, and the old-fashioned does not seem repugnant, when we are brought to regard it as a beginning to that which comes after, and as a necessary transition state. We are cast into an earnest, but not unpleasant, state of mind, when we gaze upon that barbaric cathedral,* which rises, like a colossal boot-jack, over the entire city, and hides in its bosom the shadows and ghosts of the Middle Ages. With as little impatience—yes, with quizzical ease—we regard the brick-in-their-hat-looking castles of a later period—those plump German imitations of polished French unnaturalness, the stately dwellings of tastelessness, madly ornamental and flourishing from without, and still more filagreeishly decorated within with screamingly variegated allegories, gilt arabesques, stuccoes, and those paintings wherein the late nobility, of happy memory, are represented—the cavaliers with red, tipsy-sober faces, over which the long wigs fall down like powdered lion's manes—the ladies with stiff toupees, steel corsets, which pressed their hearts together, and immense travelling jackets, which gave them an all the more prosaic continuation. As remarked, this view does not untune us ; it contributes all the more to make us rightly appreciate the present, and, when we behold the new works near the old, we feel as if a heavy wig had been lifted from our heads, and steel links unbound from about our hearts. I here speak only of the genial temples of art, and noble palaces, which in bold splendor have bloomed forth from the spirit of the great master, KLENZE.

*This vast structure, "the Church of Our Lady," is built entirely of large brick, and was erected in 1488. It is remarkable for its two dome-capped towers, 333 feet in height. Within this church is the vast bronze tomb of the Emperor Lewis the Bavarian.—[*Note by Translator.*]

CHAPTER III.

BUT after all, between you and I, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town "a new Athens," the designation is a little absurd, and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpollite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

"That," he cried, tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is wit and irony. Here they have good white beer—but no irony."

"No—we haven't got irony," cried NANNERL, the pretty, well formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us—"but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that NANNERL should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin, and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise:—"Pretty NANNERL, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people—the wisest folks in the world—who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The government took hold of the matter vigorously—only the greater blunders were allowed to be printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation—only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private—but all of these regulations were of no avail—suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light—those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means, whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether simple and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or

deed, of which he has been guilty, was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world—stupidity becomes irony, toadyism, which has missed its aim, becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humor, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the *ASPASIA* of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty *NANNERL*, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "a beer—a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after pointing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop-nectar, and disputed as to its excellence, he said, smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

The remarks which he availed himself of this opportunity to shove in, fairly vexed me, as I must confess that at heart I cherish not a little love for our modern Athens, and I accordingly improved the occasion to intimate to my headstrong fault-finder that the idea had only recently occurred to us, that we were as yet raw hands at modern Athens-making, and that our great minds as well as the better educated public, are not yet so far advanced that it will bear looking at too closely. All as yet is in the beginning and far from completion. Only the lower lines of business have as yet been taken up, "and it can scarcely have escaped your observation that we have plenty of owls, sycophants and *PHRYNES*." Only the higher characters are wanting, and therefore many a man must assume different parts; for instance, our poet who sings the delicate Greek boy-love, has also taken on him Aristophanic coarseness; but he is capable of anything, and possesses everything which a great poet should, except a few trifles, such as wit or imagination, and if he had much money he would be a rich man. But what we lack in quantity is assuredly made up to us in quality. We have but one great sculptor,—but he is a "*Lion*." We have but one great orator, but I believe from my soul that *DEMOSTHENES* could not thunder so loudly over a malt tax in Attica. And if we have never poisoned a *SOCRATES*, it was not because we lack poison. And if we have as yet no actual *DEMOS*, no entire populace of demagogues, at least we could supply a show sample of the article in a demagogue by profession, who in himself outweighs a whole pile of twaddlers, muzzlers, poltroons and similar blackguards—and here he is in person!"

I cannot resist the temptation to describe the figure which here

presented itself. I leave the question open to discussion, whether this figure could with justice assert that its head had any thing human in it, and whether it could on that account legally claim to be considered as human. I should myself have taken this head for that of an ape, only out of courtesy, I will let it pass for a man's. Its cover was a cloth cap, shaped like Mambrino's helmet, below which hung down, long, stiff, black hair, which was parted in front *a l'enfant*. On that side of this head, which gave itself out for a face, the Goddess of Vulgarity had set her seal, and that with so much force that the nose had been mashed flat; the depressed eyes seemed to be seeking this nose in vain, and to feel grieved because they could not find it; an unpleasantly smelling smile played around the mouth, which was altogether enchanting, and by its extraordinary likeness might have inspired our Greek bastard poet to the most delicate "Gazelles." The clothes were firstly an Old German coat somewhat modified, it is true, by the most pressing requisitions of modern European civilization, but still in its cut recalling that worn by Arminius, in the Teutobergian forests, the primitive form of which has been as mysteriously and traditionally preserved by a patriotic tailor's union, as was once Gothic architecture by a mystical Freemason's guild. A white-washed collar which deeply and significantly contrasted with the bare old German neck, covered the collar of this famous coat—from the long sleeves, hung long dirty hands, and between these appeared a long, slow body, beneath which waddled two short, lively legs—the entire form was a drunken-sick-dizzy parody of the Apollo Belvidere.

"And that is the Demagogue of the Modern Athens!" cried the Berliner, with a mocking laugh. "Good Lard! can that be a countryman of mine! I can hardly believe mee own eyes!—that is the one who—no, that is the fact!"

"Yea, ye deluded Berliners," I exclaimed—not without excitement—"ye recognize not your own geniuses, and stone your prophets. But *we* can make use of all!"

"And what will you do with this unlucky insect?"

"He can be used for any thing where jumping, creeping, disposition, gormandizing, piety, much old German, a little Latin, and no Greek at all is needed. He can really jump very well over a cane; makes tables of all sorts of all possible leaps, and lists of all possible ways of reading old German poetry. Withal he represents a Fatherland's love without being in the least dangerous. For every one knows that he left the old German demagogues, among whom he

accidentally once found himself very suddenly, when he found that there was danger afoot, which by no means agreed with the Christian-like feelings of his soft heart. But since the danger has passed away, the martyrs suffered for their opinions, and even our most desperate barbers have doffed their old German coats; the blooming season of our prudent rescuer of the Fatherland has really begun. He alone has still retained the demagogue costume and the phrases belonging to it, he still exalts ARMINIUS the Cheruscan, and THUSNELDA, as though they were blood relations, he still preserves his German patriotic hatred for the Latin Babeldom, against the invention of soap, against THIERSCH's heathen Greek Grammar, against QUINTILIUS VARUS, against gloves, and against all men who have decent noses;—and so he stands there, the wandering monument of a passed away time, and like the last of the Mohicans, so too does he remain the last of the Demagogues—of all that mighty horde. You therefore see how we in our Modern Athens, where demagogues are entirely wanting, can use this man, We have in him a very good demagogue, who is so tame as to lick any boot, and eat from the hand hazlenuts, chestnuts, cheese, sausages—in short, will eat any thing given to him, and as he is the only one of his sort, we have the further advantage that when he has kicked the bucket, we can stuff him and keep him—hide and hair—for posterity, as a specimen of the Last Demagogue. But, I pray you, say nothing of all this to Professor LICHTENSTEIN, in Berlin, or he will reclaim him for the Zoological Museum, which might occasion a war between Prussia and Bavaria, as nothing would ever induce us to give him up. Already the English are on the *qui vive*, and bid two thousand seven hundred and seventy guineas for him; already the Austrians have offered a giraffe for him; but our ministry has expressly declared that the Last of the Demagogues shall not be sold at any price—he will one day be the pride of our cabinet of natural history, and the ornament of our town."

The Berliner appeared to listen somewhat distractedly—more attractive objects had drawn his attention, and he finally interrupted me with the words, "Excuse me, if you please, if I interrupt you, but will you be so kind as to tell me what sort of a dog that is which runs there?"

"That is another puppy."

"Ah, you don't understand me. I refer to the great white shaggy dog without a tail."

"My dear sir that is the dog of the modern Alcibiades."

"But," exclaimed the Berliner, "where is then the modern Alcibiades himself?"

"To tell the plain truth," I replied, "the office is not as yet occupied, and we have so far, only his dog."

CHAPTER IV.

THE place where this conversation occurred, is called Bogenhausen, or Neuburghausen, or Villa Hompesch, or the Montgelas Garden, or the Little Castle—but there is no need of mentioning its name, for if any one undertakes to ride out of Munich, the coachman understands us by a certain thirsty twinkle of the eyes—by well-known noddings of the head, anticipatory of enjoyment, and by grimaces of the same family. The Arab has a thousand expressions for a sword, the Frenchman for love, the Englishman for hanging, the German for drinking, and the modern Athenian for the place where he drinks. The beer is in the place aforesaid, really very good, even in the Prytanæum, *vulgo* "Bokskeller," it is no better, and it tastes admirably, especially on that stair terrace, where we have the Tyrolese Alps before our eyes. I often sat there during the past winter, gazing on the snow-covered mountains, which gleaming in the sun rays seemed like molten silver.

In those days it was also winter in my soul. Thoughts and feelings seemed as it were, snowed in, and my soul was dried up and dead. To this was added political vexations, grief for a dearly loved lost child, and an old source of grief with a bad cold. Moreover, I drank much beer, having been assured that it made light blood. But the best Attic *Breihahn** profited not by me, who had previously in England accustomed myself to porter.

At last came the day when all changed. The sun burst forth from the heaven and suckled the earth, that ancient child, with her gleaming milk, the hills trembled with joy, and their snow-tears ran down mightily in their power. The ice on the lakes cracked and broke, the

* *Breihahn*, literally "brew-cock." A few centuries ago the term *Breihahn* was applied only to a sort of Hanoverian beer. But it is now of more general application. In the treatise *De Jure Potandi*, which forms a part of the *Fuclia Fucliarum*, edition 1645, p. 61, I find the following list of the then fashionable beers. "*Meo palatui magis ad blanditur cerevisia Rostochiensis, Dantziger Dubbelt Bier, Preussingk, Braunschweigische Mumme, Kniserack, Hannoversch Breyhan, Englisches Bier, Zerbstier, Torgier, (quam Kuuck) Bueffel, Rastrum, Klutsche.*"

earth opened her blue eyes, the dear flowers and the ringing woods ran forth from her bosom, the green palaces of the nightingales and all nature laughed, and this laughter was spring. In my soul there began also a new spring, new flowers sprouted from my heart, feelings of freedom like roses shot up, and therewith secret longings, like young violets amid which were many useless nettles. Hope again drew her cheerful green covering over the graves of my desires, even the melodies of poetry came again to me like birds of passage who have gone with winter to the warm south, and who now again seek their abandoned nests in the north, and the neglected northern heart rang and bloomed as of old—only I knew not how all this happened. Was it a brown or a blonde sun which awoke spring once more in my heart, and kissed awake all the sleeping flowers in my bosom, and laughed up the nightingales? Was it elective nature herself which sought its echo in my breast, and gladly mirrored herself therein with her fresh spring gleam? I know not, but I believe that the terrace at Bogenhausen, in view of the Tyrolese Alps, gave my heart a new enchantment. When I sat there deeply buried in thought, it often seemed to me as though I saw the countenance of a wondrous lovely youth, peeping over the mountains, and I longed for wings that I might hasten to his home-land Italy. Often did I feel myself surrounded by the perfumes of orange and lemon groves, which blew from the hills, enticing and calling me to Italy. Once even in the golden twilight I saw the young Spring God large as life standing on the summit of an Alp. Flowers and laurels surrounded his joyful head, and with smiling eyes and merry mouth, he cried: “I love thee—seek me in Italy!”

CHAPTER V.

My glance may have quivered somewhat longingly, as I, in doubt over the unattainable dialogue of the Philistines, gazed at the lovely Tyrolese Alps, and sighed deeply. My Berlin Philister, however, saw in this glance and sigh, fresh subject for conversation, and sighed with me. “Ah, yes—I too would now be so glad to be in Constantinople! Have you visited St. Petersburg?” I admitted that I had not, and begged him to narrate something of it. But it was not he himself, but his brother-in-law, the Court Chamber Counsellor, who had been there, and it was an altogether particular sort of a town.

“Have you seen Copenhagen though?” Having replied in the negative, I also requested some sketch of the latter place, when he laughed very-significantly, nodding his head here and there right pleasantly, assuring me upon his honor that I could form no sort of idea of the town if I had not been there. “That,” I replied, “cannot just at present be the case. I am now thinking over another journey, which first came into my head this spring—I intend travelling in Italy.”

As the man heard these words, he suddenly leaped from his chair, pirouetted three times on one foot, and trilled: *Tirili! Tirili! Tirili!*

That was the last spur. “To-morrow I start!” was my determination on the spot. I will delay no longer. I will at once see that land, the mere mention of which so inspires the dryest and most common-place of mortals, that he at once, in ecstasy, trills like a quail. While I at home packed my trunk, that *Tirili* rang constantly in my ears, and my brother, MAXIMILIAN HEINE, who the next day accompanied me as far as the Tyrol, could not comprehend why it was that, on the whole way, I did not speak a single sensible word, and constantly *tiril-eeed*.

CHAPTER VI.

TIRILI! Tirili! I live! I feel the sweet pain of existence! I feel all the joys and sorrows of life! I suffer for the salvation of the whole human race! I atone for their sins—but I also enjoy them.

And I also feel, not only with humanity, but with the world of plants. Their thousand green tongues narrate the sweetest, gentlest tales to me—they know that I have not selfish human pride, and that I converse as willingly with the lowliest meadow floweret as with the loftiest pines. Ah! I know how it is with those pines! They shoot heaven-high from the depth of the valley, and well nigh range over the holdest mountain rocks. But how long does their glory last? At the utmost a few miserable centuries, when, weary with age, they break down and rot on the ground. Then, by night, the treacherous cat comes stealing quickly, and mocks them: “Ha, ye strong pines—ye who hoped to vie with the rocks—now ye lie broken, adown there, and the rocks stand unshaken as before.”

The eagle, who sits on his favorite lonely rocks, and listens to this scorn, must feel pity in his soul—for he then thinks on his own des-

tiny. For even he knows not how deeply he may some day be bedded. But the stars twinkle so soothingly, the forest streams ripple so consolingly, and his own soul leaps so proudly over all petty thoughts, that he soon forgets them. When the sun comes forth, he feels as before as he flies upwards to it, and when near it, sings his joy and his pain. His fellow creatures, especially men, believe that the eagle cannot sing, and know not that he only lifts his voice in music when far from the realm which they inhabit, and that in his pride he will only be heard by the sun. And he is right, for it might occur to some of the feathered mob down below there to criticise his song. I myself have heard such critics;—the hen stands on one leg and clucks that the singer has no “soul;” the turkey gobbles that he needs “earnest feeling;” the dove coos that he cannot feel true love; the goose quacks that he is “ignorant of science;” the capon chuckles out that he is “immoral;” the martin twitters that he is irreligious; the sparrow pipes that “he is not sufficiently prolific;” *hoopos*,* popinjays and screech-owls, all cackling, and gabbling, and yelling;—only the nightingale joins not in the noise of these critics. Caring naught for her cotemporaries, the red rose is her only thought, and her only song; deep lost in desire, she flutters around that red rose, and wild with inspiration she leaps among the loved thorns, and sings and bleeds.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is an eagle in the German Fatherland, whose sun-song rings so powerfully that it may also be heard here below, and even the nightingales cease to sing, in spite of all their melodious pains. Thou art that eagle, KARL IMMERMANN, and I often think of thee in that land of which thou hast sung so sweetly. How could I travel through the Tyrol without thinking of the “Tragedy?”

Now, of course, I have seen things in another light; but I wonder that the poet, who created from the fulness of his soul, should have approached so near the reality, which he had never seen. I was most pleased with the reflection that “The Tragedy in Tyrol” was *prohibited*. I thought of the words which my friend MOSER wrote

* *Wiedehoepchen*. Perhaps this word might be also rendered “pooh-pooh.” -- [Note by Translator.]

me, when he said that the second volume of the "Pictures of Travel" were forbidden: "It was needless for government to put the book under the ban—people would have read it without that."

In Innsbruck, in the Golden Eagle, where ANDREAS HOFER had lodged, and where every corner is still filled with his portraits and mementoes, I asked the landlord, Herr NIEDERKIRCHNER, if he knew anything of the "Sandwirth." Then the old gentleman boiled over with eloquence, and confidentially informed me, with divers winks, that the whole story had at last come out in a book, which was, however, altogether prohibited; and having led me to a dark chamber, where he carefully preserved his relics of the Tyrolese war, unrolled from a dirty blue paper a well-thumbed, green looking book, which I found, to my astonishment, was IMMERMAN's "Tragedy in the Tyrol." I told the landlord, not without pride, that the man who had written it was my friend. Herr NIEDERKIRCHNER would fain know as much as possible of him. I said that he was one who had seen service, a man of good stature, very honorable, and very gifted in writing, so that he seldom found his like. But Herr NIEDERKIRCHNER would not believe that he was a Prussian, and exclaimed, with a compassionate smile, "Oh, get out!"* He insisted on believing that IMMERMAN was a Tyroler, and that he had fought in the war—"How else could he have known all about it?"

Strange fancies these of the multitude! They seek their histories from the poet and not from the historian. They ask not for bare facts, but those facts again dissolved in the original poetry from which they sprung. This the poets well know, and it is not without a certain mischievous pleasure that they mould at will popular memories, perhaps in mockery of pride-baked historians and parchment-minded keepers of state-documents. Greatly was I delighted when, amid the stalls of the last fair, I saw the history of Belisarius hanging up in the form of coarsely colored engravings, and those not according to PROCOPIUS, but exactly as described in SCHENK's tragedy. "So history is falsified!" exclaimed a pedantic friend who accompanied me, "it knows nothing of a slandered wife, an imprisoned son, a loving daughter, and the like modern fictions of the heart!" But is this really an error? Must suit be at once brought against the forger? No, I deny the accusation! For they give the *sense* in all

* *Warum nicht gar?* One should have lived in Bavaria, or the Tyrol, to appreciate the full force of this non-assenting sentence. Literally it means, "Why not entirely so?"

its truthfulness, though it be clothed in inverted form and circumstance. There are races whose whole history has only been handed down in this poetic wise, such as the Hindoos. For such lays as the *Maha-Barata* give the sense and spirit of Indian history far more accurately than any writer of compendiums, could with all his chronology. From the same point of view, I would assert that WALTER SCOTT'S romances give, occasionally, the spirit of English history far more truthfully than HUME has done; at least, SARTORIUS was very much in the right when he, in his supplement to SPITTLER, places those romances among English historical works.

It is with poets as with dreamers, who in sleep disguise those internal feelings, which their souls experience from real external causes, since they at once assign on the spot by dreaming, to the latter, altogether different causes from the real, which, however, in one respect, amount to the same thing, in that they bring forth the same feelings. So, in IMMERMANN'S "Tragedy," many dramatic attributes are rather arbitrarily added, but the hero himself, the central point of feeling, is accurately dreamed, and if this dream-form seems visionary, it is still truthful. BARON HORMAYR, who is the most competent judge of this matter, turned my attention to this circumstance, when I on a recent occasion had the pleasure of conversing with him. IMMERMANN has very accurately set forth the mystical individual life, the superstitious piety, and the epic character of the man. He symbolised to the life that true-hearted dove, who with a glittering sword in the bill swept so heroically like martial love true over the hills of Tyrol, until the bullets of Mantua penetrated her heart.

But what is most honorable to the poet, is the equally accurate description of the opponent whom he has not described as a raging GESSLER, merely to exalt his adversary. If the one be a dove with the sword, the latter is not less an eagle with the olive branch.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the public room of the inn of HERR NIEDERKIRCHNER, at Innsbruck, hang side by side in peaceful unison, the portraits of ANDREAS HOFER, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and LOUIS OF BAVARIA.

Innsbruck itself is an uninhabitable, stupid town. It may, perhaps, appear more intelligent and agreeable in winter, when the high

mountains with which it is surrounded are covered with snow, and the avalanches thunder and ice cracks and glitters all around.

I found the summits of those mountains covered with clouds as with grey turbans. There we see the *Martinswand*, the theatre of the pleasantest imperial legends, since it is especially in the Tyrol that the memories of the knightly MAX, flourish and ring.

In the *Hofkirche*—royal church—stand the celebrated full-length statues of the princes and the princesses of the House of Austria, with their ancestors; among whom are many, who doubtless wonder even at the present day how they came by the honor. They stand in mighty life-size, cast in iron, around the tomb of MAXIMILIAN. But as the church is small and roof low, they put one in mind of figures of black wax in a booth in a fair. On the pedestal of most, we can also read the names of those whom they represent. As I looked at these statues, an English party entered; the leader being a lean man with a gaping countenance, his thumbs hooked into the armholes of his white vest, and holding between his teeth a leathern *Guide des Voyageurs*. Behind him came his tall companion for life, a lady no longer young, and who had apparently both lived and loved herself out, but still quite good-looking. Behind them came a red porter-face in powder white trimmings, treading stiffly along in a ditto coat—his wooden hands fully freighted with my lady's gloves, Alpine flowers, and a poodle.

The trinity walked straight as a plumb line to the upper end of the church, where the son of Albion explained the statue to his wife, and that from his guide book, in which he read at full length the descriptions. The first statue is that of King Clodevig of France, the next that of King Arthur of England, the third Rudolph of Hapsburg, and so forth. But as the poor Englishman began by mistake the row from above instead of from below, as his guide-book directed, he fell into the most exquisite blunders, which were still more comic when he came to some lady's statue, which he mistook for that of a man, and *vice versa*, so that he could not comprehend why RUDOLPH OF

* In the original, HEINE uses the word *Kleeblatt*, or clover leaf, which (like *trifolium* in mediæval Latin) signifies in German, a company of three. It was doubtless an association with the Trinity which caused the clover leaf company of three to be regarded as peculiarly correct. *Compagnie de trois*, *Compagnie de Roys*, says an old French proverb. In the drinking language of the Knights of the Middle Ages a clover leaf meant the draining of three large goblets of wine, each one at a draught. In modern German student phrase it is applied to a *quantum* of drinking utensils for three persons, or a *Saussegesellschaft* or club of that member.—[Note by Translator]

HAPSBURG wore petticoats, or why QUEEN MARIA had donned steel breeches, and had a much too long beard. I, who was willing to help him out with my learning, casually remarked that that was probably the fashion in those days, and it might have also been a peculiar freak of those dignitaries, so that people dared not for their lives cast them otherwise. So if it came into the head of the then emperor to have himself "run" in petticoats or swaddling bands, who dared object to his fancy?

The poodle barked critically, the lackey stared, the gentleman rubbed his face with his handkerchief, and my lady said: "*A fine exhibition, very fine, indeed!*"

CHAPTER IX.

BRIXEN was the second great town of the Tyrol which I entered. It lies in a valley, and as I arrived there it was covered over with mist and the shadows of evening. Twilight, silence, melancholy ding-donging of bells, sheep trotting to their sheds, human beings to churches, everywhere an oppressive smell of ugly saint's images and dry hay.

"The Jesuits are in Brixen." So I had read not long before in Hesperus. I looked everywhere around the streets to find them, but saw nobody who looked like a Jesuit, unless it were a fat man in a clerical three-cornered hat and a priestly-cut black coat, rather old and worn out, which contrasted strangely with his shining new black breeches.

"That can be no Jesuit," said I, finally to myself—for I have always pictured Jesuits to myself as rather lean. But are there really any Jesuits? It often seems to me that their existence is only a chimera, as though it were only a fear of them which still goes ghosting* about in our heads, long after the peril is over; and all the zeal still manifested against Jesuits puts me in mind of people, who long after it has ceased to rain, go walking about with opened and lifted umbrellas. Yes—I often think that the Devil, Nobility, and Jesuits exist only as long as we believe in them. We know it in truth of the Devil, for only the believers have ever seen him. Also as regards

* *Spuken*—to appear as a ghost—to ghost it. In plain Pennsylvania English, we say to spook

the nobility, we shall soon experience that the *bonne société* has ceased to exist so soon as the good citizen takes it into his head not to regard them any longer as the *bonne société*. But the Jesuits! At least they no longer wear the old breeches. The old Jesuits lie in their graves with their old breeches, their longings, their world plans, their ranks, distinctions, reservations, and poisons, and what we now see slipping through the world in new shining breeches, is not as much their spirit as their spectre, an awkward, silly, weak-minded spectre, which daily seems striving by word and deed to convince us how little there is terrible in it; and indeed it reminds us of a similar ghost in the Thuringian forest, which freed those who were terrified at it from all terror, by taking its skull from its shoulders and showing all the world that it was hollow and empty.

I cannot refrain from mentioning by the way, that I accidentally learned more of the man in the shining new breeches, and ascertained that he was no Jesuit, but only one of the common sort of the Lord's cattle. For I met him in the public room of my inn, where he was taking supper in company with a long, lean man, entitled "Excellency," who resembled the old bachelor country squire, described by SHAKESPEARE, as closely as if Nature had plagiarised him from the great author. Both enjoyed their meals, while they persecuted the girl who waited on them with caresses, which seemed to disgust to the last degree the charming, beautiful creature, until she finally broke from them by main force, when the one clapped her smartly behind, while the other sought to embrace her in front. Then they began with the lewdest jests, which the maiden, as they well knew, could not help hearing, as she was obliged to remain in the room and wait on the company, and spread my table. But when, finally, their language became literally intolerable, she at once left every thing standing and disappeared through the door. When she returned, which was not for some minutes, it was with a *little child* on her arm, which she continued to hold during the time that she remained in the room, though it greatly impeded her movements. But the two companions—the clerical as well as the noble gentleman—did not venture any more to insult the girl, who now without manifesting any ill-feeling, but still with singular seriousness waited on them until the end. Their language took another direction—both conversed on the usual subjects of conspiracies against the throne and the altar, they agreed on the necessity of strong measures, and often clasped in turn the hand of holy alliance.

CHAPTER X.

THE works of JOSEPH VON HORMAYR are indispensable to him who would study the history of the Tyrol, while for its more recent records, he himself is the best, and in many respects the only source. He is for the Tyrol what JOHN VON MÜLLER is for Switzerland; a comparison which frequently suggests itself. They are like next neighbors—both were inspired in early youth for the Alps of their birth—both are industrious, searching minds, of historical feeling and training. JOHN VON MÜLLER, of an epic turn, cradling his soul in histories of the past. JOSEPH VON HORMAYR, quick and earnest in his feelings, is, on the other hand, impelled more energetically into the future, unselfishly venturing his life for that which was dear to him.

BARTHOLDY'S "War of the Tyrolese Peasantry in the year 1809" is an intelligent and well written work, and if it has its defects, it is because its writer, as is natural for a noble soul, was prejudiced in favor of the weaker party, and because he still had gunpowder smoke in his eyes when he wrote.

Many remarkable events of that time have never been written down, and exist as yet only in the memory of the people, who do not willingly speak of them, as they awaken hopes which were deceived. The poor Tyrolese were obliged to go through many harsh experiences, and if you ask them now if they obtained, as a reward for their fidelity, all which was promised them, they good-naturedly shrug their shoulders, and answer, naively, that perhaps things were not meant quite so much in earnest as they thought—that the Emperor has a great deal to think of—and that much passes unnoticed through his head.

Console yourselves, poor rogues! Ye are not the only ones to whom something was *promised*. It often happens, on board great slave-ships, in terrible storms, and amid dangers, that they break the chains of the blacks, and promise them their freedom if they save the vessel. The silly negroes rejoice at the light of day, they hurry to the pumps, they stamp in their strength, aid where they can, leap, haul, coil the cables, and work until the peril is past. Then, of course, as any one might suppose, they are put again into the hold, chained nicely down, and left in their darkness to make demagogical reflections on the promises of slave-dealers, whose only care is, the danger being over, to swindle some more souls into their power.

O navis referent in mare te novi.

Fluctus?

When my old teacher used to explain this ode of HORACE, in which the senate is compared to a ship, he was in the habit of making all sorts of political reflections, which he abruptly suspended after the battle of Leipzig had been fought, and the whole class was suddenly broken up.

My old teacher knew it all beforehand. When we first heard of the battle, he shook his grey head. Now I know what that shaking meant. Soon we had more accurate intelligence, and in secret people showed one another pictures, in which we saw, in varied and instructive form, how the higher leaders of the armies knelt on the field of battle and thanked God.

"Yes—they might thank God," said my teacher, and smiled as he was accustomed to do when he commented on SALLUST. "The Emperor NAPOLEON has rapped them so often on the head, that they must eventually learn something."

Then came the Allies, and the miserable poems of the Liberation, Hermann and Thusnelda, Hurrah and the Female Union, and the Fatherland's Acorns, and the everlasting boasting of the battle of Leipzig, and once again the battle of Leipzig, and no end thereof.

"It is with these people," remarked my teacher, "as with the Thebans, when they finally, at Leuctra, overcame the mighty Spartans, and continually boasted of it, so that ANTISTHENES compared them to boys who can, having once beaten their master, never cease their rejoicings. My dear youths—it would have been better for us had we ourselves got the whipping."

Soon after the old man died. Prussian grass now grows over his grave, and there also are pastured the horses of our renewed nobility.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honorable, brave, and of inscrutable narrowness of mind. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to be sick. I would also call them a noble race, because they evince much discrimination in their food, and keep their houses very clean, only they entirely lack the feeling of personal dignity. The Tyrolese has a sort of laughing, humorous servilism, which wears an almost ironical air, but which is intended to be thoroughly honorable. The girls in the Tyrol greet you so

amiably, and the men press your hand so severely, and behave themselves with such ornamental earnestness, that you can almost believe that they treat you like a near relation, or at least like one of themselves—but you are wide of the mark; they never forget that they are but common people, and that you are a gentleman, who likes to see common people speak to him without shyness. And in this their instincts are true to nature, for the stiffest aristocrats are pleased when they can find an opportunity of laying aside their dignity, for it is by the descent that they realize how high they are placed. At home the Tyrolese exercise this servility gratis—when abroad, they use it to enrich themselves. They set a price on their personality and nationality. These dealers in variegated table-covers—these jolly Tyrolese fellows (*Tyroler Bua*)—whom we see travelling about in their national costume, willingly let you crack a joke on them—but you must buy something of them. The RAINER family, who were in England, understood the business, and had good advisers into the bargain, who well understood the spirit of the English nobility. This was the cause of their gracious reception in that foyer of European aristocracy, the *West End* of London. When I stood, last summer, in the brilliant concert-halls of the London fashionable world, and saw those Tyrolese singers, in their national costume, mount the stage, and listened to those lays which are *jodeled* with such good and naive expression, and which ring so pleasantly in our northern German heart—it all ate with bitter discontent into my soul, the gratified laughter of aristocratic lips stung me like serpents—it seemed, ~~as though~~ though I saw the purity of the German tongue profaned, and the sweetest mysteries of German spirit life degraded before a foreign mob. I could not applaud this shameless trafficking in the most reserved feelings, and a Swiss, who, inspired with the same feelings, left with me the hall, very truly remarked: “We Swiss trade for money the best things we have—our cheese and our best blood—but we cannot hear the Alpine horn blown in foreign lands—much less play on it ourselves, for money.”

CHAPTER XII.

TYROL is very beautiful, but the most beautiful landscapes cannot enchant us when darkened by gloomy weather, and similar causes of mental excitement. This is always the case with me, and when

there is bad weather without, I invariably find bad weather within. I only occasionally dared put my head out of the wagon, and then I beheld mountains high as the Heaven, which looked earnestly down on me, and nodded to me with their monstrous heads and cloud-beards, a pleasant journey. Here and there I beheld a far-blue hill, which seemed travelling along on foot, and to peep inquisitively over the head of other hills, as if to look at me. Every where crashed the forest streams, which leaped as if mad from the mountains, and met in the whirlpools of the valleys. The inhabitants lay snug in their neat, clean little cottages, which for the greater part lie scattered on the steepest cliffs, and on the very edge of precipices, and these neat, clean little cottages are generally ornamented with long balcony-like galleries, which in turn are bedecked with linen, images of saints, flower-pots, and pretty girls. These cottages are also prettily painted, mostly with white and green, as if they too had a fancy to wear the national costume of green suspenders over a white shirt. When I beheld these houses far away amid the lonely rain, my heart would fain climb up to them, and to their inhabitants, who beyond doubt sat dry and jolly enough, within. "In these," thought I, "they must live pleasantly and domestically enough, and beyond doubt the old grandmother tells the most confidential tales." While the coach went on without mercy, I often looked back to see the little blue pillars of smoke climbing from the chimnies, and then it rained harder than ever, both without and within, until the tear-drops ran out of my eyes.

But my heart often rose and climbed in spite of the weather to the men who dwell high up on the mountains, and perhaps hardly came down once in a life time, and learn but little of what is passing here below. Yet they are not on that account less good or happy. They know nothing of politics, save that they have an emperor who wears a white coat and red breeches, as they have learned from an old uncle who had learned it himself in Innsbruck, from BLACK JOE, who had been in Vienna. And when the patriots climbed up to them, and told them with oratory that they now had a prince who wore a blue coat and white breeches, they grasped their rifles, and kissed wife and child, and went down the mountain and offered up their lives in defence of the white coat and the dear old red breeches.

After all it amounts to about one and the same thing, for what we die, if we only die for something we love, and a warm true-hearted death like this is better than a cold false life. The very songs of such a death warm our hearts, with their sweet rhymes and bright words,

when damp clouds and pressing sorrows would fain render it dark and gloomy.

Many such songs rang in my heart as I crossed the Tyrolese mountains. The confiding fir-trees rustled many forgotten love-words, back into my memory. Particularly when the great blue mountain lakes gazed on me, with such endless longing did I recall "the two king's-children" who loved so dearly and died together. It is an old, old story, which nobody believes now, and of which I myself only remember a few rhymes.

"They both were monarch's children,
And loved right well, I ween,
But never could come together,
For water was rolling between.

"Dear heart canst thou swim hither,
Dear heart so swim to me,
I'll light thee from my window,
It shall thy beacon be!"

These words began to ring in my heart, as I, on an opposite lake, beheld on one side a little boy, and on the other a little girl, both prettily dressed in their variegated national costume with little ribboned green taper hats on their heads, wafting greetings to one another—

"But never ~~could~~ come together,
For water was rolling between."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN Southern Tyrol, the weather cleared up, the sun of Italy made itself felt, even at a distance, the hills became warmer and brighter, I saw vines rising on them, and I could lean oftener out of the carriage windows. But when I thus leaned out there leaned with me my heart, and with my heart all its love, sorrow, and folly. And it often happened that the poor heart was torn by the thorns when it leaned toward the rose-bushes by the way-side—and the roses of Tyrol are not ugly. When I rode through Steinach and saw the market-place where IMMERMAN represents the "Sand-landlord,"

HOFER, as coming boldly forth with his companions, I found that the spot was too small for an insurgent meeting, but large enough to fall in love in. There are only a few white houses there, and from a small window there peeped out a little Sand-Landlady, aiming and shooting from great eyes—if the coach had not travelled by so quickly, and had she had time to load again, I should have been shot dead for certain. I called out, "Go ahead, coachman—there is no joking with such a 'fair Elsie'—such eyes would set fire to the house over one's head!" As an experienced traveller, I must confess that the landlady in Sterzing is really an old woman—but she has two young daughters whose eyes warm the heart of the traveller as he steps out of the coach, in a most beneficial manner. But I cannot forget *thee*, thou fairest of all, thou lovely spinner on the marches of Italy! Oh, hadst thou given to me as Ariadne gave to Theseus the thread of thy spinning to lead me through the labyrinth of life, I had long since conquered the Minotaur, and I would love thee, and kiss thee, and never leave thee!

"It is a good sign when women laugh," says a Chinese author, and a German writer was of precisely the same opinion, when in Southern Tyrol, just where Italy begins, he passed a mountain, at whose base on a low foundation, he passed one of those neat little houses which look so lovely with their snug gallery and naïve paintings. On one side stood a great wooden crucifix, supporting a young vine, so that it looked horribly cheerful, like life twining around death, to see the soft green branches hanging around the bloody body and crucified limbs. On the other side of the cottage was a round dove-cote whose feathered population flew here and there, while one very gentle white dove sat on the pretty gabled roof, which, like a pious niche over a saint, rose over the head of the lovely spinner. She, the fair one, sat on the little gallery and span—not according to the German method, but in that world-old manner, by which a distaff is held under the arm, and the thread descends with the loose spindle. So of old span kings' daughters in Greece—so at the present day spin the fates and all Italian women. She span and laughed, the dove sat still over her head, while far over house and all rose the mountains, their snowy summits glittering in the sun, so that they seemed like giants with polished helmets on their heads.

She span and smiled; and I believe that she spun my heart fast, as the coach went along somewhat more slowly, on account of the broad stream of the Eisach. The dear features remained all day in my memory—every where I beheld nothing save a lovely face, which

seemed as though a Grecian sculptor had carved it from the perfume of a white rose, in such breath-like delicacy, such beatific nobility, that I could believe he had dreamed it of a spring night. But those eyes!—ah, no Greek could ever have imagined or comprehended them. But I saw and comprehended those romantic stars which so magically illumined the glory of the antique. All day long I saw them, and all night long I dreamed of them. There she sat again smiling, the doves fluttering around like angels of love, even the white dove over her head, mystically flapped its wings; behind her rose mightier than ever the helmet warriors, before her roared along more stormily the brook, the vine-branches climbed in wilder haste the crucified wooden image, which quivered with pain, and the suffering eyes opened, and the wounds bled, and—she, however, sat still and span, and on the thread of her distaff, like a dancing spindle, hung my own heart.

CHAPTER XIV

WHILE the sun gleamed ever lordlier and lovelier from heaven, clothing mountain and castle with golden veils, it still became hotter and livelier in my heart, once more my whole bosom was full of flowers, which shot forth sprouting mightily over my head, and through the flowers from my heart smiled heavenly fair the face of the lovely spinner. Imprisoned in such dreams—myself a dream—I came to Italy, and as I during the journey had entirely forgotten that I was travelling, I was well nigh terrified when all at once all the great Italian eyes opened on me, and the variegated, tangled life of Italy came leaping towards me; real, warm, and humming!

All of this happened to me, however, in the city of Trent, one fine Sunday afternoon, at the hour when the heat goes to sleep, and the Italians wake up and go walking about the streets. This town lies, old and broken amid, a broad circle of blooming green hills, which like eternal young gods look down on the ancient broken works of man. Broken and brittle too, near the latter lies the high castle which once ruled the town, a daring building of a daring time, with spires, pinnacles, battlements, and a broad round tower inhabited by owls and Austrian invalids. Even the town itself is wildy built, and at the first glance it produces a wonderful effect, with its awfully old houses, with their faded frescoes and cracked saints' images—with their towers, porticoes, barred windows, and those projecting roofs

which rest like balconies on old grey pillars which seem themselves to require support. Such a sight would have been all too sorrowful had not nature refreshed the dead stones with new life, had not sweet vine leaves lovingly and tenderly embraced the broken old pillars, as youth embraces age, and still sweeter maidens' faces had not peeped from the melancholy old arched windows, and smiled on the German stranger, who like a sleep-wandering dreamer walked strangely here and there among the blooming ruins.

I was really as in a dream, and one of those dreams, too, wherein we strive to recal something we have dreamed long ago. I looked in turn at the houses and at the people, and I was inclined to think that I had been acquainted with those houses in their better days, when they wore bran new paintings, when the gilt ornaments on their window friezes were not as yet so black, and when the marble Madonna bearing the child on her arm, still had her beautiful head, which those iconoclasts, age, and wind had broken away, in such a vulgar, Jacobinical manner. The faces of the elderly dames seemed familiar to me as though they had been cut from the old Italian pictures I had seen in the Düsseldorf Gallery when a boy. In like manner the old men seemed well known and long forgotten, and gazed at me as though from the depth of a thousand years. Even the brisk young girls had something of that which had been dead a thousand years in their faces, and yet of revived bloom, so that almost a terror stole over me, a sweet, gentle terror such as I once felt when in the lonely midnight my lips pressed those of MARIA, a wondrous lovely lady, whose only fault was that she was dead. But then again I laughed as the idea came into my head that the whole town was nothing but a pretty novel, which I had once read—yes—which I myself had written, and that I now was enchanted by my own work, and was terrified by sprites of my own raising. "Perhaps, too," thought I, "all is but a dream," and I would gladly have given a dollar for a few boxes on the ear, just to learn whether I was asleep or awake.

They were at hand, and I might have got them at a cheaper rate, as I stumbled over an old fruit-woman. She contented herself with throwing a real box (of figs) at my ears, and I thus came suddenly to the conviction that I was, in the most actual of realities, in the middle of the market-place of Trent, near the great fountain, from whose copper Tritons and dolphins the silver clear waters welled out pleasant and reviving. To the left stood an old palace, whose walls were painted with many coloured allegorical figures, and on whose terrace several gray Austrian soldiers were being drilled into heroism; to

the right stood a gothic Lombard, capricious looking house, from which a sweet, fluttering maiden's voice came trilling so dashingly and merrily, that the widowed old walls trembled either with pleasure or from decay, while above there looked from the arch window a black labyrinthine-curved, comedian-looking wig, under which projected a sharply cut thin face, which was rouged, but only on the left cheek, and which consequently looked like a pancake baked only on one side. But before me, in the midst, stood the ancient cathedral, not great, not gloomy, but like a cheerful old man, confiding and inviting by his age.

CHAPTER XV.

As I drew aside the green-silk curtain which covered the entrance to the cathedral, and entered the house of the Lord, I was agreeably refreshed in body and soul, by the pleasant perfume which greeted me, by the tranquillizing magic light which flowed through the many colored windows on the praying assembly within. They were mostly women, kneeling in long rows on the low prayer-benches, they prayed only with a light movement of their lips, fanning themselves constantly meanwhile with great green fans, so that nothing could be heard save an incessant, mysterious whispering, and nothing seen but moving fans and waving veils. The creaking tread of my boots disturbed many a fine prayer, and great catholic eyes stared at me half inquisitively, half willingly, as if they would fain advise me to kneel and enjoy with them a siesta of the soul.

Truly such a cathedral, with its subdued light, and its coolness is an agreeable resting-place, when we have out of doors flaring sunshine and oppressive heat, we have no idea of this in our Protestant North Germany, where the churches are not built so comfortably, and where the light comes shooting so saucily through the uncolored, common-sense window panes, which do not protect even the cold, harsh sermon from the heat. People may say what they will, Catholicism is a good religion—for summer. There is such good lying round on the benches of this old cathedral, we enjoy on them such a cool piety, such a holy *dolce far niente*, one can pray, and dream, and sin together in thought, the Madonnas wink so forgivingly from their niches, woman-like, they forgive us even when we have entangled their lovely features in the sinful current of our wanton

imaginations, while, as a superfluity there stands in every corner a brown, pierced chair of conscience, where we can ease ourselves of our sins.

In such a chair sat a young monk of earnest mien; but the face of the lady who confessed to him her sins was concealed from me, partly by her white veil and partly by the side of the confessional, yet there came to view a hand, which at once held me fast. I could not help looking at it; its blue veins, and the aristocratic gleam of its white fingers were so strangely familiar to me, and all the power of dreams in my soul was stirred into life to shape a face to match this hand. It was a lovely hand, not that of a young girl who, half lamb and half rose, has only thoughtless, vegetable-animal hands—this hand on the contrary had something spiritual in it, something exciting past associations like the hands of handsome human beings who are highly refined and accomplished, or who have greatly suffered; and there was something so touchingly innocent in this hand, that it seemed as if it had no occasion to confess with the rest of the lady, and would not even hear what its fair proprietress said, and therefore waited without, till she was ready. But this lasted a long time, the lady must have had a terrible amount of sin to narrate. I could not wait any longer, my soul pressed an invisible parting-kiss on the fair hand which closed convulsively at the same instant, and that in the same peculiar manner in which the hand of the dead MARIA was accustomed to close when I touched it. “In God’s name,” thought I, “what is the dead MARIA doing in Trent?”—and I hastened from the Cathedral.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I again crossed the market-place, the fruit-woman of whom I have spoken, greeted me right amiably and confidently, as though we were old friends. “It is all one,” thought I, “how we make an acquaintance, provided that it be but made.” A box on the ear—or a box hurled at it—is not in faith a first class introduction;—but then the fruit-woman and I looked at one another in as friendly a wise as though we had just mutually handed over tip-top letters, “introducing, &c.,” from our best friends. And the fruit-woman was by no means bad to look at. She was, it is true, already in that age when time stamps a fatal certificate on our brow of the active service we have done in youth; but this had made her all the more cor-

pulent, and what she had lost in youth she had won in weight. Moreover her face still bore the traces of great beauty, and there was plainly written on it, as on old-fashioned vases, "To be loved and as loving, live, is the best joy that earth can give." But what gave her her most exquisite charm, was the style in which her hair was dressed—the carefully curled wig-like locks, thickly stiffened with pomatum and idyllically entwined with white bell-flowers. I gazed on this woman with the same rapt attention with which an antiquary would pore over a newly disinterred torso—yes, I could detect far more on this living human ruin—I could see on her, traces of all the civilization of Italy—the Etruscan, the Roman, the Gothic, the Lombard, down to our own powdered modern age, and right interesting to me was the civilized manner of this old woman, in contrast to her business and to her passionate habits. Nor was I less interested by her stock in trade—the fresh almonds which I saw for the first time in their green original packages, and the fresh sweet-smelling figs, which lay piled up in heaps as common as pears with us. I was also delighted with the great baskets full of fresh oranges and lemons, and—delightful sight!—in one of the latter lay a child, beautiful as a picture, holding a little bell in his hand, and as the great bell of the cathedral began to sound, between every stroke, the boy rang his little bell, and smiled so forgetful of all worldly things up into the blue heaven, that the drollest child's fancies came into my own head, and like a child I placed myself before the basket and began to eat and gossip with the fruit-woman.

From my broken Italian she at first took me for an Englishman, but I confessed that I was only a German. She at once instituted a series of geographical, economic, horticultural, and meteorological questions as to Germany, greatly marvelling when I confessed to her that no lemons grew in our country—that we were obliged to squeeze very tightly the few which "went in" among us from Italy, and that in our despair we were obliged to make up our want of juice with "a little more rum." "Ah, my dear woman," said I, "in our land it is very frosty and foggy—our summer is only a green-washed winter, even the sun there is obliged to wear a flannel jacket to keep from catching cold, and what with this flannel sunshine our fruits get along very poorly—in fact—between you and I and the bed-post—the only ripe fruits we have are baked apples. As for figs, they come to us like oranges and lemons from distant lands, and by the time they arrive no one would give a fig for them; only the worst of them ever reach us fresh, and these are so very bad that any one who is

induced to take them for nothing always brings an action for damages against the giver. As for *almonds** we have only the inflamed and swollen sort. In short we are wanting in all the nobler fruits, and have nothing but gooseberries, pears, hazel-nuts, and similar *canaille*.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS really delighted to have made a good acquaintance so soon after arriving in Italy, and had not deeper feelings drawn me to the South, I should have remained in Trent by the good fruit-woman, by the good figs and almonds, by the little bell-ringer, and to tell the truth, by the beautiful girls, who streamed by in hordes. I do not know if other travellers would here admit the use of the word "beautiful," but the Trent females pleased me most unexceptionably. They were just the sort which I love;—and I love those pale elegiac faces from which great black eyes gaze forth in love-sickness; I love the dark hue of those proud necks which Phœbus too has loved and kissed brown; I love those over-ripe necks with purple dots in them, which seem as if wanton birds had been picking at them; but above all I love that genial warm-blooded gait, that silent music of the whole body, those limbs which undulate in the sweetest measures, voluptuous, pliant, divinely lewd, dying in breathless idleness—and then once more etherially sublime and ever highly poetical. I love such women as I love Poetry itself, and these melodiously moving forms, this human orchestra as it rustled musically past me found echo in my heart, and awoke in it its sympathetic tones.

It was now no longer the magic power of a first surprise, the legend-like mystery of some wild and wondrous apparition—it had become that tranquil spirit which studied those female forms as they passed along, just as a true critic reads a poem. And by observing in this wise, we discover much—much that is sad and strange, the wealth of the past, the poverty of the present, and the great pride which still remains. Gladly would the daughters of Trent bedeck themselves in silk and in satin as in the days of the Council, when their city bloomed in velvets and satin—but the Council did nothing for them; the velvet is shabby, the satin in rags, and nothing remains

*The word *almond* is applied in German as in English, not only to the fruit of that name, but to the tonsils.

to the poor children save an empty tawdry show, which they carefully preserve during the week, and with which they attire themselves only on Sunday. But many have not even these remains of bygone luxury, and must get along as they best can with the plain and cheaper manufactures of the present day. Therefore there is many a touching contrast between body and garment, the exquisitely carved mouth seems formed to command, and is itself scornfully overshadowed by a wretched hat with crumpled paper flowers, the proudest breasts heave and palpitate in a frizzle of coarse woollen imitation lace, and the most spiritual hips are embraced by the stupidest cotton. Sorrow, thy name is cotton—and brown-striped cotton at that! For, alas, nothing produced in me such sorrowful feelings as the sight of a fair Trent girl, who in form and complexion resembled a marble goddess, and who wore on this antique noble form a garment of brown-striped cotton, so that it seemed as though the petrified Niobe had suddenly become merry, and had disguised herself in our modern small-souled garb, and now swept in beggarly pride and superbly helpless through the streets of Trent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN I returned to the *Locanda dell' Grande Europa*, where I had ordered a good *pranzo*, I was really so dispirited that I could not eat, and that is saying a great deal for me. I sat down before the door of the neighboring *Bottega*, refreshed myself with sherbet, and spoke thus—

“Whimsical, blue-devilled heart! now thou art in Italy—why art thou not *tiri-tiring*? Have perhaps the little serpents which twined so closely within, come with thee to Italy, and do they now rejoice, and does their common rejoicing awaken in thy bosom that picturesque sorrow which so strangely stings, and dances, and pipes, as in the olden time? And why should not the old sorrows also rejoice in their turn? Here in Italy all is so beautiful, in these ruined marble palaces, sighs re-echo far more romantically than in our neatly tiled little houses; we can weep far more voluptuously beneath those laurels than under our ill-natured angular fir-trees, and is it not far sweeter to yearn and long away our souls deep into the ideal cloudy forms of the heavenly blue of Italy, than into the ashy grey of a German week-day heaven, where even the clouds only cut honest,

common, *citizen* grimaces, and stupidly gape down. Remain in my breast ye sorrows! Ye will not find after all a better lodging place. Ye are dear, and worth keeping, and nobody knows how to take better care of you than I, and I confess that ye are a great pleasure. And after all, what *is* pleasure? At best an intensely exquisite, convulsive pain!

I believe that the music which without exciting my attention rang before the *Bottega* and attracted a crowd of listeners, had melodramatically accompanied this monologue. It was a singular trio, consisting of two men, and a young harp-girl. One of the men, clad as if for winter in a white overcoat, was a powerful figure, with a full red, bandit face, which blazed out from among the black hair of his head and beard, like a threatening comet. He held between his legs a monstrous bass-viol, on which he sawed away as furiously as though he had, in the Abruzzi, conquered some poor traveller, and was desperately cutting his throat. The other was a tall, meagre old man, whose lean limbs tottered in a worn-out black dress, and whose snow-white hair contrasted sorrowfully with his buffo song and his crazy caperings. It is sad enough when an old man must, from poverty, lay aside the dignity of age and give himself up to pranks and tricks; but how much sadder is it when he must do this before his own child!—and that girl *was* the daughter of the old buffo, and she accompanied on the harp his low jests, or laying it aside, sang with him a comic duett in which he played the enamoured old man, and she the mocking young *amante*. Moreover, the girl appeared to have hardly entered her teens—yes, it seemed as though they had rudely made a woman of her ere she had come to maidenhood—and not a virtuous woman at that. Hence came that green-sickly withering, and that shrinking displeasure of the fair face, whose proudly thrown traits seemed to scorn all pity; hence that secret vexedness of the eyes which gleamed defiantly under their black triumphal arches; hence the deep tone of sorrow which contrasted so unnaturally with the fair and laughing lips which it escaped; hence the sickliness of the all too delicate limbs, which a short and painfully violet blue silk fluttered around, so far as possible. Many colored and violently contrasted satin ribbons waved like flags around her old straw hat, and her breast was symbolically ornamented by a just opening rose-bud, which seemed rather to have been pulled open than to have naturally unfolded itself from among its fresh verdant moss. Meanwhile there was perceptible in the poor girl—in this spring over which death had already breathed—an indes-

cribable charm, a grace which expressed itself in every glance and motion and tone, and which did not disappear even when with her body thrown forwards, she danced with mocking lasciviousness towards the old man, who, quite as immodestly, tottered towards her in the same attitude. The more shamelessly she acted, the deeper was the pity she awoke in my bosom, and when her song welled forth sweet and wondrous from her breast, as if imploring forgiveness—oh, then the little serpents leaped up in ecstasy within me, and bit into their own flesh for joy. Even the rose seemed to gaze imploringly on me—yes, once I saw it even tremble and grow pale, but at that instant the trills of the girl's voice rose so much more merrily on high, the old man bleated, goat-like, so much more passionately, and the red comet-face martyred his bass-viol so much more savagely, that there came forth the most terrifically funny tones, and the audience rejoiced more madly than ever.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a real Italian composition, from some favorite comic opera, of that strange sort which gives the fullest scope to Humor, and in which the latter can abandon himself to all his mad joy, his crazy feelings, his laughing sorrow, and his life-longing death inspiration. It was altogether in the manner of ROSSINI, as displayed in the *Barber of Seville*. The scorers of the Italian school, who would fain destroy the character of this sort of music, will not escape their well-deserved punishment in hell, and are perhaps damned in advance to hear through all eternity nothing but the fugues of SEBASTIAN BACH. It grieves me to think that so many of my friends will not escape this punishment, and that among them is RELLSTAB, who will be damned with the rest, unless before his death he is converted to the true faith of ROSSINI. ROSSINI! *divino Maestro!* Helios of Italy, who spreadest forth thy rays over the world, pardon my poor countrymen who slander thee on writing and on printing paper! I however rejoice in thy golden tones, in thy melodious rays, in thy gleaming butterfly dreams which so merrily played around me and kissed my heart as with the lips of the graces. *Divino Maestro*—forgive my poor countrymen who do not see into thy depth, because thou coverest it with roses, and to whom thou dost not seem sufficiently profound, because thou soarest so lightly as on divine wings! It is true, that to love the Italian music of the present day, and to

arrive through love at its comprehension, one should have the people themselves before his eyes—their heaven, their character, their glances, their joys, their sorrows; in short, their entire history from ROMULUS, who founded the holy Roman realm, until that later time when it perished under ROMULUS AUGUSTULUS II. Even the use of speech is forbidden to poor enslaved Italy, and she can only express by music the feelings of her heart. All her resentment against foreign dominion, her inspiration of liberty, her rage at the consciousness of weakness, her sorrow at the memories of past greatness, her faint hopes, her watching and waiting in silence, her yearning for aid:—all is masked in those melodies which glide from an intense intoxication of animal life into elegiac weakness, and in those pantomimes which dart from flattering caresses into threatening rage.

This is the esoteric sense of the comic opera. The exoteric sentinel, in whose presence they are sung and acted, does not surmise the inner meaning of those jovial love-stories, love-longings and love-mockeries, beneath which the Italian hides his deadliest thoughts of freedom, as HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON hid their daggers in wreaths of laurel. "It is all nonsensical stuff," says the exoteric sentinel, and it is well that he sees it not. For if he did, then the impresario with his *prima donna* and *primo reomo*, would soon be compelled to walk those planks which now set forth a festival, a commission of inquiry would soon be instituted, all treasonable trills and revolutionary *routades* would be protocolled; they would arrest innumerable Harlequins who are involved in extensive ramifications of horrible plots, even Tartaglia, Brighella, and the suspicious old Pantaloon would be locked up, the papers of the *Dottore* of Bologna would be put under seal, and under all these family troubles Columbine would weep her eyes red. But I myself think that there is little danger of this coming to pass, for the Italian demagogues are far shrewder than our poor Germans, who with a similar intention have also disguised themselves like black fools with black foolscaps, but who appeared so disagreeably melancholy, and seemed so dangerous by their deep earnest clown-leaping, which they call "turning," and made up such serious faces, that they finally attracted the attention of government and got themselves into prison.

CHAPTER XX.

THE little harp-girl must have remarked that I, while she sang and played, often looked at the rose on her bosom, and when I laid on the plate, when it went round, a piece of money which was not altogether too small, she slyly laughed and mysteriously asked in a whisper, "if I would like to have her *rose*?"

Now I am the politest man in the world, and would not for all the world slander a rose, even though it be a rose which has already wasted some of its perfume! "And if," thought I, "it no longer smells perfectly fresh, and no longer breathes the odor of sanctity and virtue, like the Rose of Sharon, what is that to me who have such a devil of a cold in my head? And it is only mankind who are so particular in these little matters. The butterfly asks not of the rose, "Hath another already kissed thee?" Nor does the rose inquire, "Hast thou ere this fluttered around another?" And it happened about this time that night came stealing on, "and by night," thought I, "all flowers are black—the sinfullest rose quite as much so as the most virtuous parsley." Well, and good—without hesitation I said to the little harp-girl: "Si, Signora, * * *"

Gentle reader—form no evil fancies. It had grown dark and the stars shone clear and holily into my heart, while in the heart itself trembled the memory of the dead MARIA. I recalled that night when I stood before the bed whereon lay the beautiful pale corpse with soft, silent lips. I thought again on the strange glance which the old dame, who was to watch the body, cast on me, when for some hours I was to relieve her of the task. I thought again of the night-violet* which stood in a glass on the table, and which smelt so strangely. And a suspicion shuddered through my veins, as to whether it were really a draught of air which extinguished the lamp? Or was there really no third person in the chamber?

CHAPTER XXI.

I WENT early to bed, and quickly fell to sleep, losing myself in the wildest dreams. I dreamed myself a few hours back, I came again into Trent, I was again in amazement as before, and all the more so,

* *Natchviolet*—Night-smelling rocket.

because I saw nothing but flowers instead of human beings walking in the streets.

There were wandering glowing pinks, who voluptuously fanned themselves, coquettish balsamins, hyacinths, with pretty empty bell-heads, and behind them a party of mustachioed narcissuses and disorderly larkspurs. At one corner two loose-strifes* were quarrelling and scolding. From the windows of a sickly-looking old house, peered a spotted stock-gilliflower, decked off in ridiculous wise, while from within pealed a delicately perfumed violet voice. On the balcony of the great *palazzo* in the market-place, all the nobility were assembled, all the high *noblesse*, viz. : the lilies, who toil not neither do they spin, although SOLOMON in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I even thought that I saw the plump fruit-wife, though when I looked more closely, it was indeed the fruit-wife no longer, but a wintry sass-afra, who at once burst out on me with—"What d'ye want, you green-top? *You* pickled cucumber! You're a blossom now, arn't ye! Wait till I water you!" In terror I ran into the cathedral, and almost ran over an old lame mother-wort, whose prayer book was carried for her by a little coxcomb. But in the cathedral all was right pleasant—there in long rows were the tulips, piously nodding their heads. In the confessional sat a dark monk's hood, and before him kneeled a flower, whose face was not visible. But it breathed forth a perfume so strangely familiar, that I shuddered as I thought of the night-violet, which stood in the chamber where the dead MARIA lay.

As I again left the cathedral, I met a funeral procession of nothing but roses with black "weeds," and white handkerchiefs, and, ah!—on the bier lay the early plucked rose with which I had become acquainted on the bosom of the little harp-maiden. She now looked far gentler, but all snow-white—a white-rose corpse. They set down the coffin in a little chapel; where there was nothing but weeping and sighing, and finally an old hell'e'bore, got up and delivered a long funeral sermon, in which he said much of the virtues of the departed, of this earthly vale of tears which availeth naught, of a better being, of Love, Hope, and Faith, all in a nasal singing tone, a well watered oration, and so long and long winded, that I at last awoke.

* Loose-strife—*lysimachia stricta*. In the original HEINE, makes these quarrelling flowers to be *Masliebchen*—which means maple-daisy, or marsh-marigold.

CHAPTER XXII.

My *vetturino* had harnessed his horses in advance of Phœbus, and we reached Ala before dinner time. Here the *vetturine* are accustomed to stop a few hours and change horses.

Ala is a real Italian nest of a place. It is picturesquely situated on the slope of a mountain, a river ripples past it, and pleasant green vines flourish here and there, amid the stuck-together beggar palaces, which hang one over the other. On a corner of the warped market-house, no bigger than a hen-coop, is inscribed in great imposing letters : *Piazza di San Marco*. On the stone fragment of a massive coat of arms of an ancient, noble family, sat a little boy, manifesting in his need, any thing but respect for the relic. The clear sunlight shone on his naïve nudity, and he held in his hand a picture of a saint, which he devoutly kissed. A little girl—beautiful as a statue, stood by in rapt attention, blowing at times an accompaniment on a penny trumpet.

The tavern where I dined was thoroughly Italian. Above on the first story was a full gallery looking towards the court-yard, in which lay broken wagons and yearning piles of manure, and wherein were turkeys with ridiculous red wattles, and beggarly proud peacocks, besides half a dozen ragged sun-burnt children, who were aiding in the mutual improvement of their capillary attractions after the Bell and Lancasterian methods. By means of this balcony, I passed by the broken iron balustrade into a broad, echoing chamber. The floor was of marble, in the midst stood a great bed on which fleas were consummating their nuptials, while on every side was all the magnificence of dirt. The host leaped here and there to fulfil my commands. He wore a violently green frock coat, and a manifoldly moving countenance in which was a humpbacked nose, on the centre of which sat a red wart, which reminded me of a red-coated monkey on a camel's back. He sprang hither and thither, and it seemed to me as though the red monkey were leaping about in like manner. He was an hour in bringing any thing, and when I rated him soundly for it, he assured me on his word that I spoke Italian admirably.

I was obliged to content myself for a long time with the agreeable perfume of roast meat, which was wafted towards me from the doorless kitchen just opposite, in which the mother and daughter sat side by side, singing and plucking chickens. The first was remarkably corpulent, with breasts which sprang boldly outward and yet were still

diminutive as compared to the colossal antitype, so that the one reminded me of the "Institutes" of the Roman Law, while the other seemed their enlargement in the Pandects. The daughter, a by no means very large, but still stoutly built person, was also inclined to corpulency, but her rosy fatness was by no means to be compared to the ancient tallow of the mother. Her features were not soft, not enchanting with the charms of youth, but still beautifully cut, noble and antique; the eyes and hair of brilliant black. The mother on the contrary had flat, stumpy features, a rosy-red nose, blue eyes which looked like violets boiled in milk and lily-white powdered hair. Now and then *il Signor padre* came leaping in and asked for this or that dish or implement, when he was advised in calm recitative to look for it himself. Then he smacked with his tongue, hunted in the drawer, tasted from the boiling pot, burned his mouth, and hopped again out, and with him his camel nose and the red monkey on it. And behind him rang forth merry trills, like pleasant mockery and family joking.

But a thunder stroke suddenly interrupted this agreeable and almost idyllic family scene, as a square built fellow with a lowering murderous face leaped in, and screamed something that I did not understand. As both the women made emphatic gestures of denial, he became insane with rage, spitting fire and flame like an ill-natured young Vesuvius. The landlady seemed to be in trouble, and whispered assuaging words, which had however a contrary effect, so that the raging wretch seized an iron shovel, smashed divers unfortunate plates and bottles, and would have struck down the unfortunate woman, had not the daughter grasped a long kitchen knife and threatened to run him through, unless he at once vanished.

It was a beautiful sight—that of the girl standing there sallow and pale, and petrified with rage, like a marble statue, her very lips pale, the eyes deep and death-like, a blue swollen vein crossing her brow, the black locks twining around it like snakes, a bloody knife in her hand,—I trembled with delight, for I fancied that I saw before me the image of Medea, as I have often dreamed her in my youthful nights when I have fallen to sleep on the dear bosom of Melpomene, the darkly beautiful goddess.

While all this was going on, the *Signor padre* never once ran off his track, but with habitual busy calmness picked up the shurds from the soil, collected the plates which yet remained alive, and brought me first, soup with Parmesan cheese, roast meat, hard and solid as German honesty, crabs red as love, spinach green as hope, with eggs; and for dessert, onions which brought tears of emotion to

my eyes. "Its nothing—its only Pietro's way," said he, as I glanced in wonder towards the kitchen, and in fact after the great cause of all the difficulty had made himself scarce, it seemed as if nothing had happened; mother and daughter singing calmly as before, as they sat and plucked chickens.

The bill convinced me that the Signor padre also understood the sublime art of "plucking," and when I in addition to his demand also gave him a *buono mano*, he bowed in such estatic delight that the red monkey nearly fell from its seat. Then I nodded in a friendly manner into the kitchen, received as friendly a salute in return, quickly jumped into the coach, drove rapidly along the plains of Lombardy, and arrived about evening in the ancient, world-renowned town Verona.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE varied power of new appearances moved me only dimly and forebodingly in Trent, like the tremor of a legend; but, in Verona, I was seized by a mighty feverish dream full of hot colors, accurately designed forms, ghostly trumpet clang, and the far away roar of weapons. Many a dark old palace stared on me as though it would confide to me some ancient secret, and withheld it only on account of the officious crowd of every-day mortals, begging me to come again by night. Yet, despite the tumult of the throng and the wild sun which cast over me its red light, here and there some dark old tower whispered to me some deeply significant word; here and there I overheard the murmurings of broken columns, and as I passed along a small flight of steps which led to the *Piazza de Signori*, the stones narrated to me a fearfully bloody story, and I read on the corner the words—*Scala mazzanti*.

Verona, the ancient world-renowned city, situated on both sides of the Adige, has been in all ages the first halting place for the great German emigrations of tribes who left their cold Northern forests and crossed the Alps, to rejoice in the golden sunshine of pleasant Italy. Some went further on—others were well enough pleased with the place itself, and made themselves at home and comfortable in it, and put on their silk dressing-gowns and promenaded cheerfully among flowers and cypresses, until new comers, who still had on their iron garments, arrived from the North and crowded

them away—an oft-repeated tale, and one called by historians the emigration of races. If we wander through the district of Verona, we find startling traces of those days, as well as relics of an earlier and of a later age. The amphitheatre and the triumphal arch reminds us of the Roman age, the fabulous relics of so many Romanesque ante-gothic buildings, recall THEODORIC, that DIETRICH of BERN, of whom Germans yet sing and tell; mad fragments bring up ALBOIN and his raging Longobardi; legendary monuments speak of CAROLUS MAGNUS, whose paladins are chiselled on the gate of the Cathedral with the same frank roughness which characterized them in life; it all seems as though the town were a great tavern, and as people in inns are accustomed to write their names on walls and windows, so have the races who have travelled through Verona left in it traces of their presence; frequently, it is true, not in the most legible hand, since many a German tribe had not then learned to write, and was obliged to smash something by way of leaving its mark, which was also very well in its way, as these ruins which they made speak more intelligibly than the most elaborate writing. And the barbarians who now dwell in the old hostelrie will not fail to leave similar tokens of their presence, having neither poets or sculptors to hand down their memory to posterity.

I remained but one day in Verona, constantly marvelling at novel-ties, gazing at one time on the ancient buildings, at another on the human beings who thronged past in mysterious haste, and finally at the divinely blue heaven which limited the whole strange scene like a costly frame, and seemed to make of it a painting. But it is right queer when a man sticks himself into a picture which he has just been looking at, and is occasionally laughed at by his fellow figures, and by the female ones at that, as happened to me very pleasantly in the *Piazza delle Erbe*. / This place is the vegetable market, and there I found abundance of delightful forms, women and girls, longing, great-eyed faces, bodies in which one could dwell very comfortably, excitingly brunette-colored, naïvely dirty beauties, much better adapted to night than to day. The white or black veils which the city women wear, were so cunningly entwined around their breasts that they displayed more of the beautiful forms than they concealed. / The girls wore their hair in *chignons*, pierced with one or more golden arrows or silver rods terminated by an acorn. The peasant women generally wore small straw hats shaped like plates, with coquettish flowers on one side of the head. The dress of the men differed less

from that of our own, and only the immense black beard which came like bushes over their cravats was to me a little startling.

If we study these people more attentively, the men as well as the women, we find in their features as well as in their whole being the traces of a civilization which differs from our own in this, that it is evidently derived from the Roman times, and has only modified itself according to the character of the casual rulers of the land. Civilization has with them no new and startling features as among us, where the oaken trunk was first sawn, as it were, but yesterday, and where every thing smells of varnish. It seems as though this race in the *Piazza delle Erbe*, has during the course of time only changed clothes and language, while the spirit of their customs has undergone but little modification. The buildings which surround the place do not appear to have adapted themselves so well to the change of circumstances, but they do not look on us the less pleasantly, and their glance strangely moves the soul. There stand the high old palaces in Venetian-Lombard style, with countless balconies and smiling frescoes; in the midst rises a single monumental column, a fountain and the stone image of a saint; here we see a whimsical white and red striped Podesta, who rises behind a vast pillar gate—there we behold an old four-corner church tower, on which the hand of the clock is broken, and its figures half obliterated, so that even time seems destroying itself—and over all rests that romantic enchantment which breathes so pleasantly over us from the fantastic poems of LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, or of LUDOVICO TRECK.

Near this place is a house, which, on account of a hat which is chiselled in stone over the inner door, is supposed to be the palace of the Capulets. It is now a dirty inn for wagoners and coachmen, and has for a sign, a red-painted leaden hat, full of holes. Not far off, in a church, they show the chapel in which, according to the legend, the unfortunate lovers were married. A poet gladly visits such places, even when he himself laughs at the easy superstition of his heart. I found in this chapel a solitary woman—a care-worn, faded being—who, after long kneeling and praying, arose, sighing, gazed strangely on me with a sickly, silent glance, and finally tottered weakly away.

The tombs of the SCALIGERI are also near the *Piazza delle Erbe*. They are as wonderfully splendid, and it is a pity that they should stand in a narrow corner, where they must crowd together to take up as little room as possible, and where there remains but little space for the visitor to behold them aright. It seems as though we saw in this an historical comparison. The race of the SCALIGERI fills

but a small corner in Italian history, but that corner is crowded with deeds of daring, splendid plans, and all the magnificence of pride. And we find them on their monuments as in history—proud iron knights, on iron steeds, and among them, surpassing in splendor, CAN GRANDE, the uncle, and MASTINO, the nephew.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MUCH has been said of the amphitheatre of Verona; it is large enough to give space to many remarks, and there is no remark which may not find a space in it. It is built altogether in that earnest, practical style, whose beauty consists of perfect solidity, and which like all public buildings of the Romans, breathes out a spirit which is nothing else save the spirit of Rome itself. And Rome? Who is so soundly ignorant, that his heart does not beat at the mention of this name, and whose soul is not at least thrilled by a traditional terror? For myself I confess that my feelings are rather those of fear than pleasure, when I reflect that I shall soon tread on the lair of old Rome itself. "Old Rome is long dead," said I, soothingly to myself, "and thou wilt have the pleasure of regarding her fair corpse, without danger. But then the Falstaffian thought came into my head: "What if she were not as yet really dead, and has only feigned to be so, and should suddenly arise—the thought is terrible."

When I visited the amphitheatre, comedy was being played in it; a little wooden stage was erected in its midst, on which all sorts of Italian harlequinry was being acted, and the spectators sat partly on little chairs and partly on the high stone benches of the ancient amphitheatre. There I too sat and saw Brighella's and Tartaglia's mock fighting, on the same spot where the Romans once sat and gazed on their battles of gladiators and wild beasts. The heaven above me with its crystal-blue shell was still the same as of old. Little by little it grew dark, the stars shimmered out, Truffaldino* laughed, Smeraldina wailed, and finally Pantaloon came and joined their hands. The multitude clapped their approbation, and went their way rejoicing. The whole play had not cost one drop of blood. But it was only a *play*. But the plays of the Romans were no plays,

*Those familiar with the "Fantasies of CALLOT," will have an accurate idea of the characters and appearance of these popular buffo-individuals.—[*Note by Translator.*]

these men could never have satiated their souls with mockeries, they lacked that child-like cheerfulness of soul; and according to their stern natures, they manifested in their sports the harshest, bloodiest earnestness. They were not great men, but by their position they were greater than all the other children of earth—for they stood on Rome. When they descended from the Seven Hills, they were again small. Hence the littleness which we discover in their private life; in *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, those palimpsests of nature, where the original old stone text is again brought to life, showing the traveller Roman life in little houses, with diminutive rooms, which contrast so singularly with those colossal buildings, which set forth their public life, and those theatres, aqueducts, fountains, highways, and bridges, whose ruins still awake our wonder. And this is just it—the Greeks were great in the idea of Art, the Hebrews in the idea of a holiest God, and the Romans in the idea of their eternal Rome, wherever it was by them fought, written, or built. The greater Rome became the more she extended this idea, the individual was lost in it, the great who rose above it were still borne along by it, and it makes the littleness of the little still more apparent. On this account the Romans were at the same time the greatest heroes and the greatest satirists—heroes while they acted and thought of Rome, satirists if they thought of Rome and judged of the deeds of their cotemporaries. Measured by such an enormous standard as the greatness of Rome, the greatest personality must have appeared dwarflike and even have attracted mockery. *TACITUS* is the grimmest of masters in this satire, because he, more than any other, felt in his soul the grandeur of Rome and the littleness of men. He is gloriously in his element whenever he can tell us what slanderous tongues prattled in the forum over some deed of imperial infamy; and fiercely delighted when he has an opportunity of detailing some senatorial scandal or some abject flattery which missed its mark.

I remained walking for a long time on the upper benches of the amphitheatre, dreaming my way back into the dim past. As all buildings reveal most clearly in twilight their inner spirit, so did these walls whisper to me in their fragmentary lapidary style, the most mysterious things—for they spoke of the men of old Rome, and it seemed to me that I beheld their spirits wandering far below me like white shadows in the darkened circus. I seemed to see the Greeks with their inspired martyr eyes! "*TIBERIUS SEMPRONIUS*!" cried I, aloud—"I will vote with thee for the Agrarian law!" And I saw *CÆSAR* too, wandering arm-in-arm with *MARCUS BRUTUS*." "Are ye

again reconciled?" I cried "We both believed that we were in the right," laughed CÆSAR up to me. "I knew not that a Roman still existed, and therefore thought myself justified in putting Rome in my pocket—and because my son MARCUS was just this Roman, he thought himself justified in making way with me." Behind the two glided TIBERIUS NERO with cloud-like limbs and undetermined mien. And there were women too, in the spectral throng; among them AGRIPPINA, with beautiful imperial features, like those of an antique statue, and on which the traces of pain seemed petrified. "Whom seekest thou, daughter of Germanicus!" Scarcely had I heard her wail, ere there rolled over all the heavy tones of a vesper-bell, and the horrible drumming of the evening roll call. The proud Roman spirits passed away, and I found myself once more in the Austrian Christian present age.

CHAPTER XXV.

As soon as it is dark the *beau monde* of Verona promenades on the place *La Bra*, or sits there on little chairs before the cafes, sipping sherbet, and evening air and music. It is right pleasant sitting there—the dreaming heart cradles itself in soft tones, and rings back in echo to them. Often, as if reeling with sleep, it trembles when the trumpets re-echo and join in with full orchestra. Then the soul is again revived as with fresh sunshine, great flowering feelings and memories with vast black eyes come blooming up, and over them sweep thoughts like trains of clouds, proud, and slowly and eternally.

I wandered until midnight through the streets of Verona. Little by little they were deserted and re-echoed strangely. In the half moon light, the buildings and their armaments glimmered strangely, and many a marble face looked pale and painfully upon me. I walked quickly past the tombs of the SCALIGERI, for it seemed to me as though CAN GRANDE, courteous as ever towards poets—would descend from his horse, and accompany me as guide. "Still where thou art," I cried, "I need thee not. My heart is the best guide and tells all that passes in the houses, and excepting names and dates, tells them truly enough."

As I came to the Roman triumphal gate, there swept through it a black monk, and far in the distance sounded a rumbling German

“*Werda?*” (Who goes there?) “Good friend,” answered a laughing soprano.

But what woman’s voice was that which thrilled so strangely sweet through my soul, as I ascended the *Scala Mazzanti*? It was a song which echoed as if from a dying nightingale—death-delicately—and which seemed to cry to the very stone walls for aid. On this spot, ANTONIO DELLA SCALA murdered his brother BARTOLOMEO, as the latter went to meet his lady-love. And my heart told me that she sat in her chamber awaiting her beloved, and sang to drown forboding fears. But soon the song and air seemed to me so strangely familiar—I had before heard those silken, fearful, bleeding tones; they twined around me soft, tearful memories, and—oh thou stupid heart, said I to myself, hast thou then forgotten the song of the sick Moorish king sung to thee so often by the dead MARIA? And the voice itself—knowest thou no longer the voice of the dead MARIA?

The long drawn notes followed me through every street, into the hotel *Due Torre*—into my bed-room—into my dream. And there I saw once more my sweet, dead life, lying beautiful and motionless, the old washerwoman stole away, with a meaning side-glance, the night-violet breathed out its perfume, I again kissed the lovely lips, and the dear corpse slowly arose to offer again a kiss.

If I only knew what it was that blew out the light!

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Knowest thou the land where the bright lemon blows?”

KNOWEST thou the song? All Italy is sketched in it, but in the sighing tones of longing and desire. GOETHE in his Italian Journey has sung it more in detail, and whenever *he* paints, he always has the original before his eyes, and we can rely on the truthfulness, both of outline and of coloring. And I find it appropriate to speak here, once for all, of GOETHE’s Italian Journey, and I do this the more willingly, since he made the same tour from Verona through the Tyrol. I have already spoken of that work before I was personally familiar with its subject, and I now find my presentiment as to its merits fully established. Everywhere in it we find a practical comprehension and the calm repose of nature. GOETHE holds the mirror up to—or to speak more accurately—is himself the mirror of nature. Nature wished to know how she looked, and therefore created GOETHE.)

He even reflects the thoughts and intentions of nature, and we should not judge harshly of some enthusiastic "Goethian" especially in the dog-days, if he is at times so astonished at the identity of the object mirrored with its original, that he ascribes to the mirror a power of creating similar objects. A certain MR. ECKERMANN once wrote a book on GOETHE, in which he solemnly assures us that if the LORD on creating the world had said to GOETHE, "dear GOETHE, I am now, the Lord be praised, at an end. I have created everything except the birds and the trees, and you would oblige me by getting up these trifles for me"—then GOETHE would have finished them all in the spirit of the original design,—the birds with feathers, and the trees of a green color.

There is some truth in all this, and I even believe that in some particulars GOETHE could have given the LORD a few valuable hints as to the improvement of certain articles, and would, for instance, have created HERR ECKERMANN much more correctly by covering him with green feathers.* It is at least a pity that a tuft of green feathers does not grow out of ECKERMANN'S head, and GOETHE did in fact strive to remedy the defect as far as possible, by writing to Jena for a doctor's hat, and by placing it with his own hands on his admirer's poll.

Next to GOETHE'S Italian Journey, I would commend LADY MORGAN'S "Italy," and the "Corinna" of MADAME DE STAEL. What these ladies lack in talent they make up in the manliness of thought, which is wanting in the great poet. For LADY MORGAN has spoken like a man—she spoke scorpions to the hearts of brazen hirelings, and sweet were the notes of this fluttering nightingale of freedom. Of like nature—as many well know—was MADAME DE STAEL, an amiable *vivandière* in the liberal army, who ran courageously through the ranks of the combatants with her bits of enthusiasm, strengthening the weary, and fighting with them too—better than the best.

As for descriptions of Italian towns, WILLIAM MÜLLER gave us a review of them some time since in "Hermes." Among the older German writers in this line, the most distinguished in genius or originality are MORITZ, ARCHENHOLTZ, BARTELS, the BRAVE SEUME, ARNDT, MEYER, BENKOWITZ, and REHFUS. I know but little of the more recent tourists, and I have derived from them but little pleasure or profit. Among these I may mention the "Rome, the Romans, and the Roman Women" of the too early deceased W. MÜLLER—ah! he

* *A la poll-parrot?*

was a German poet!—then the journey of KEPHALIDES—which is a little dry; LESMANN'S "Cisalpine Leaves"—which is a little too watery, and finally, the "Tours in Italy, since 1822, of FREDERICK THIERSCH, LUDWIG SCHORN, EDWARD GERHARDT, and LEO VON KLENZE." Only the first part of this work has as yet appeared, and it consists principally of contributions from my dear and noble-hearted friend, THIERSCH, whose humane glance is evident in every line.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

Know'st thou the land where the bright lemon blows?
'Mid dark green leaves the golden orange glows,
A gentle breeze sweeps o'er its happy lands.
Calm lies the myrtles—high the laurel stands.
Knowest thou it well?

Oh there, oh there, with thee,
How glad were I, loved one, to wander free.

ONLY don't go in the beginning of August, when you are liable to be roasted by the sun during the day, and to be devoured by fleas at night. And I moreover counsel thee, thou best of readers, not to travel from Verona to Milan in the post coach.

I rode in company with six bandits, in an unwieldy, bumping carozza, which on account of the all-prevailing dust was so carefully shut up, that I could see but little of the beauty of the scenery. Only twice ere we gained Brescia, did my neighbor lift the side leather curtain in order to spit. The first time he did this, I saw nothing but some perspiring fir-trees, which in their green, winter over-coats seemed to suffer greatly from the sultry summer heat;—the second time I saw a fragment of a wondrous clear blue lake, wherein the sun and a lean grenadier mirrored themselves. The latter of the pair—an Austrian Narcissus—gazed admiringly and joyfully at the accuracy with which his reflections imitated all his movements, when he presented, shouldered, or aimed with his gun.

I have but little to tell of Brescia, as I occupied myself during the time of my "residence" there in eating a good luncheon. No one can

* FREDERICK THIERSCH, well known from his contributions to the knowledge of the Greek language and art, and to æsthetics. The translator, who was while in Germany a pupil of THIERSCH, trusts that he will not be accused of undue intrusion in warmly assenting to HEINE'S commendation of one, whom he, (the translator,) has also learned to esteem and admire.

blame a poor traveller for satisfying bodily hunger in preference to the spiritual. Still I was conscientious enough, ere I re-entered the coach to inquire a few particulars relative to the town from a waiter, and learned of him that Brescia contained among other things, forty thousand inhabitants, one town hall, twenty-one coffee houses, twenty catholic churches, a madhouse, a synagogue, a menagerie, a house of correction, a hospital, an equally good theatre, and a gallows for those thieves who steal less than one hundred thousand dollars.

I arrived about midnight in Milan, and went to HERR REICHMANN'S—a German whose hotel is fitted up entirely in the German manner. It was the best inn in all Italy, said certain friends whom I there met, and who had mournful tales to relate relative to Italian swindling and taking in. Especially did SIR WILLIAM curse as he assured me that if Europe is the head of the world, Italy is its bump of theft. The poor baronet had been obliged to pay in the *Locanda Croce bianco* at Padua not less than twelve francs for a poor breakfast, and at Vicenza some wretch of a waiter had demanded a gratuity for picking up for him a glove, just dropped from his coach. His cousin TOM said that all Italians are rogues, except that they do not steal. Had he been more attractive, he might have said the same of their women. The third in the party was a MR. LIVER whom I had left as a young calf in Brighton, and whom I now found a *bœuf à la mode* in Milan. He was dressed entirely as a dandy, and I have never met a mortal who better knew how to bring out the corners, with his figure. When he stuck his thumbs into his vest armlets he made nothing but angles—his very mouth folded up square as a brick. Withal he had a square head, small behind, pointed above, with a low forehead, and a very long chin. Among the English acquaintances whom I met in Milan was LIVER'S corpulent aunt, who seemed like an avalanche of fat, which had rolled down from the Alps in company with two snow-white, snow-cold winter geese, MISS POLLY and MISS MOLLY.

Do not accuse me, dear reader, of Anglomania, should I very frequently speak of English people in this book. They are too numerous in Italy not to be mentioned; they sweep over the land in swarms, they lodge in every inn, crowd every where to see every thing, and it is impossible to imagine an Italian orange blossom without thinking of some pretty English girl smelling at it, or a picture gallery without a mob of Englishmen, who, guide-book in hand, go rushing around to make certain that every thing is there which is described in their guide-books. When we see this blonde, red-cheeked race

with their shining coaches, many-colored lackeys, neighing blood-horses, green veiled chamber-maids, and other costly apparatus, inquisitive and ornamented, sweeping over the Alps, and through Italy, we can imagine that we see an elegant invasion. And in fact, the son of Albion, albeit he wears clean linen and pays cash down for every thing, is a civilized barbarian as compared with the Italian, who indicates a civilization now passing into barbarism. The former shows a suppressed rudeness, the latter a neglected refinement. And even the pale Italian faces, with the suffering white of their eyes, and their sickly delicate lips—how silently aristocratic do they seem as compared to stiff British faces with their vulgar ruddy health. The whole Italian race is internally sick, and sick people are invariably more refined than the robust, for only the sick man is really a man, his limbs have a history of suffering, they are spiritualized. I believe that by suffering, animals could be made human; I have seen a dying hound who in his last agonies gazed on me with the glance of a man.

The suffering expression of the Italians is most visible when we speak to them of the misfortunes of their country, and in Milan there is plenty of opportunity for that. *That* is the sharpest wound in the breast of an Italian, and it quivers and twitches when touched ever so lightly. They have on such occasions a peculiar shrug of the shoulders which inspires in me a strange pity. One of my Britons regarded the Italians as being politically indifferent, because they seemed to listen with equanimity, when we strangers chatted on the catholic emancipation and the Turkish war; and he was unjust enough to say as much, mockingly, to a pale Italian with a jet black beard. We had the previous evening seen the *debut* of a new opera in *La Scala*, and witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm which a first success excites. "You Italians," said the Englishman, "appear to be dead to every thing save music, which is the only thing that seems to excite you." "You do us injustice," said the pale one, shrugging his shoulders, "Ah!" sighed he—"Italy sits elegiacally dreaming on her ruins, and when she is at times suddenly awakened by the melody of a song and springs wildly up, this sudden inspiration is not due to the song itself, but rather to the ancient memories and feelings which the song has awakened—which Italy has ever borne in her heart, and which now mightily gush forth—and this is the meaning of the wild tumult which you have heard in *La Scala*."

Perhaps this confession also explains the enthusiasm which ROSINI'S or MEYERBEER'S operas have every where produced on the other

side of the Alps. If I ever in my life saw human madness it was at a representation of the *Crociato in Egitto*, when the music frequently underwent a sudden transition from soft wailing tones to wild active pain. Such madness is termed by Italians : *furore*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALTHOUGH I have here, dear reader—the Brera and Ambrosiana being in my way—a glorious opportunity to serve up views on art, I will still suffer this cup to pass away from you, contenting myself with the remark that I have observed the pointed chin, which gives such a sentimental impression to so many pictures of the Lombard school, on many a pretty Lombardess in the streets of Milan. It has always been marvellously comforting and edifying to me when an opportunity presented itself to compare the works of a school with the originals which served as its models; for thus I more accurately appreciated its character. Thus in the great fair of Rotterdam, the divine geniality of JAN STEEN was suddenly revealed to me; and thus at a later date I learned on *Lung v'Arno* the truth of form and the effective spirit of the Florentines, while in San Marco I caught the truth of colour and the dreamy superficiality of the Venetians. Go to Rome, my dear soul—go to Rome—and there perhaps you may rise to a perception of the ideal and to the appreciation of Raphael.

However there is one marvel at Milan—and by long odds the greatest—which I cannot leave unnoted—that is the Cathedral.

From a distance it looks as though cut from white note paper, and when near it the observer is startled to find that this lace-like scissoring is all of undeniable white marble. The countless images of saints, which cover the entire building, which peep forth under little Gothic baldachins, and which rise from every point, form a petrified multitude which well nigh bewilders our senses. Yet if we study the entire work a while longer, we find that it is right pretty, colossally neat, a play thing for giant children. But it appears best in the midnight moonshine, for then all the white stone-men come thronging solemnly adown from their height, and sweep together over the place and whisper an old legend in our ear—a strange, secret tale of GALEAZZO VISCONTI, who begun the Cathedral, and of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, who at a later day continued it.

“D’ye see”—said to me a singular looking saint who had evidently

been but recently manufactured from bran new marble, "d'ye see, my old friends here cannot understand why the EMPEROR NAPOLEON worked away so industriously at the Cathedral. But I flatter myself that I have seen into the matter. He knew perfectly well that this great stone house was at any rate a very useful building, and that it might be used when Christianity has gone out of date."

"When Christianity has gone out of date!"—I was fairly frightened to hear that there were *saints* who talked this way in Italy, and that in a place where Austrian sentinels with bear-skin caps and knapsacks were marching up and down. Any how the old stone chap was right, for the interior of the Cathedral is pleasant and cool in summer and cheerful and agreeable, and will be worth something, do what they will with it.

The completion of this Cathedral was one of NAPOLEON's favorite ideas, and he was not wide of the mark when his power came to an end. The Austrians are now carrying it on. They are also working at the celebrated triumphal arch which is to conclude the Simplon road, though of course NAPOLEON's statue will not be placed on the summit of the arch, as was originally determined. At all events, the great Emperor has left behind him a monument which is better and more durable than marble, and which no Austrian can hide from observation. Long after the rest of us ordinary mortals have been mowed down by the scythe of Time, and have been blown away like chaff of the field, that statue monument will remain unscathed; new races will rise from the earth, will gaze bewildered on the image and pass away again to earth;—and Time, incapable of injuring the form, will seek to involve it in legendary myths, and its tremendous history will finally be a myth.

Perhaps after thousands of years some wonderfully shrewd school-master in a fearfully profound dissertation will prove beyond cavil, that NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was identical with that other Titan who stole fire from the gods, and who for this trespass was chained to a solitary rock in the midst of the sea, as a prey to a vulture, which day by day gnawed away at his heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

My excellent friend and reader, I sincerely hope that you will not mistake me for an unconditional Bonapartist; my adoration is entirely for the genius and not for the deeds of the man. I love him beyond all limit up to the eighteenth *Brumaire*—when he betrayed freedom. And this he did, not from necessity, but from a secret predilection for aristocracy. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was an aristocrat, a noble enemy of middle class equality, and it was an enormous mistake and misunderstanding when the European aristocracy, represented by England, made such deadly war on him; for although he intended to introduce a few changes into the *personnel* of this aristocracy, he still wished to uphold the majority of them and their actual principle; he would have regenerated this aristocracy which now, after its last and certainly final victory, lies exhausted by age, loss of blood and weariness.

Dear reader! let us here, once and for all, understand one another. I never praise the *dead*, but the human soul whose garment the deed is, and history is nothing but the soul's old wardrobe. But love sometime loves old hats and coats, and even so do I love the cloak of Marengo.

"We are on the battle field of Marengo!" How my heart laughed as the postillion said this. I was in company with a very gentlemanly Lieflander, who rather played the Russian the evening before we had left Milan, and the next morning we saw the sun rise over the famed field of battle.

It was here that General Bonaparte drank so mighty a draught from the goblet of renown, that in his intoxication he became Consul, Emperor, World-conqueror, and first grew sober at St. Helena. And it fared no better with us who also got tipsy with him, dreamed the same wild dreams, awoke in the same manner, and now in all the misery of soberness are making all sorts of reasonable reflections. And it often seems to us as if warlike reputation were an old-fashioned, out-of-date sort of pleasure, for under Napoleon, a battle attained its acme of significance, and he was perhaps the last of the conquerors.

It really seems as though more spiritual than material interests were now being fought out, and as though universal history were no longer a robber-legend, but a ghost story. The grand lever which

ambitious and avaricious princes were once wont to employ so industriously—that is to say, nationality, with all its vanity and hatred, is now musty and used up; day by day the ridiculous prejudices of races are disappearing; all harsh peculiarities are disappearing in the universality of European civilization, there are no longer nations but parties, and it is wonderful to behold how these, despite the most varied colours, recognize each other, and make themselves mutually intelligible, notwithstanding the difference of language. As there is a *material* policy of States, so there is also a spiritual party-policy; and as the States' policy would quickly bring to a general, zealous European war, the smallest strife which should spring up between the smallest powers, where interest is the governing principle, so on the other hand, the smallest strife could not take place, in which, owing to the party-policy already alluded to, the general spiritual tendencies and meanings would not be at once understood, and by which the most distant and heterogeneous parties would find themselves compelled to take side *pro* or *contra*.

On account of this party-policy, which I call a spiritual-policy, because its interests are more spiritual and its *ultima rationes* not metallic, they now form, as if by the medium of the States' policy, two great masses opposed to each other, fighting with glance and word. The watchwords and representatives of these two great parties change day by day—there is no lack of confusion—the greatest misunderstandings often arise, and these are often rather increased than explained by the authors, who form the diplomatists of the spiritual party; but though heads may err, hearts still feel what they need, and time presses on with her great question.

But what is the great question of the age?

It is that of emancipation. Not simply the emancipation of the Irish, Greeks, Frankfort Jews, West Indian negroes, and other oppressed races, but the emancipation of the whole world, and especially that of Europe, which has attained its majority and now tears itself loose from the iron leading-strings of a privileged aristocracy. A few philosophical renegades from freedom may forge, if they will, for us the most elaborate chains of conclusions, to prove that millions of men are born to be beasts of burden for a few thousand nobles, but they will never convince us until they make it clear, to borrow the expression of Voltaire, that the former are born with saddles on their backs, and the latter with spurs on their heels.

Every age has its problem, whose solution advances the world. The earlier inequality established by the feudal system in Europe,

was perhaps necessary, or a necessary condition of the advance of humanity; but now it impedes the latter, and represses the pulsations of the civilized heart. The French, who are pre-eminently the race of social intercourse, have necessarily suffered most from this inequality which grates so harshly against the principles of sociability, they have sought to force equality by gently nipping off those heads which persisted in rising above the rest, and their revolution was the signal for a war of independence for the whole world.

Honour to the French!—they have taken good care of the two greatest needs of human society—of good eating and citizenly equality; they have made the greatest advances in cookery and in freedom, and if it ever comes to pass that we all hold together one grand dinner of jolly good-fellowship—and on this earth there is nothing better than an assembly of peers at a well-spread table—we will give the Frenchmen the first toast. It will be some time I know before this grand feast comes off, and before emancipation is finished up,—but it is bound to come, this blessed time, when we, all reconciled and on a par, will sit together around the same table. Then in union we will fight against other evils of the world, perhaps at last against death itself—death, whose stern system of equality is not, to say the worst, so oppressive as the smiling theory of *inequality* held by aristocracy.

Laugh not, thou later reader. Every age believes that its battle is the most important—this is the true creed of the time in which it lives and dies, and we, too, will live and die in this religion of freedom, which perhaps better deserves the name of religion than the hollow, long dead soul-spectre which we have qualified by that name. Our holy battle seems to us to be by far the mightiest ever yet fought on earth, though a historical presentiment tells us that our descendants will look down on this strife with perhaps the same indifference with which we regard the combats of the first men who fought against quite as terrible monsters, dragons and robber giants.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON the battle-field of Marengo, reflections come flying around in such flocks that one can almost believe that they are the same which many travellers have suddenly abandoned there in a hurry, and which now go sweeping about. I love battle-fields; for, terrible as war is, it still sets forth the spiritual greatness of man, who has gone so far as to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—Death. And just so with this battle plain, where Freedom danced on blood-roses her wanton bridal measures. For, in those days, France was a bridegroom who had invited all the world to a wedding, and then, as the song says,

Hurrah! upon the bridal eve,
In merry joke, for pots, they broke
Aristocratic heads.

But, alas! every inch which humanity advances costs streams of blood; and is not that paying rather dear? Is not the life of the individual worth as much as that of the entire race? For every single man is a world which is born and which dies with him; beneath every grave-stone lies a world's history. "Be silent," Death would say, "as to those who lie here,"—but *we* still live, and will fight on in the holy battle for the freedom of humanity.

"Who now thinks of Marengo?" said my travelling companion, the Liefland Russian, as we rode over the fallow field. "At present all eyes are turned towards the Balkan, where my countryman, DIEBITSCH, is fitting the turbans to the Turk's head—and you'll see that we'll take Constantinople this very year. Are you for Russia?"

This was a question which I had rather have answered anywhere but on the field of Marengo. I saw, in the morning mists, the man in the little cocked hat and the gray cloak of battle—he darted onwards, swift as a spirit, and far in the distance rang a terribly sweet "*Allons enfans de la patrie.*" Yet, notwithstanding all this, I answered, "Yes, I am sound as to Russia."

And in fact, in the wonderful change of watchwords and of representatives in the great battle, it has come to such a pitch that the most enthusiastic friend of revolution can only see the safety of the world in the victory of Russia, and must regard the Czar Nicholas as the gonfaloniere of freedom. Singular mutation! Two years ago we cast the robe of this noble office upon an English minister. The howl of high Tory hatred against George Canning led our choice; in

the noble, humiliating sufferings which he endured, we saw guarantees of his fidelity, and as he died the death of a martyr, we put on mourning, and the eighth of August became a sacred day in the calendar of freedom. But we took the flags from Downing street and planted them anew in St. Petersburg, and chose for our standard-bearer the Emperor NICHOLAS, the Knight of Europe, who protected Greek widows and orphans against Asiatic barbarians, and who in that brave battle won his spurs. Again the enemies of freedom had betrayed themselves, and we again availed ourselves of the shrewdness of their hatred to learn what was for our own benefit. Again the wonted vision came to view, that we owed our representatives more to the elective majority of our enemies than to our own choice; and as we gazed on the marvellously assorted multitude who sent forth their best wishes to Heaven for the safety of Turkey, and for the destruction of Russia, we quickly found out who was our friend—or, rather, who was the terror of our foe. How the blessed Lord in Heaven must have laughed, when he listened to the cotemporary prayers of WELLINGTON, the Grand Mufti, the Pope, ROTHSCHILD I., METTERNICH, and an endless mess of little nobles, stock-jobbers, priests and Turks, and all for one and the same thing—the safety of the Crescent!

What the alarmists have fabled over the danger to which we are exposed by the overgrowth of Russia, is rank nonsense. We Germans, at least, have nothing to risk—a greater or less degree of servitude need not concern us, when the greatest of blessings, the being set free from the relics of feudalism and of priesthood is at stake. They threaten us with the dominion of the knout, but I for one will gladly take a little thrashing if I can only know for a certainty that our enemies will get their share of it. But I will bet that they will go as of old, fawning and wheedling up to the new powers that be, graciously smiling and proffering the most shameless services, and if it happens that they once for all must be knouted, they will condition for the privilege of a knout of honour—just as a nobleman in Siam, when punished, is stuck into a silken bag and is beaten with perfumed rods, while the criminal citizen is put into a common linen sack, and has his blows laid on with a stick utterly devoid of a sweet smelling savour. Well, we will grant them this privilege (since it is the only one) if they are only well whipped, and especially the English nobility. People may recall, if they please, and as much as they please, that it was this very nobility which forced from despotism the Magna Charta, and that England, despite all her maintenance

of social inequality, has ever secured the personal liberty of the subject, and that that country was a place of refuge for free souls when despotism subdued the entire continent; those are *tempi passati!* England, with her aristocracy, is graduall y sinking; independent spirits have now a better place of refuge, and if all Europe become a single prison, there would still be another hole for escape, I mean AMERICA, and God be praised! that hole is larger than all the prison itself.

But these are all ridiculous whimsies, for if any one compares England and Russia, with a view to freedom, no doubt remains as to which is the right side to choose. Freedom has sprung in England from historical events—from privileges; in Russia, from principles. The results of those events—like the events themselves—bear the stamp of the middle ages; all England is congealed in mediæval, never to be rejuvenated institutions, behind which her aristocracy is entrenched, awaiting the death-struggle. But those principles from which Russian freedom sprung—or to speak more correctly, from which Russian freedom is daily developing itself, are the liberal ideas of our most recent times; the Russian government is penetrated through and through with these ideas; its unlimited absolutism is rather a dictatorship, by which those ideas will be brought directly to life. This government is not rooted in feudalism and priestcraft; it fights directly against the power of the nobles and of the church, for even Catharine limited the power of the church, and the Russian nobility exists by church service. Russia is a democratic state, I would gladly say, a Christian state, if I might be permitted to use this so often misused word in its sweetest and most cosmopolite sense, for the Russians, by the very extent of their realm, are freed from the narrow-mindedness of a heathenish national vanity; they are citizens of the world, lacking only five-sixths, since Russia embraces one-half dozenth of the inhabited globe.

And faith! when a German-Russian, like my travelling companion, plays the brag-patriot, and talks about “our Russia” and “our Diebitsch,” it seems to me as though I heard a herring calling the ocean his country and the whale his compatriot.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“I AM sound as to Russia;”—I said on the battle plain of Marengo, and quitted for a few minutes the coach, to offer up my morning devotions.

The sun came forth gloriously, genially, confidently from beneath a triumphal arch of colossal masses of clouds. But my soul was like the poor moon, which stood paling away in heaven. She had wandered on in her lonely course in the desolate night, where happy fortune slept, and only spectres, owls and felons carried on their dark vocations; and now, when the young day arose amid rays of rejoicing and fluttering flags of early morning flame, she must pass silently away—a single glance at the great world of light and she is lost in eternal mist.

“It will be a fine day,” cried my travelling companion, from the coach. “Yes—it *will* be a fine day,” slowly re-echoed my praying heart, as it trembled with grief and joy. Yes, it will be a beautiful day, the sun of freedom will warm the world with a more thrilling joy than that which comes from cold aristocratic stars;—there will spring up a new race, begotten in the embraces of free choice, and not in the bed of compulsion and under the control of clerical tax-gatherers; and with free-birth there will arise in mankind free thoughts and free feelings of which we—poor born serfs—have no conception. Oh! as little will they imagine how terrible was the night in which we lived and how cruel was our strife with terrible phantoms, gloomy owls, and hypocritical sinners! Ah, we poor warriors! who must waste our life in such battles, and are exhausted and pale when the day of victory dawns! The glow of sunrise will no more gild our cheeks and no longer warm our hearts—we must die like the fading moon. All too short is the measure of man’s allotted path, at whose end lies the pitiless grave.

I really do not know whether I deserve that a laurel wreath be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me only a holy plaything or a consecrated means whereby to attain a heavenly end. I have never attached much value to a poetic reputation, and I care little whether my songs are praised or found fault with. But ye may lay a sword on my coffin; for I was a brave soldier in the War of Freedom for Mankind.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DURING the noonday heat we sought shelter in a Franciscan monastery, situated on a lofty elevation, and which with its dark cypresses and white monks, peeped out like a holy shooting-box, looking down into the pleasant green vallies of the Apennines. Often in regarding these old churches, I know not which most to admire, the beauty of their vicinity, their great size, or the equally great and rock-like firm souls of their builders. They well knew that only their far-off descendants could complete the work; and yet they quietly laid the foundation stone, and calmly placed one stone upon another until death called them from the work, and other architects continued that work, and in turn were laid in the grave—all in unshaken belief in the eternity of the Catholic Church, and all equally assured of the same faith in the generations to come, who would build on where they had ceased to labour.

It was the faith of the age, and the old architects lived and sank to sleep in this faith. Now, they lie before the doors of their antique churches, and it is to be hoped that their slumbers may be sound, and that they may not be awakened by the laughter of the later age. And it would be a sad thing for them—particularly for those who are buried near old unfinished cathedrals—should they suddenly revive some night, and gaze by the cold sad moonlight on their unfinished day's work, and find that the time for finishing them had passed away, and that their whole life had been spent in vain.

Such is the voice of our own age, which has other problems and another faith.

I once, in Cologne, heard a little boy ask his mother why they did not finish the half-built cathedral. He was a pretty child, and I kissed his bright intelligent eyes; and, as his mother could give no answer to the question, I told him that now-a-days people had altogether different things to do.

On the summit of the Apennines, not far from Genoa, we behold the sea; between the green mountain peaks we catch glimpses of its blue waters, and ships which come forth here and there seem to sail strangely over the mountains. If we see this view during twilight, when the last rays of the sun begin playing a wondrous game with the earliest shades of evening, and when all hues and shapes twine dreamily together,—then a feeling as of old legends, steals over the

mind, the coach rolls along, the sweetest dreamiest shadows of the soul are revived, they tenderly greet, until at last in a vision we seem to be in Genoa.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THIS city is old without antiquity, narrow without home-like snugness, and ugly beyond description. It is built on a rock, at the foot of amphitheatre-like hills, which hold in their embrace the loveliest bosom of the sea. The Genoese have consequently from nature one of the best and securest of harbours. And, as the whole town stands on a single rock, the houses must, for the sake of room, be built very high, while the streets are very narrow, so that the latter are very dark and close, only two of them admitting carriages. But the houses are chiefly used by their inhabitants, who are principally merchants, as storehouses, and as sleeping places by night. During the whole trafficking day, they run about town or sit before their house-doors—I should say, *within* their house-doors—otherwise opposite neighbours would knock their knees together.

Seen from the sea-side, especially towards evening, the whole town gains in appearance. It lies there on the shore like the bleached skeleton of some castaway monstrous beast, dark ants which call themselves Genoese creep over it, blue waves dash it with foam, humming a lullaby, and the moon, the pale eye of night, looks down on it with sorrow.

In the garden of the Palazzo Doria the old sea-hero stands like a Neptune in a water-basin. But the statue is forlorn and mutilated, the fountain is dry, and sea-mews nestle amid the dark cypresses. Like a boy always thinking of play, I was at once reminded by the name of DORIA, of that of FREDERIC SCHILLER, the noblest, if not the greatest, of our German poets.

Though mostly in decay, the palaces of the once powerful lords of Genoa, the *nobili*, are still very beautiful, displaying an excess of magnificence. They are nearly all situated on the two great streets known as the *Strada nuova* and *Balbi*. Of these palaces, the *Durazzo* is the most remarkable. Here are many good pictures, among them PAUL VERONESE'S MARY MAGDALENE washing the feet of CHRIST. The Mary is so beautiful that were she alive she would be in danger of a second seduction. I stood a long time before her—

but ah! she did not look up. CHRIST stands there like a pious Hamlet—"Go to a nunnery!" Here I also found excellent Dutch paintings, and splendid works by RUBENS—the latter inspired to the fullest extent by the colossal geniality of the Netherlandish Titan, whose spirit-wings were so powerful that he would have soared to the sun, though a hundred tons of Dutch cheese had been tied to his legs. I cannot pass the smallest painting by this master without paying my tribute of admiration; and all the more because it is now the fashion to glance at him with a shrug of the shoulder, on account of his lack of ideality. The historical school of Munich spreads itself with peculiar magnificence in this sort of criticism. With what high-flown depreciation do the long-haired disciples of CORNELIUS wander through the Rubens' Hall! But perhaps their error is more intelligible when we reflect on the great contrast which PETER CORNELIUS himself forms to PETER PAUL RUBENS. No greater opposites can be imagined—and yet, with all this, a notion occasionally comes into my head that there are points of affinity between them, which I rather surmise than understand. Perhaps there are peculiarities of their northern country hidden in them, which proclaim themselves to a third fellow-countryman—that is, to myself—like soft secret whispers. But this secret affinity does not consist of the Netherlandish joyousness and sprightliness of colour which laughs from all the pictures of RUBENS, so that we might almost believe that he had painted them in a glorious Rhine wine carouse, while dancing fair-music rang and piped around. Truly the pictures of CORNELIUS seem, on the contrary, to have been painted on Good Friday, while the doleful songs of the processions swept through the street, and re-echoed in the atelier and in the heart of the painter. In productiveness, in boldness of conception, in genial originality, both are alike, both are born painters, and belong to the cycle of great masters who for the most part flourished in the time of RAPHAEL—an age which was still capable of exercising a direct influence on RUBENS, but which is so utterly removed from our own that we are almost terrified by the appearance of CORNELIUS, for he seems to us like the ghost of one of those great artists of RAPHAEL's time who has risen from the grave to paint more pictures—a dead creator, self-conjured by the indwelling word of life which was buried with him. If we study his pictures, they gaze on us as with eyes of the fifteenth century; their garments are ghost-like as though they rustled past in midnight; the bodies are strong with magic power, drawn with dream-like accuracy, powerfully true, only they want blood,

throbbing life and colour. Yes, CORNELIUS is a creator, but if we look at his creations it seems to us as though they could not live long—as though they were all painted a few hours before death—as though they all were prophetic signs of approaching dissolution. Despite their hearty geniality, the paintings of RUBENS awaken in us a similar feeling—they also seem to bear within them the germ of death, and a feeling comes over us that notwithstanding their superabundance of life and their fulness of red blood, they must suddenly be struck down. This is perhaps the secret of that affinity which we so strangely feel when comparing these masters. The excess of pleasure in certain pictures by RUBENS, and the infinite sorrow in others by CORNELIUS, awake in us perhaps the same emotions. But whence comes this sorrow in a Dutchman? It is perhaps the terrible consciousness that he belongs to an age long passed away, and that his life is a mystical reappearance—for oh! he is not merely the only great artist who now paints, but, it may be, the only great one who ever will paint. Before him, to the time of the CARACCI, is a long darkness, and after him the shadows again close together; his hand is a bright, solitary spirit-hand in the night of Art, and the pictures which it paints bear the unearthly confidence of such an earnest, rugged seclusion. I have never looked at this hand of the Last of the Painters, without a secret shudder when I gazed on the man himself, the little sharp man with glowing eyes; and yet that hand has awakened in me feelings of the warmest piety when I have remembered that it once rested lovingly on my little fingers, and aided me to design outlines of faces, when I, a little boy, was learning to draw in the academy in Dusseldorf.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I CANNOT leave unmentioned the collection of portraits of beautiful Genoese women, exhibited in the Palace Durazzo. Nothing in the world inspires the soul with such melancholy as the sight of portraits of fair ladies who have been dead for centuries. Sadness steals over the soul when we reflect that, of all the originals of those pictures, of all the beauties who were so lovely, so coquettish, so witty, so roguish, and so dreamy—of all those May heads with April moods—of that spring-tide of ladies—nothing now remains but these many-coloured shadows, which some artist, who like them has long been

dead, has painted on a perishable canvas, which, like the originals, must pass away, in time, to decay and dust. And so all life passes away—the beautiful as well as the hideous—without leaving a trace. Death, the dry pedant, spares the rose as little as the thistle; he forgets not a lonely straw in the most remote wilderness; he thoroughly and incessantly destroys; everywhere we behold him treading into dust plants and animals, mankind and their works, and even those Egyptian pyramids, which seem to defy his annihilating rage, are only trophies of his power, monuments of all long passed away, primeval royal graves.

But sadder far than this idea of an endless dying, and of a desolate yawning annihilation, is the thought that we do not even perish as originals, but as *copies* of long-vanished mortals who were spiritually and bodily like us, and that, after us, men will again be born, who will in turn see, and feel, and think like us, and be again in turn annihilated by Death :—a comfortless, endless game of reproduction, wherein the prolific earth must constantly be bringing forth more than Death can destroy, so that she, in her need, must give more heed to the maintenance of the species than to the originality of the individual.

Strangely was I thrilled by the mystical terror of this thought, when I, in the Durazzo palace, gazed upon the portraits of the lovely Genoese ladies, and, among them, on a picture which awoke in my soul a sweet storm, which even yet, when I recall it, causes my eyelashes to tremble.—It was the picture of the dead MARIA.

The guardian of the gallery believed, indeed, that the picture was that of a Duchess of Genoa, and in the *cicerone* tone began to tell that “it was painted by GIORGIO BARBARELLI de Castelfranco nel Trevigiano, commonly known as GIORGIONE. He was one of the greatest painters of the Venetian school—was born in the year 1477, and died in the year 1511.”

“That will do, *Signor Custode*. The likeness is caught exactly, although it was painted a few centuries too early. Drawing accurate, style of colour excellent—why, the folds of drapery on the breast are admirable. Be so kind as to take the picture down from the wall—I will only blow away the dust from the lips and brush away the spider which lurks in a corner of the frame.—Maria was always so much afraid of spiders.”

“*Excellenza* appears to be a connoisseur.”

“If so, I did not know it, *Signor Custode*. I have the talent of being singularly moved when I behold certain pictures, and then my

eyes water. But what do I see! Whose portrait is that of the man in the black cloak hanging yonder?"

"Also by GIORGIONE,—a master-piece."

"Signor, I beg you be so kind as to take this picture, too, from the wall and hold it near the mirror, that I may see if I resemble it!"

"Your Excellency is not so pale. The picture is a master-piece by GIORGIONE, the rival of TITIAN. He was born in 1477, and died in the year 1511."

Dear reader, I much prefer GIORGIONE to TITIAN, and am especially obliged to him for painting MARIA for me. And it must also be evident to you that GIORGIONE painted that other portrait for *me*, and not for some old Genoese. And it is very like—death-silent like; it even has the sorrow in the glance—a sorrow which belongs rather to an imagined pain than to one which has been experienced—and one which is very hard to paint. The whole picture seems to have been sighed upon canvas. Even the man in the black mantle is well painted, and the maliciously sentimental lips are like life—speakingly so, as though they were just about to tell a story—the story of the knight who fain would kiss his ladye-love to life, and as the light was blown out — — —

2.

THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

“I am as woman is to man”

COUNT AUGUST VON PLATEN HALLERMUNDE.

“Would the Count like a dance,
Let him but say so,
I'll play him a tune.”

FIGARO.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I sought MATILDA in her chamber, she had just fastened the last button of her green riding-habit, and was putting on a *chapeau* with a white plume. She hastily cast it down, as soon as she saw me, and ran to me with all her waving, golden locks. “Doctor, heaven and earth!” she cried, and according to her old custom she caught me by the ears and kissed me with the drollest heartiness.

“How are you, maddest of mortal men! How glad I am to see you again! For never in this world shall I find a crazier soul. There are fools and blockheads in plenty, and people often do them the honour to consider them crazy, but real insanity is as scarce as real wisdom—perhaps it is nothing but wisdom which is vexed to think that it knows everything—all the infamy of this would—and has consequently come to the wise conclusion to go mad. The Orientals are a shrewder race, they honour a maniac as a prophet, but we look upon prophets as maniacs.”

“But, my Lady, why have you not written to me?”

“Surely, Doctor, I wrote you a long letter, and directed it to ‘New Bedlam.’ But as you, contrary to all expectation, were not there, they sent it to St. Luke, and as you were not there either, it went to another establishment of the same sort, and so it went the rounds of all the lunatic asylums in England, Scotland and Ireland, until they returned it to me with the remark, that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed was not as yet caught. And how under the sun have you contrived to keep at liberty?”

"Ah, I did it cunningly, my Lady. Wherever I went I contrived to slip away from the madhouses, and I think that I shall succeed in Italy too."

"Oh, friend, here you are safe enough, for in the first place there is no madhouse in the neighbourhood, and, secondly, we are here in the majority."

"*We?* My Lady! You count yourself then as one of us? Permit me to imprint the kiss of brotherhood upon your brow."

"Ah! I mean we watering-place guests, among whom I am really the most rational. And so you can easily imagine who the maddest must be, I mean JULIA MAXFIELD, who always maintains that green eyes signify the spring of the soul; and besides we have two young beauties"—

"English beauties, of course, my Lady"—

"Doctor—what does this mocking tone mean? The yellow, greasy macaroni faces in Italy must suit your taste, if you have no fancy now for British"—

"Plum-puddings with raisin-eyes, roast-beef bosoms festooned with white strips of horseradish, proud pies"—

"There was a time, Doctor, when you were enchanted if a lovely English woman"—

"Yes, but that was *once*! I always have a proper reverence for your fellow-country-women—they are bright as suns—but suns of ice: they are white as marble, but are also marble cold—on their bosoms are frozen the poor"—

"Oho!—I know one who did not freeze there, but who jumped fresh and alive over the sea, and he was a great German imper-
tinent"—

"At least he got such a cold on that British frosty heart that he still has a cold in his head in consequence."

My Lady seemed vexed at this answer, she grasped the riding-whip which lay between the leaves of a novel as a book-marker, switched it around the ears of her great white hound, who slowly growled, hastily clapped her hat jauntily on her locks, looked once or twice with approbation at herself in the mirror, and said proudly, "I am still beautiful!" But then, all at once, as if penetrated by a gloomy thrill of pain, she remained silent, musing, slowly drew the long white riding-glove from her hand, held the hand out to me, and reading my thoughts like lightning, said: "This hand is not as beautiful as it was in Ramsgate—ha? Since that time Matilda has suffered—much!"

Dear reader, we can seldom see a flaw in a bell—we must hear its ring to know if it exists. Could you have heard the ring of the voice wherewith those words were spoken, you would have felt at once that my Lady's heart was a bell of the best metal, but that a secret flaw strangely mingled a discord with its sweetest tones, and gave it an air of strange sadness. Yet I love such bells, they ever find a true echo in my own breast, and I again kissed my Lady's hand, almost as earnestly as of old, though it was no longer in its first bloom, and the veins which rosè from it, almost all *too* blue, seemed to repeat, "since that time Matilda has suffered—much."

Her eyes gazed on melike sorrowful solitary stars in the autumnal heaven, and she said, softly and sadly, from her inmost soul: "You seem to love me less, now, Doctor! For that was a tear of pity which you just wept on my hand. It seemed like an alms."

"Who taught you to interpret so unkindly the silent language of my tears? I'll bet that your white hound there who fawns on you, understands me better. He looks first at me and then at you, and seems to be wondering that human beings, those proud lords of creation, are internally so wretched. Ah! my Lady, only a sympathetic sorrow draws forth such tears—in reality we each weep for ourselves."

"Enough, enough, Doctor. It is good at any rate that we are contemporaries, and that we meet again with our foolish tears in the same corner of the earth. Oh our bad luck! if you had only lived two centuries earlier, when I was getting on so well with my friend, MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, or rather if you had only been born a hundred years later, as another intimate friend of mine, whose name I don't just now happen to know, because his first birthday won't be celebrated until the year 1900.—But tell me how you've been getting on since we parted."

"At the old business, my Lady—rolling the great stone. When I had shoved it to the top of the hill then it rolled all at once down again, and I had to go at it once more; and this up and down hill work lasted until at last I lie crouched beneath it, and Master STEINMETZ has carved on it with great letters: 'Here rests in the Lord'"—

"By my soul, Doctor, I'll bring you to life again. Don't you dare to be melancholy! Laugh, or"—

"No—don't tickle me. I'd rather laugh of myself!"

"That's right. Now you please me, just as you did in Ramsgate, where we first became so intimate"—

“And finally a little more than intimate. Yes—I *will* be merry. It is fortunate that we have met, and the great German —— will again find his greatest pleasure in risking his life near you.”

My Lady's eyes laughed like sunshine after a soft rain, and her merry mood again flashed out as JOHN entered, and with the stiffest flunkey pathos announced his Excellency, the Marquis CHRISTOPHERO DI GUMPELINO.

“He's welcome! And now, Doctor, you will become acquainted with a peer of the realm of fools. Don't be shocked at his personal appearance, particularly at his nose. The man has excellent qualities; for instance, a great deal of money, common sense, and the desire to embody in himself all the follies of the age; moreover, he is in love with my green-eyed friend, JULIA MAXFIELD, and calls her his Julia and himself her Romeo, and declaims and sighs; and LORD MAXFIELD, the brother-in-law to whom the faithful JULIA has been entrusted by her husband, is an Argus”—

I was just about to remark that Argus had charge of a cow, when the door opened, and, to my utmost amazement, in waddled my old friend, the Banker CHRISTIAN GUMPEL, with his opulent smile and blessed belly. After his broad shining lips had sufficiently scoured my Lady's hand, and delivered themselves of the usual questions as to health, &c., he recognised me —— and the friends sank into each other's arms.

CHAPTER II.

MATILDA'S warning not to be struck by Gumpelino's nose, had some foundation in fact, for he came within an ace of knocking out one of my eyes with it. I will say nothing against this nose; on the contrary, it was one of the noblest form, and seemed of itself to give my friend full right to claim, at least, the title of a Marquis. For it was evident from the nose that GUMPEL was of high nobility, and that he descended from that very ancient world-family into which the blessed Lord himself once married without fear of a mesalliance. Since those days, it is true that the family has come down a little, and, in fact, since the reign of CHARLEMAGNE they have been obliged to pick up a living by selling old pantaloons and lottery tickets, but without diminishing in the least their pride of ancestry, or losing the hope that some day they will all come again into their long lost pro-

perty, or at least obtain emigration-damages, with interest, when their old legitimate sovereign keeps the promises made when restored to office—promises by which he has been leading them about by the nose for two thousand years. Perhaps this leading them about by the nose is the cause why the latter has been pulled out to such a length! Or it may be that these long noses are a sort of uniform whereby JEHOVAH recognises his old body guards even when they have deserted. Such a deserter was the Marquis GUMPELINO, but he always wore his uniform, and a brilliant one it was, sprinkled with crosses and stars of rubies, a red eagle order in miniature and other decorations.

“Look !” said my Lady, “that is my favourite nose, and I know of no more beautiful flower in all the world.”

“This flower,” grinned GUMPELINO, “cannot be placed on your fair bosom, unless I lay my blooming face there also, and such an addition might trouble you in this warm weather. But, I bring you an equally precious flower, which is here very rare.”

Saying this the Marquis opened a tissue paper horn, which he had brought with him, and with great care slowly extracted from it a magnificent tulip.

Scarcely had my Lady seen the flower, ere she screamed with all her might. “Murder ! murder ! would you murder me ? Away with the horrible vision !” With this she acted as if about to be murdered, held her hands before her eyes, ran madly about the room, invoked maledictions on GUMPELINO’s nose and tulip, rang the bell, stamped on the ground, struck the hound with her riding switch till he bayed aloud, and as JOHN entered, she cried aloud, like KEAN, in RICHARD III.—

“A horse ! a horse !
My kingdom for a horse !”

and stormed like a whirlwind from the room.

“A queer woman !” said GUMPELINO, motionless with astonishment and still holding the tulip in his hand, so that he looked like one of those lotus-bearing, fat idols carved on antique Indian temples. But I understood the Lady and her idiosyncrasy far better than he, and opening the window, I cried : “My Lady, how you act ! Is this sense—propriety—especially is it love ?”

Up laughed the wild answer :

“When I am o’ horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely.”

CHAPTER III.

"A curious woman!" repeated GUMPELINO, as we went our way to visit his two lady friends, Signora LETITIA and Signora FRANCESCA, whose acquaintance he promised me. As the dwelling of these ladies was situated on a somewhat distant eminence, I appreciated all the more this kindness of my corpulent friend, who found hill-climbing somewhat difficult, and who stopped on every little mound to recover his breath, and sigh, "O JESU!"

The dwellings at the baths of Lucca are situated either below in a village surrounded by high hills, or are placed on one of these hills itself, not far from the principal spring, where a picturesque group of houses peeps down into the charming dale. But many are scattered here and there on the sides of the hill, and are attainable only by a wearisome climb through vines, myrtle bushes, honeysuckles, laurels, oleanders, geraniums and a wilderness of similar high-born plants. I have never seen a lovelier valley, particularly when one looks from the terrace of the upper bath, where the solemn green cypresses, stand down into the village. We there see a bridge bending over a stream called the Lima, and which cuts the village in two. At its either end there are waterfalls leaping over rocky fragments with a roar, as though they would fain utter the pleasantest things but could not express themselves distinctly on account of the roaring echo.

The great charm of the valley is owing to the circumstance that it is neither too great nor too small—that the soul of the beholder is not forcibly elevated, but rather calmly and gradually inspired with the glorious view; that the summits of the mountains themselves, true to their Appennine nature, are not magnificently misshapen in extravagant Gothic form, like rocky caricatures, just as the men in German lands on them are human caricatures; but so that their nobly rounded, cheerful green forms seem of themselves inspired with the civilization of art, and accord melodiously with the blue heaven.

"O JESU!" sighed GUMPELINO, as we, weary with climbing, and a little too well warmed with the morning sun, attained the above mentioned cypresses, and gazing down into the village, saw our English lady friend sweeping proudly along on her steed over the bridge, like the queen in a fairy legend, and then vanish, swift as a

dream. "O JESU! what a curious woman! In all my born days I never *did* see such a woman. Only in plays—don't you think the actress HOLZBECHER could play her part well? There's something of the water-witch about her—hey?"

"You're right, GUMPELINO. When I went with her from London to Rotterdam, the captain compared her to a rose sprinkled with pepper. Out of gratitude for this spicy comparison, she emptied a whole box of pepper in his hair as he lay asleep in the cabin. Nobody could come near the man without sneezing."

"A curious woman!" quoth GUMPELINO once again. "Delicate as white silk but every bit as strong—and she rides horseback as well as I. I only hope she won't ride herself out of health. There—did you see that long lean Englishman on his lean horse, racing after her like a galloping consumption? Those English people ride too outrageously—why, they'd spend all the money in the world on horses. Lady MAXFIELD's white horse cost three hundred golden live louis d'ors—ah!—and louis d'ors are at such a premium now, and keep rising every day!"

"Yes—the louis d'ors will end by rising so high, that a poor scholar like myself will never be able to reach them."

"You can't have an idea, Doctor, of how much money I have to spend, and yet I keep only one attendant, and only when I am in Rome hire a chaplain for my private chapel. Look—there comes my HYACINTH!"

The little figure who at this instant appeared, approaching us from behind the turn of a hill, reminded me more of a "burning bush" than a hyacinth. It appeared like a waddling great scarlet coat, overloaded with gold embroidery, which flashed in the sunrays, and above this red splendor sweated a little face well known to me of old, and which gaily nodded to me. And in fact when I saw the sallow cautious face and the busy winking eyes, I recognized a countenance which I should sooner have expected to see on Mount Sinai than on the Appenines—and that was the face of Herr HIRSCH, citizen of Hamburg, a man who was not only a very honorable lottery agent, but one who was also learned in hard and soft corns and in jewels, inasmuch as he not only knew the difference between them, but had skill in curing the former, and in putting a good round price on the latter.

"I do hope," he said, as he approached, "that you haven't forgot me, though my name ain't HIRSCH now. I'm called HYACINTH, and I'm servant of Herr GUMPEL."

"HYACINTH!" cried his master, in raging amazement at this indiscretion of his servant.

"Oh be easy, Herr GUMPEL, or Herr GUMPELINO, or Herr Marquis, or your Excellence; we needn't put ourselves out of the way with this here gentleman. He knows me; he's bought lots of lottery tickets of me; by the way, I b'lieve he still owes me seven marks and nine schilling on the last drawing. I am really glad, Doctor, to meet you again. You're here, I s'pose on pleasure-business. What else, of course, can a man be doing here when it's so hot, a-climbing up and down hill? I'm as used up every night as if I'd gone twenty times from the Altona Gate to the Stone Gate without earning a copper."

"O JESU"—cried the Marquis—"hold your tongue! I'll get another servant—I will."

"Why hold my tongue?" replied HIRSCH HYACINTHUS; "I do so love to get a chance to talk good German with one whom I've known in Hamburg, and when I think of Hamburg"—

Here at the memory of his bit of a step-fatherland, his eyes gleamed with tears, and he said, sighing as he spoke: "What is MAN? He goes walking with pleasure out of the Hamburg Gate, and on the Hamburg Hill, and there he sees the sights, the lions, the birds, the poll-parrots,* the monkeys, the great folks, and he takes a turn on the flying-horses, or gets electrified, and then thinks how jolly he'd be if he was only in a place a thousand miles off, in Italy, where the oranges and lemons are a-growing! What is MAN? When he's before the Altona Gate he wants to be in Italy, and when he's in Italy, he wants to be back again before the Altona Gate. Oh! I wish I was a standing there now, looking at the Michael's steeple, and the big clock on it with the great gold figures—great gold figures—how often I've looked at 'em, when they were a-shining so jolly in the afternoon sun, till I felt like kissing 'em. Now I'm in Italy, where the lemons and oranges grow, and when I see 'em growing, it puts me in mind of the Steinweg in Hamburg, where there's lots of 'em lying in great heaping piles in the wheelbarrows, and where a man can eat and eat 'em to his heart's content, without all this trouble of going up hill and down, and getting so warm. As the Lord may have mercy on me, Herr Marquis, if it wasn't for the honor of the situation, and the genteel edecation I'm getting, cuss me if I'd a-come here. But I *will* say this for you, Marquis, that in your service there's both honor and genteel bringing up to be had, and *no* mistake."

* Papagoyim.

"HYACINTH!" said GUMPELINO, who had been somewhat mollified by this flattery, "HYACINTH, go to"—

"Yes, I know"—

"I say you *don't* know, HYACINTH."

"And *I* say, HERR GUMPEL, I *do* know. No use a-telling *me*. Your Excellency was a-going to say that I must go to Lady MAXFIELD. Sho! I know all your thoughts before you've thought them, and some maybe that you never will think in all your born days. Such a servant as I am isn't to be found easy, and I only do it for the honor and the genteel edecation, and it's a fact, I do get both by you." With these words, he wiped his face with a very clean white handkerchief.

"HYACINTH," said the Marquis, "go to Lady JULIA MAXFIELD—to my JULIA—and give her this tulip; take good care of it, for it cost five paoli, and say to her"—

"Yes, I know"—

"You know nothing. Tell her that: the tulip is among the flowers"—

"Yes, I know; you want to say something to her with this here flower. I've made up such mottoes many a time for my lottery tickets."

"I don't want any of your lottery ticket notions. Go to Lady MAXFIELD, and say to her—

"The tulip is among the flowers
Like among cheeses good Strachino,
But more than cheese and more than flowers,
Thou'rt honored by thy GUMPELINO."

"Now, as I hope to be saved, that's first rate;" cried HYACINTH. "Oh! you needn't be a-nodding to me, Herr Marquis; what you know, I know, and what I know, you know. And you, Doctor, good bye! Never mind that little trifle you didn't settle with me." With these words he descended the mountain, and as he went I could hear him murmur, "GUMPELINO, *Strachino*—*Strachino*, GUMPELINO."

"He's an honest fellow," said the Marquis, "or I should have sent him off long ago, on account of his want of etiquette. However, before you it isn't of much consequence—you understand me. How do you like his livery? There's thirty dollars' worth of gold in his livery, more than there is on ROTHSCHILD's servants. It is my greatest delight to see how the man perfects himself. Now and then I give him lessons in refinement and accomplishment myself. I often say to him, "What is money? Money is round and rolls away, but

culture remains." Yes, Doctor, if I—which the Lord forbid—should ever lose my money, I still have the comfort of knowing that I'm a great connoisseur in art—a connoisseur in painting, music and poetry. Yes, *sir*. Bind my eyes tight, and lead me all around in the gallery of Florence, and before every picture I'll tell you the name of the painter who painted it, or at least the school to which he belongs. *Music*—Stop up my ears, and I can hear every false note. *Poetry*—I know every actress in Germany, and have got the poets all by heart. Yes, *sir*, and Nature, too. I'm great on nature. I travelled once two hundred miles in Scotland—two hundred miles, just to see one single hill! Italy surpasses everything. How do you like this landscape here? What a creation! Just look at the trees, the hills, the heaven, and the water, down yonder there—don't it all look as if it were painted? Did you ever see anything of the kind finer, even in the theatre? Why a man gets to be as you might say, a poet; verses come into your head, and you don't know where they come from:

"Silent, as the veil of twilight falls
Rests the plain, the greenwood silent lies;
Save where near me, 'mid these mouldering walls
The cricket's chirp in melancholy cries."

These sublime verses were declaimed by the Marquis with thrilling pathos, while he gazed as if transfigured, down into the smiling valley which glowed with all the brightness of morning.

CHAPTER IV.

As I once one fine spring day, walked "under the lindens" in Berlin, there strolled before me two females, who were for a long time silent, until one of them languishly exclaimed, "Ah, them green treeses!" To which the other, a young thing, answered, "Mother, what do you keer for them green treeses?"

I must observe, that the persons of whom I speak, though not clad in satin, still by no means belonged to the vulgar—who, by the way, are not to be found at all in Berlin, save in the highest circles. But as for that naive question, I can never forget it. Wherever I meet with affected admiration of nature, and similar verdant lies, it rises laughing in my soul. And during the declamation of the Mar-

quis, it rang out loud within me—and he, reading mockery on my lips, exclaimed as if vexed, “Don’t disturb me now—you haven’t any soul for pure simple nature—you are a morbid soul, so to speak—a BYRON.”

Dear reader—do you perhaps belong to that flock of pious fowl who, for the last ten years, have been joining in that song of “Byronic morbidness,” with all manner of whistling and squeaky piping, and which had its echo in the skull of poor GUMPEL? Ah dear reader, if you would complain of morbidness and want of harmony and division, then as well complain that the world itself is divided. For as the heart of the poet is the central point of the world, it must, in times like these be miserably divided and torn. He who boasts that his heart has remained whole, confesses that he has only a prosaic out-of-the-way corner-heart. But the great world-wound passed through my own heart, and on that account I know that the great Gods have highly blessed me above many others, and held me to be worthy of a poet-martyrdom.

Once the world was whole and sound—in its early ages and in its middle ages, despite many wild battles, it had still an unity, and there were great whole poets. We may honour these poets and delight ourselves with them, but every imitation of their wholeness is a lie,—a lie which every sound eye penetrates, and which cannot escape scorn. Lately, with much trouble, I obtained in Berlin the writings of one of these “perfect poets” who so bewailed my Byronic discordancy; and by the affected verdancy, the *delicate appreciation of nature*, which breathed like fresh hay from his poems, my own poor heart, which has been so long discordant, well nigh burst with laughter, and unthinkingly I cried: “My dear Herr Intendant Councillor William Neumann—what do you care for them green treeses?”

“You are a morbid, discordant soul—a BYRON,”—quoth the Marquis, still gazing, as if enraptured down into the valley—clucking at times his tongue against his gums in sighing admiration, and saying—“Lord! Lord!—every thing just as if it were painted!”

Poor BYRON—such a calm enjoyment was denied to thee. Was thy heart so ruined that thou could’st only see, yes, and even describe nature—but wert incapable of being blessed by her? Or was BYSSHE SHELLEY in the right when he said that thou had’st, Actæon-like, surprised Nature in her chaste nakedness, and wert on that account torn by her hounds?

Enough of all this—we are coming to pleasanter subjects, namely, to the dwelling of Signoras Letitia and Francesca—which itself

seemed to be *en negligée*, and had in front two great round windows around which grape-vines curled, so that they looked like a profusion of beautiful green ringlets falling about its eyes. And at a distance we heard ringing from within, warbling trills, guitar-tones, and merry laughter.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNORA LETITIA, a young rose of fifty summers, lay in bed, trilling and prattling with her two gallants, one of whom sat upon a low cricket, while the other leaning back in a great arm-chair played the guitar. From an adjoining room rang scraps of a sweet song, or of a far sweeter wondrously-toned laughter. With a certain cheap and easy irony, which he occasionally assumed, the marquis presented me to the lady and to the two gentlemen, remarking, that I was the same JOHN HENRY HEINE so celebrated in German legal literature. Unfortunately one of the gentlemen was a Professor in the University of Bologna, and a jurist at that, though his fat, round belly seemed rather to indicate that his forte was spherical trigonometry. Feeling as if I were rather in a scrape, I replied, that I did not write under my own name, but under that of JARKE—a statement made from pure modesty, as the name which came into my head was that of one of the most miserable insects among our legal writers. The Bolognese regretted from his soul that he never had heard this distinguished name—which will probably be your own case also, reader—but still entertained no doubt that its splendour would ere long irradiate the entire earth. With this he leaned back in the chair, touched a few chords on the guitar, and sang from “Aur:”

“Oh powerful Bramal
Ah let the weak stammer
Of innocence please thee,
Its stammer and clamor!”

While a delicious mocking nightingale-echo warbled in the adjoining chamber the same air. Meanwhile Signora LETITIA trilled in the most delicate soprano :

“For thee alone these cheeks are glowing
For thee alone these pulses beat,
With Love’s sweet impulse overflowing,
This heart now throbs and ails for thee.”

And with the commonest prose voice she added, "BARTOLO, bring me the spittoon!"

Then, from his lowly seat arose BARTOLO, with his dry wooden legs, and presented, with all due honor, a spittoon of blue porcelain.

This second gallant, as GUMPELINO said to me aside in German, was a far-famed poet, whose songs, though written twenty years ago, still ring through Italy, and intoxicate with their wild glow of love both old and young; while he himself is but a poor elderly man, with dimmed eyes in a pale face, scanty white hair on his trembling head, and cold poverty in his care-worn heart. Such a poor old poet, with his bald dryness, resembles a vine which we see standing leafless in winter on the bleak hill-side, trembling in the wind and covered with snow, while the sweet juice which once ran from it, warms, in far distant lands, the heart of many a boon-companion, and inspires songs in its praise. Who knows but that when that wine-press of thought, the printing-press, has squeezed *me* dry, and the ancient tapped spirit is only to be found in the bookseller's vaults of HOFFMANN and CAMPE, I, too, may sit, as thin and care-worn as old BARTOLO, on a cricket near the bed of some old innamorata, and hand her, when called on—a spittoon.

Signora LETITIA made excuses for lying a-bed, and indeed on her stomach at that, as an affliction resulting from a too free indulgence in figs prevented her from lying on her back, as a respectable lady should. She lay, in fact, in pretty much the attitude of a Sphinx, her high friséed head supported on both arms, while between them her breasts billowed and moved like a red sea.

"You are a German?" she inquired.

"I am too honorable to deny it, Signora," replied my Little-ness.

"Ah, the Germans are honorable enough!" she sighed, "but what does it avail that the Germans who rob us are honorable!—they are ruining Italy. My best friends are imprisoned in Milan; and only slavery——"

"No, no!" cried the Marquis, "do not complain of the Germans; we are conquered conquerors, vanquished victors, so soon as we come to Italy. To see you, Signora, and to fall at your feet, are one and the same." And with this he spread his great yellow silk pocket-handkerchief on the floor, and kneeling on it, exclaimed, "Here I kneel and honor you in the name of all Germany."

"CHRISTOPHORO DI GUMPELINO!" sighed the Signora, deeply moved, "arise and embrace me!"

But lest the beloved shepherd might disturb her curling locks and the rouge of her cheeks, she did not kiss him on the glowing lips, but on his noble brow, so that his face reached lower down, and its rudder, the nose, steered about in the red sea below.

“Signor BARTOLO,” I cried, “permit me also to officiate with the spittoon!”

Sorrowfully smiled Signor BARTOLO, but never a word spake he, though said to be, next to MEZZOFANTI, the best teacher of languages in Bologna. We never converse willingly when talking is our profession. He served the Signora as a silent knight—only, from time to time, he was called on to recite the poem which he, twenty-five years before, had thrown on the stage when she first in Bologna made her *début* in *Ariadne*. It may be that, in those days, he himself was in full leaf and glowing enough—perhaps as much so as the holy Dionysios himself—while beyond doubt his Letitia-Ariadne leapt wildly, like a Bacchante, into his passionate arms—Evoe Bacche! In those days he wrote many poems, still living in Italian literature, while the poet himself, and the beloved one, have long been mere waste paper.

For five and twenty years his devotion has endured, and I think that even until he dies he will sit on the cricket and recite his poem, or serve his lady as commanded. The professor of law has been entwined as long as the other in the love-chains of the Signora; he courts her still with as much ardor as at the beginning of the century, and must still pitilessly shorten his legal lectures when she requires his escort to any place, and he is still burdened with all the servitude of a genuine *patito*.

The constancy of these two adorers of a long ruined beauty may be perhaps mere habit, perhaps a regard for an earlier feeling, and perhaps the feeling itself, which is now entirely independent of the present condition of its former object, and which now regards it with the eyes of memory. Thus in Catholic cities we often see, at some street corner, old people kneeling before an image of the Madonna, which is so faded that but few traces of it are visible—yes, it may be that it is entirely obliterated, nothing remaining but the niche wherein it was painted, and the lamp hanging over it; but the old people who so piously kneel there have done so since youth—habit sends them thither daily at the same hour—they have not noted the gradual disappearance of the picture, and at last they become so dim of sight with age that it makes no difference whether the object of adoration is visible or not. Those who believe without seeing are, at any rate,

happier than the sharp sighted, who at once perceive every little irregularity in the face of their Madonna. There is nothing so terrible as such observations! Once, I admit, I believed that infidelity in woman was the most dreadful of all possible things, and to give them the most dreadful name, once and for all, I called them serpents. But now, alas! the most terrible thing to me is that they are not altogether serpents, for then they would come out every year with a fresh skin, revived and rejuvenated!

Whether either of the ancient Celadons felt a thrill of envy that the Marquis—or, rather, his nose—swam in a sea of delight in the manner above described, is more than I know. BAROLO sat calmly on his low seat, his stick legs crossed, and played with the Signora's lap-dog, one of those pretty creatures peculiar to Bologna, and known among us by the familiar term of "Bolognas." The professor was not in the least put out in his song, which was occasionally interrupted by tittering sweet tones in the next room, which drowned it in a merry parody, and which he himself at times discontinued in order to illuminate me with legal questions. When we did agree in our opinions, he swept a few impatient chords and jingled quotations in proof. I, however, supported my views on those of my teacher's, the illustrious HUGO, who is greatly celebrated in Bologna under the name of UGONE, and also of UGOLINO.

"A great man!" cried the professor, and sang:

"The gentle summons of his voice
Still sounds so deeply in thy breast,
Its very pain makes thee rejoice,
And rapture brings thee heavenly rest."

THIBAUT, whom the Italians call TIBALDO, is also much honored in Italy, though his writings are not so much known there as his principal opinions and their objections. I found that only the *names* of GANS and SAVIGNY were familiar to the professor, who was under the impression that the latter was a learned lady.

"Ah, indeed!" he remarked, as I corrected this very pardonable error; "really no lady! I have been erroneously informed. Why, I was even told that once, at a ball, Signor GANS invited this lady to dance, but met with a refusal*—and that from this originated a literary enmity."

"You have really been misinformed. Signor GANS does not dance, and for the philanthropic reason, that he might cause an

* Refus.

earthquake should he do so. The invitation to dance, of which you speak, is probably an allegory misunderstood. The historical and philosophical schools are regarded as dancers, and thus we may readily imagine a quadrille between UGONE, TIBALDO, GANS and SAVIGNY. And in this sense Signor UGONE, though he be the *diable boiteux* of Jurisprudence, still dances as daintily as LEMIERE, while Signor GANS has recently made some jumps which entitle him to be regarded as the HOGUET of the philosophical school."

"Signor GANS, then"—amended the Professor—"dances only allegorically, so to say, metaphorically."—Then suddenly, without saying more, he again swept the strings of his guitar, and amid the maddest playing sang:

It is true, his well-loved name
Is the joy of every bosom,
Though the ocean waves be storming,
And the clouds o'er Heaven be swarming,
Still we hear TABAR loud calling,
As though heaven and earth were bowing
To the mighty hero's name.

As for Herr GÖSCHEN, the Professor did not so much as know that he existed. But this was, however, natural enough, for the name of the great GÖSCHEN has not yet got so far as Bologna, but only to Poggio, which is four German miles distant, and where it will for amusement remain awhile. Göttingen itself is by no means so well known in Bologna as it ought to be, merely on the common principles of gratitude, since it calls itself the German Bologna. I will not inquire whether this name be appropriate or not—suffice it to say, that the two Universities are really distinguishable by the simple fact, that in Bologna they have the smallest dogs and the greatest scholars, while in Göttingen, on the contrary, are the smallest scholars and the greatest dogs.

CHAPTER VI.

As the Marquis CHRISTOPHORO DI GUMPELINO drew his nose from the red sea, wherein it had been wallowing like a very Pharaoh, his countenance gleamed with selfish delight. Deeply moved, he promised the Signora that so soon as she should again be in a condition to sit down, he would bring her in his coach to Bologna.

It was at once arranged that the Professor should ride on before, but that BARTOLO should sit within on the box, and hold the Signora's lap-dog, and that they all would go in a fortnight to Florence, where Signora FRANCESCA, who intended travelling during the same time with my Lady to Pisa, would finally meet us. While the Marquis counted up the cost of all this on his fingers, he hummed *di tanti palpiti*, Signora sang the clearest toned trills, and the Professor stormed away on his guitar, caroling such burning words, that the sweat ran down from his brow and mingled with the tears from his eyes, formed a perfect torrent. While all this ringing and singing went merrily on, the door of the adjoining chamber was suddenly opened and in sprang a being—

I adjure you, ye Muses of the Old and New World, and ye also, oh undiscovered Muses who are as yet to be honoured by later races—sprites of whom I have dreamed in the gay green-wood and by the sounding sea—that ye give me colours wherewith to paint that being which next to virtue is the most glorious of this world. VIRTUE—of course—is the first among glories, and the CREATOR adorned her with so many charms, that it would really seem that he could produce naught beside to be compared to her. Yet in a happy hour he once again concentrated all his energies and made Signora FRANCESCA, the fair *danseuse*, that great master-piece, who was born after the creation of VIRTUE, and in whom he did not in a single particular repeat himself as earthly artists are wont to do.—No, Signora FRANCESCA is perfectly original—she hath not the least resemblance to VIRTUE, and there are critics and connoisseurs who even prefer her to the latter, to whom they award only the precedence due to superior antiquity. But is that much of a defect when a *danseuse* is only some six thousand years too young?

Ah, methinks I see her again as she sprung from the opened door to the midst of the room, and after an incredible pirouette, cast herself at full length on the sofa, hiding both eyes with her hands, and crying, “Ah, I am so tired with sleeping!” The Marquis now approached and entered into a long address, in which his ironical, broadly respectful manner, enigmatically contrasted with his sudden pauses, when moved by common sense business recollections, and his fluency when sentimentally inspired. Still this style was not unnatural; it was probably formed in him by his inability, through want of courage, to set forth successfully that supreme influence to which he believed himself to be entitled by his money and intelligence—and he therefore sought, coward-like, to conceal it in language

of exaggerated humility. His broad laughter on such occasions was disagreeably delightful, as it inspired a doubt whether it was a matter of duty to reward him with kindness—or a kicking. In this wise he delivered his morning service to Signora Francesca, who, half asleep, hardly listened to him. Finally he begged permission to kiss at least her left foot, and as he, preparing for the job, spread his yellow handkerchief again on the floor, she held it indifferently out to him. It was enveloped in an exquisitely neat red slipper, in contrast to that on the right, which was *blue*—a droll coquetry by which the dainty littleness of both became more apparent. As the Marquis with deep reverence kissed the small foot, he arose with a sighing, “Oh, Jesu!” and begged permission to present me, which was also accorded in a gaping, sleepy manner, when my introducer delivered another oration, filled with praises of my excellence, not omitting the declaration, on his word of honour, that I had sung with great ability of unhappy love.

I also begged of the lady to be allowed to kiss her left foot, and at the instant in which I enjoyed my share of this honour, she awoke, as if from a dim dream, bent smilingly down to me, gazed on me with great wondering eyes, leaped joyfully up to the centre of the room, and pirouetted times without number on one foot. I felt strangely that my heart in my bosom spun around also, until it was well nigh dizzy. Then the Professor merrily played on his guitar and sang,

An Opera Signora
Once loved and married me,
A step I soon regretted,
And wished that I were free.

I sold her soon to pirates,
They carried her afar,
Ere she could look around her;
Hey! bravo! Biscromà.

Once more Signora FRANCESCA measured me from head to foot with a sharp glance, and then, as if fully contented, thanked the Marquis, somewhat as if I were a present which he had been kind enough to make her. She found little to object to in me, save that my hair was of too light a brown; she could have wished that it were darker, like that of the Abbate CECCO—and my eyes were also too small, and rather green than blue. In revenge, dear reader, I in turn should also describe Signora FRANCESCA as depreciatingly; but I have really no shadow of a defect to point out in her lovely form, whose perfection was that of the Graces, and yet which was almost frivolous

in its lightness. The countenance was entirely divine, such as we see in Grecian statues; the brow and nose forming an almost accurate straight line, while the lower line of the nose formed a sweet right angle which was wondrously short. As close, too, was the distance from the nose to the mouth, whose lips at either end seemed scarcely long enough, and which were extended by a soft dreamy smile, while beneath them arched a dear round chin, and the neck!—ah, my pious reader, I am getting along too far and too fast—and, moreover, I have no right in this inaugural description, to speak of the two silent flowers which gleamed forth like white poetry when the Signora loosened the silver neck-button of her black silk dress. Dear reader! let us rather climb up again to a portrayal of the face, of which I have yet to remark that it was clear and gold-yellow, like amber—that the black hair which framed its temples in a bright oval, gave it a childlike turn, and that it was lighted up by two black abrupt eyes, as if with a magic light.

You see, dear reader, that I would willingly give you an accurate local description of my good fortune, and as other travellers are accustomed to give maps of the remarkable regions into which they have penetrated, so would I gladly serve up FRANCESCA on a plate—of copper. But ah! what avails the dead copy of mere outline in forms whose divinest charm consists of living movement. Even the best painter cannot bring this before our eyes, for painting is but a flat lie. Of the two, a sculptor would be more successful, for, by a changing illumination, we can to a certain degree realize motion in forms, and the torches which light them from without, appear to inspire a real life within. Yes, there is a statue, dear reader, which may give you some faint idea of FRANCESCA's loveliness, and that is the VENUS of the great CANOVA which stands in the last hall of the Palazzo Pitti at Florence. I often think of this statue: at times in dreams it slumbers in my arms, until little by little it awakens to warm life, and whispers with the accents of FRANCESCA! But it was the tone of this voice which gave to every word the gentlest and most infinite significance, and should I attempt to give her phrases, it would be only a dry herbarium of flowers, whose real charm was in their perfume. She often leaped up, dancing as she spoke, and it is possible that dancing was her most natural language. And my heart danced ever with her, executing the most difficult *pas* and exhibiting a capacity for Terpsichorean accomplishments which I had never suspected.

In this language FRANCESCA narrated the history of the Abbate

Cecco, a young blade who had loved her while she was still plaiting straw hats in the valley of the Arno—assuring me that I was so fortunate as to resemble him. During this description she indulged in the most delicate pantomime, pressing one over the other the points of her fingers on her heart, then seemed with cup-like hand to be scooping out the tenderest emotions, cast herself finally with upheaving breasts on the sofa, hid her face in the cushions, raised her feet high in the air and played with them as if they were puppets in a show. The blue foot represented the Abbate Cecco and the red his poor FRANCESCA; and while she parodied her own story, she made the two loving feet part from each other, and it was touchingly ludicrous to see them kiss with their tips, saying the tenderest things—and the wild girl wept withal delightful tittering tears, which however came at times unconsciously from the soul with more depth than the part required. In her pride of pain she delivered for Cecco a long speech, in which he praised with pedantic metaphors the beauty of poor FRANCESCA; and the manner in which she replied in person, copying her own earlier sentimentalism, had in it something puppet-like and mournful, which strangely moved my heart. “Adieu, Cecco!” “Adieu, FRANCESCA!” was the endless refrain—and I was finally rejoiced when a pitiless destiny parted them far asunder—for a sweet foreboding whispered in my soul that it would be an unfortunate thing for me should the two lovers remain continually united!

The Professor applauded with droll, shrill guitar tones, Signora trilled, the lap-dog barked, the Marquis and I clapped our hands as if mad, and Signora FRANCESCA arose and gracefully courtesied her thanks. “It is really a pretty comedy,” said she, “but it is now a long time since it was first brought out, and I am now so old—guess how old?”

But without waiting for my answer, she sprang up and cried: “Eighteen years!”—and spun round eighteen times on one foot. “And, Doctor, how old are you?”

“I, Signora, was born on the new year’s night of the year eighteen hundred.”

“I always said,” quoth the Marquis, “that he was one of the *first* men of our century.”

“And how old should you suppose I am?” suddenly cried Signora LETITIA. And without thinking of her mother EVE dress, which had been hitherto concealed by the bed-clothes, she leaped up so wildly, and manifested such agility, that not only the Red Sea, but also all Arabia, Syria and Mesopotamia were fully visible.

Terrified at this awful spectacle, I sprang back in horror, but contrived to stammer out a few phrases as to the difficulty of answering such a question, "having as yet only half seen Signora," but as she pressed me all the more zealously for an answer, I confessed that in truth I had not as yet learned the proportion of the years in Italy to those of Germany.

"Is the difference great?" inquired Signora LETITIA.

"Of course," replied I, "for since heat expands all bodies, it follows that the years in your warm Italy must be longer than those of our cold Germany."

The Marquis extricated me better from this embarrassment by gallantly asserting, that her beauty had now first began to manifest itself in all its luxuriant maturity. "And, Signora," he added, "as the pomegranate, the older it is, the yellower it becomes, so will your beauty too become riper with age."

The lady seemed to be gratified with this comparison, and confessed that she really did feel much riper now than of old, when she was but a thin, little thing, and had made her *debut* in Bologna—and that in fact, she could not comprehend how it was that with such a figure she could ever have made such a *furor*. And then she narrated all the particulars of this first appearance as Ariadne—a subject to which, as I subsequently ascertained, she frequently recurred, on which occasions Signor BARTOLO was obliged to recite the poem which he had thrown upon the stage. It was a good poem, full of touching melancholy at the infidelity of Theseus, and of wild inspiration for Bacchus, and the glowing apotheosis of Ariadne. "*Bella cosa!*" cried Signora LETITIA at every verse; and I also praised the metaphors, the construction of the verse, and the entire treatment of the myth.

"Yes, it is very beautiful," said the Professor, "and has beyond doubt a foundation in historical fact, for several writers distinctly state that Oneus, a priest of Bacchus married the mourning Ariadne when he found her abandoned on Naxos; and, as often happens in the legend, the priest of the God has been taken for the God himself."

I could by no means agree with him in this opinion, since in mythology I rather incline to historical interpretation, and consequently asserted, "I can see nothing in the whole fable that Ariadne, after being left by Theseus in the island of Naxos, submitted her person to the embraces of Bacchus, but an allegorical statement that she took to drinking—an hypothesis maintained by many learned men in

my father-land. "You, Signor Marquis, are probably aware, that in accordance with this hypothesis, the late Banker BETHMANN has so contrived to illuminate *his* Ariadne, that she appears to have a red nose."*

"Yes, yes, BETHMANN, in Frankfort, was a great man!" cried the Marquis. But, at the same instant, some deep reflection seemed to flit across his brain, and with a sigh he said, "Lord! Lord!—I have forgotten to write to ROTHSCHILD in Frankfort!" And, with a serious business face, from which all parodising mockery seemed to have vanished, he departed somewhat abruptly, promising to return towards evening.

When he had left, and I was about—as is usual in this world—to pass my comments on the man to whose kindness I was indebted for the most agreeable of introductions, I found, to my astonishment, that the whole party could not praise him sufficiently, and that, above all, his enthusiasm for the beautiful, his noble and refined deportment, and his utter want of selfishness, inspired in them the most exaggerated expressions of admiration. Even Signora FRANCESCA joined in this hymn of praise, but naïvely confessed that his nose was rather alarming, and that its enormous size reminded her of the tower of Pisa.

When taking leave, I begged as a favour to be allowed to kiss her left foot once more, when she with smiling seriousness drew off not only the red shoe but her stocking also: and, as I knelt, held up to me the white, fresh, blooming, lily foot, which I pressed to my lips, more believably, perhaps, than I would have done that of the Pope. Of course, I then performed the duties of ladies' maid, aiding her to draw on the stocking and shoe.

"I am contented with you," said Signora FRANCESCA, after the pedal toilette was over, and in accomplishing my share of which I had been by no means in a hurry, though all my ten fingers had been very busily engaged—"I am contented; and you shall often have an opportunity of pulling on my stockings. To-day you have kissed my

* "DANNEKER'S statue of Ariadne, in the garden of Mr. Bethmann, near the Friedburg Gate, is the pride and boast of Frankfort, and deserves to be ranked among the most distinguished productions of modern art." By drawing a crimson curtain over the window which illuminates the room in which the statue is placed, a rosy hue is communicated not only to the nose of the lady, but to her entire person. I have heard it disputed whether the color thus given most resembles that of healthy flesh or of a nettle-rash—a point settled by ascertaining that those who differed in opinion had seen the statue at different periods of time. When the curtain is new, Ariadne certainly appears rather ultra-incarnadine, but as it fades she gradually lapses into a paler, healthier hue.—[Note by Translator.]

left foot, to-morrow the right shall be at your disposal. The next day you may kiss my left hand, and the day after the right. If you do your duty well, by and by you will get to my mouth, &c. &c. &c. You see that I'm inclined to help you along, and as you are still quite young, you may yet get along very well in the world."

I did, indeed, advance far into the world of which she spoke! Be my witnesses, ye Tuscan nights, thou clear blue heaven with great silver stars, ye wild laurels and secret myrtles, and ye, too, O nymphs of the Apennines, who swept around us in a bridal dance, and dreamed yourselves once more in those better days of the immortals, when there were no Gothic lies, which permit only blind, groping pleasures in secret, and hasten to stick before every free feeling their hypocritical fig-leaf.

There was, however, in this case, no occasion for any particular fig-leaves, since a whole fig-tree, with broad spreading branches, rustled over the heads of the happy pair.

CHAPTER VII.

EVERY ONE knows what whippings are, but no one has as yet made out what love is. Some natural philosophers have asserted that it is a sort of electricity, which is not impossible, for in certain rapturous periods of love, we feel as though an electric flash from the eyes of the loved one had penetrated our heart. Ah! such lightnings are the most destructive of all; and I will honour above FRANKLIN, the man who will invent a conductor which will protect us against them. If there were only little conductors running to the heart, to which lightning-rods were attached, which could divert the dreadful fire to some other quarter! But I fear that it is not so easy a matter to rob Cupid of his arrows, as Jupiter of his lightning and tyrants of their sceptres. Besides, every love does not work in the lightning style; many a time it is hidden like a snake amid roses, and looks for the first crevice in the heart wherein to nestle—often it is only a word, a glance, the light narration of some illicit deed, which falls like a seed into the heart, lies there through the long winter time until Spring comes, when the little grain shoots up into a flaming flower, whose perfume benumbs the brain. The same sun which hatches forth crocodile's eggs in Egypt, may at the same time fully ripen the love-seed in a young heart in Potsdam—for in Potsdam,

as in Egypt, there are tears. Has no one penetrated their being? has no one solved the riddle? Perhaps such a solution would cause greater pain than the riddle itself, and the heart would be by it stricken with horror, and petrified as at the sight of the Medusa. Serpents twine around the awful word which reveals this mystery. Oh! I will never know that word of solution, for the burning misery in my own heart is dearer to me than cold, marble-like death. Oh! utter it not, ye forms of the dead, which, painless as stone, but as feelingless, wander through the rose gardens of this world, and smile with pale lips on the foolish soul who praises the perfume of the roses, and bewails their thorns.

But if I, dear reader, cannot tell thee what love really is, I can at least describe with the utmost accuracy how a man behaves, and how he feels, when he is enamoured among the Apennines. For he then behaves like a fool; he dances on rocks and hills, believing that the whole world dances with him. He feels as if the earth had just been finished on that very day, and that he was the first man made. "Ah! how beautiful everything is!" I carolled, as I left FRANCESCA's dwelling. "How fair and precious is this new world!" I felt as though I must give to all plants and animals a new name, and I called every one according to its inner nature and my own feelings, which blended so marvellously with all things without. My breast was a well-spring of revelation, and I understood all forms and figures, the perfume of plants, the song of birds, the piping of the wind, and the rustling of waterfalls. Often, too, I seemed to hear the divine voice, "ADAM, where art thou?" "Here am I, FRANCESCA!" I replied. "I pray to thee, for well I know that thou hast created sun, moon, and stars, and the earth with all its creatures!" Then there was soft laughter among the myrtles, and I secretly sighed within myself, "Oh, delicious folly, do not forsake me!"

But it was when twilight stole over me that the delirious happiness of love first truly began. The trees, danced on the rocks, while their heavy heads were ruddily flushed over by the setting sun as though intoxicated from their own embracing vines. Below them the brook darted more hurriedly along and murmured anxiously as though fearing to undermine and overthrow the enraptured quivering trees. And over all flashed the summer eye light rising as deliciously as light kisses. "Yes," I cried, "the laughing Heaven kisses laughing Earth—oh FRANCESCA! lovely Heaven, let me be thy Earth? I am all so earthly, and sigh for thee my Heaven!" So I cried, holding my hands in wild prayer up

to Heaven, and ran and struck my head against many a tree, which instead of scolding I embraced, and my whole soul cried out with joy in all the intoxication of love,—when I suddenly beheld a gleaming, scarlet form, which at once tore me violently from my dreams and brought me back to a sense of the coldest reality.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON a mossy bank, beneath a wide branching laurel, sat HYACINTHOS, the Marquis's servant, and near him his dog Apollo. The latter, however, might rather be said to be standing, as he had both fore-paws on the scarlet knee of the little man, and inquisitively beheld how the latter, holding a tablet in his hand, wrote from time to time therein. At times, whilst thus employed, HYACINTHOS smiled sorrowfully, then shook his head, and then handkerchiefed his face with an air of satisfaction.

"What the devil!" I cried, "HIRSCH HYACINTH! are you composing poetry? Well the symptoms are favourable. Apollo is by your side and the laurel hangs over your head."

But I did the poor sinner injustice. He amiably answered, "Poems! no; I'm a lover of poems, but don't write 'em. What should I write? I hadn't any thing to do just then, and so just for fun I was writing off a list of the names of those gentlemen who've played in my lottery—some of them are a little in debt to me yet—oh don't suppose, Doctor, I meant to hint any thing!—plenty of time for that. I know that you're good. If you'd only taken ticket number 1365 last time instead of 1364, you'd have been worth a hundred thousand marks banco now, and needn't have been running around here, and might be sitting cosy and easy in Hamburg, telling folks, as you laid off on the sofa, how things looked in Italy. As true as the Lord may help me, I wouldn't have come here if it hadn't been for Herr GUMPEL! Oh what heat and danger and getting tired I have to stand, and wherever there's any thing out of the way or crazy, there's Herr GUMPEL—and I must take my share in it. I'd have gone away long, long ago if I thought he could do without me. For if I didn't who could certify for him at home how much honour and cultivation he'd enjoyed when travelling? And to tell the truth, Doctor, I begin to set great store myself on cultivation and manners. In Hamburg, the Lord be praised! I don't need it, but a man never

knows what he may want when he goes any where else. And folks are right, for a little accomplishment ornaments the whole man. And how much honour you get by it too! For instance, how Lady MAXFIELD received me this morning, and how handsome she 'came down.' Just on a level with me. And she gave me the *francesconi* to drink her health, though the flower only cost five *paoli*. Besides—oh isn't it a pleasure to hold the little, white naked foot of a pretty lady in your hand?"

I was startled by this last remark, and at once thought, "Is he making fun of *me*?" But how could the vagabond know of the good fortune which I had encountered at the same hour, when he was on the other side of the hill? Was there perhaps a similar scene, and was there perhaps displayed in it, the irony of the great world-stage-poet, who has acted at the same instant a thousand similar scenes, each parodying the other for the amusement of the heavenly host? But my suspicions were unfounded, for after many and oft-repeated questions, ending with my solemn promise not to tell the Marquis, the poor fellow admitted that when he gave the flower to Lady MAXFIELD she was still abed—and that just at the instant in which he was about to deliver it—and with it a fine speech—one of her pretty naked feet was thrust out from beneath the counterpane. Observing a corn on it he at once begged permission to extract the annoyance—which was readily granted, and for which, with the tulip he was rewarded with a *francesconi*.

"Yet I only did it for the honour of the thing," added HYACINTH, "and that's just what I said to Baron ROTHSCHILD when I had the honour to cut his corns. It took place in his cabinet; he sat there on his green arm-chair like a king, with his courtiers standing around, and he all the while was a-sending expresses to all the kings. And while I was cutting his corns I thought in my heart, 'Now you've got in your hands the foot of the man who holds all the world in his hands, and you too are a man that's somebody, for if you cut too deep he'll be angry, and if you don't cut enough he'll be all the madder at the kings,'—it was the happiest moment of my life!"

"I can readily imagine your feelings, Herr HYACINTH. But whom among the ROTHSCHILD dynasty did you thus amputate? Was it the high-hearted Briton, the man in Lombard street, who has set up a pawn-broker's shop for emperors and kings?"

"Of course, Doctor, I mean the great ROTHSCHILD, the great NATHAN ROTHSCHILD, to whom the Emperor of Brazil pawned his dia-

mond crown. But I had the honour too, to make the acquaintance of Baron SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD in Frankfort, and though I wasn't on exactly the same footing with him as the other, he still knew how to esteem me. When the Marquis said to him, that I had once been a lottery agent, the Baron answered very wittily, 'I'm head-agent of the ROTHSCHILD lottery myself, and a colleague of mine mustn't eat among servants—he must sit along-side of me at the table.' And as true as God be good to me, Doctor, I sat by SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD, and he treated me just like one of his equals—quite famillionaire. I was with him too at the Children's Ball, which was in the newspapers. I shall never see such a grand show again in all my born days. I was once in Hamburg at a ball which cost fifteen hundred marks and eight schillings—but that was nothing but a hen-dirt compared to a dung-hill. What lots of gold and silver and diamonds, I saw there! Such stars and orders! The falcon-order, the golden-fleece, a lion-order, the eagle-order—yes, even a child—a right down small child, wore the whole order of the elephant. The children were masked, very pretty and played at pawns, and were dressed up like kings, with crowns on their heads, but one of the biggest was dressed precisely like old NATHAN ROTHSCHILD. He acted his part very well, kept both his hands in his breeches-pockets, shook his money, shook his head as if in trouble when any of the little kings wanted to borrow any thing, and only showed favour to the little one with the white coat and red pants. This fellow he patted on the cheeks and praised him:—'You're my boy, my pet, my pride—but let your cousin Michael keep out of my way—I'll not lend the goose a penny—he spends more men in a year than he has to eat; he'll make some trouble yet in the world and spoil my business.' As true as the Lord may help me, the little fellow played his part very well, particularly when he helped a child to walk along who was dressed in white satin with real silver lilies, and now and then said to him: 'Now, now—only take good care of yourself—get your living honestly, and look out that you're not driven away again, or I'll lose my money.' I tell you what, Doctor, it was a real pleasure to hear how the little chap and the other children—right nice children they were—played their parts very well till cakes were brought to them, and they begun to fight for the best pieces, and grabbed the crowns off one another's heads, and screamed and cried, and some of 'em, even"——

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is nothing so stupid on the face of the earth, as to read a book of Travels in Italy—unless it be to write one—and the only way in which its author can make it in any degree tolerable is to say as little in it as possible of Italy. But though I have availed myself of this rule, I still cannot venture to promise the reader any thing strikingly captivating in the coming chapter. And if you who read become tired of the stupid stuff in it, just think of what a dreary time I must have had writing it! I would recommend you, on the whole, to once in a while skip half a dozen leaves—for in that way you will arrive much sooner at the end. Lord! how I wish that I could follow the same plan. And do not believe that I am jesting, for if I were to speak out in saddest earnestness the real opinion of my very heart, I would advise you to at once close these pages, and read no more therein. By and by I will improve; and when we, in a book as yet unwritten, meet MATILDA and FRANCESCA together, the dear creatures shall delight you far more than anything in the present chapter or even in the next.

The LORD be praised, I hear without, before my window, a hand-organ, with merry tunes. My befogged head needed such a clearing up, particularly as I must now describe my visit to his Excellency the Marquis CHRISTOPHERO DI GUMPELINO. I will narrate this deeply moving history, with the utmost accuracy, the most literal truth, and in all its filthy purity.

It was late as I reached the home of the Marquis. As I entered the room, HYACINTH stood alone, cleaning the golden spurs of his master, who, as I perceived, through the half-opened door of his chamber, was on his knees before a Madonna and a great crucifix.

For you must know, dear reader, that this noble man is now a good Catholic; that he observes with the utmost strictness all the ceremonies of that Church which alone confers happiness; and that when he is in Rome he keeps his own chaplain, on the same principle which induces him to keep in England the fastest horse, and in Paris the prettiest dancing girl.

“Herr GUMPEL is just now doing his prayers,” whispered HYACINTH, with a significant smile, and pointing to the cabinet of his master, added in a softer tone, “He lies that way every evening two hours on his knees before the Prima Donna with the Jesus-child. It is a splendid affair, and cost him six hundred francesconis.”

"And you, Mr. HYACINTH, why don't you kneel behind him? Or perhaps you are not inclined to the Catholic religion?"

"I'm inclined, and again I a'n't inclined," replied he, reflectively shaking his head. "It's a good religion for a genteel Baron, who can go about all day at his leisure, or for one who understands the fine arts—but it's no religion for a Hamburger, for a man who has his business to mind, and no religion at all, any way you take it, for a lottery collector. I must write down fair and square every number that's drawn, and if I happen to think of—bum! bum! bum!—the Catholic bells, or if my eyes swim like Catholic incense, and I make a mistake, and set down the wrong number, the worst sort of trouble may come out of it. Many a time have I said to Herr GUMPEL, 'Your Excellency is a rich man, and can be as Catholic as you please, and may smoke up your wits with incense as much as you like, and may be as stupid as a Catholic bell, and still have victuals to eat; but *I'm* a business man, and must keep my seven senses about me, to earn something.' Herr GUMPEL thinks, of course, that it's necessary for my accomplishment, and that if I don't become Catholic that I can't understand the pictures which accomplish people—the VERYGREENO, the CORRECTSHOW, CARATSHOW, and CRAVATSHOW—but I've always held that all the CORRECTSHOWS and CRAVATSHOWS wouldn't help much if nobody bought tickets of me, and then I should make a mighty poor show! And I must own, Doctor, that the Catholic religion don't amuse me; and, as a reasonable man, you must allow that when it comes to that, I'm right. I don't see any fun in it—its something such a religion as if the Lord (the Lord forbid it!) had just died, and everything smelt of burial incense, and with it all, they roll out such a melancholy funeral music as to give one the blues—and the long and short of it is, that it's no religion for a Hamburger."

"Well, then, Mr. HYACINTH, how do you like the Protestant religion?"

"That is altogether, on t'other hand, too common sense like, and if the Protestant churches hadn't an organ, it wouldn't be a religion at all. Between you and I, the religion does no harm, and is as pure as a glass of water—but it don't help any. I've tried it, sir—and the trial cost me four marks fourteen schilling."

"How so, my good Mr. HYACINTH?"

"Well—do you see, Doctor, that I once came to the conclusion that it was a very enlightened religion, without any visionary notions or miracles—though by the way, I still think that a church *must*

have a few visionary notions, and a trifle in the way of miracles, to be one of the proper sort. 'But who'd ever work any miracle there?' thought I, one day in Hamburg, as I peeped into a Protestant church, one of the regular bald sort, with nothing but brown benches and white walls, and on the walls nothing but a blackboard, with half a dozen white numbers on it. 'But,' thinks I, 'may be you don't do justice to this religion—who knows but what these numbers can work a miracle as well as the image of the Virgin Mary, or a bone of her husband, saint Joseph?' and, to settle the matter, I went straight to Altona, and set these very numbers in the Altona lottery. The *deuce* I set with eight schilling, the *terne* with six, the *quaterne* with four, and the *quinterne* with two schilling. But I tell you, upon my honour, that not a single one of the Protestant numbers came out a prize. I very soon made up *my* mind what to think of the Protestant business. A great religion, that, which can't so much as bring out the *deuce*!—and a nice goose I'd be to stake my salvation on a religion by which I've already lost four marks and fourteen schilling."

"I dare say that the old Jewish religion suits you much better, my friend."

"Doctor—the mischief take the old Jewish religion! I don't wish it to my worst enemy. It brings nothing but abuse and disgrace. I tell you it ain't a religion, but a misfortune. I keep out of the way of everything that puts me in mind of it, and because Hirsch is a Hebrew word, and means hyacinth, I've let the old Hirsch run,* and now subscribe myself, 'HYACINTH, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser.' And then I have this advantage, that I've got an H on my seal ring, and my new name begins with an H, so that there's no need of having a new one cut. I tell you what—it amounts to a good deal in the long run, if you reckon up what a good name is worth to a man—name's everything. When I write, 'HYACINTH, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser,' it has another sort of a sound from plain HIRSCH. Nobody can treat me like a common blackguard then."

"My good HYACINTH, who would ever treat *you* in such a manner? You appear to have done so much towards accomplishing yourself, that it is easy to recognise a refined character in you before you open your mouth."

"You're right, Doctor—I have gone ahead like a giantess in improving myself. I really don't know who I ought to keep company

* *Hirsch* is also a German word, and signifies a stag or deer.

with when I get back to Hamburg—but I know what I'll do in the religion line. Just for the present I can get along with the new-Israelite temple, I mean the pure Mosaic-Lord's service, with orthographic German hymns and moving sermons, and a few visionary notions, which are things no religion can do without. As true as the Lord may help me, I don't want any better religion, and it is worth keeping up. I mean to do my part for it, any how, and every Saturday, when it isn't a day for drawing in the lottery, I'm going there. There are men, and more's the pity, who give this new faith a bad name, and say that it gives occasion for a schism—but I give you my word, it's a good sound religion—perhaps a little too good for common folks, for whom the old Jewish religion is good enough. A common man must have something stupid to make him happy, and he *does* feel happier in something of the sort. A regular old Jew, with a long beard and a ragged coat, and lousy at that, and who can't speak a word correct, perhaps feels better than I do, with all my accomplishment. There lives in Hamburg, in the Bæcker Breitungang, a man named MOSES LUMP,*—the folks call him LUMPY, for short,—and he runs around the whole week in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn a few marks. Well, when Friday evening comes round, he goes home, and finds the seven-branched lamp all lighted, a clean white cloth on the table, and he puts off his pack and all his sorrows, and sits down at the table with his crooked wife and crookeder daughter, and eats with them fish which have been cooked in nice white garlic sauce, and sings the finest songs of King DAVID, and rejoices with all his heart at the Exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt. He feels glad, too, that all the bad people who did anything bad to them died at last; that King PHARAOH, NEEUCHADNEZZAR, HAMAN, ANTIOCHUS, TITUS, and such like, are all dead, but that LUMPY is still alive, and eats fish with his wife and child. And, I tell you what, Doctor, the fish are delicate, and the man is happy; he hasn't any cause to torment himself with any 'accomplishment;' he sits just as contented in his religion and in his green night-gown, as DIOGENES in his cask, and he looks with joy at the lights burning, which he hasn't even the trouble of cleaning. And I tell you that if the lights should happen to burn dim, and the Jewess, who ought to snuff them, isn't at hand, and if ROTHSCHILD the Great should happen to come in with all the brokers, discounters, forwarders, and head-clerks, with whom he overcomes the

* *Lump* means in German not only a tatter or rag, but also a ragamuffin or black-guard.

world, and if he should say, "MOSES LUMP, ask what thou wilt, it shall be given thee,"—Doctor, I believe that MOSES would say, quiet and easy, "Pick the lamp, then!" and ROTHSCHILD the Great would answer, in wonder, "If I wasn't ROTHSCHILD, I'd like to be such a LUMP as this!"

As HYACINTH, according to custom, thus developed his doctrines with epic copiousness, the Marquis rose from his cushions and came towards us, still mumbling a paternoster through his nose. HYACINTH then drew the green curtain over the image of the Madonna which hung over the bed, extinguished the two candles, took down the bronze crucifix, and, approaching us, began to clean it with the same rag and with the same care with which he had just cleaned his master's spurs. But the Marquis was melting with heat and with soft sentiment; instead of a coat he wore a full blue-silk domino, with silver fringe, and his nose shone sorrowfully, like an enamored louis d'or. "Oh JESUS!" he sighed, as he sank among the cushions of the sofa—"don't you think, Doctor, that I have a very dreamy, visionary, poetical look, this evening? I am very much moved—my soul is melting; I perceive from afar, a higher world.

"My eye beholds the Heaven open,
My heart leaps up in wondrous bliss."

"Herr GUMPEL, you must take something," interrupted HYACINTH. "The blood in your inside has got to going again. I know what is the matter with you."

"You *don't* know," sighed his master.

"I tell you I *do*," replied the man, nodding with his good-natured, going-to-work little face. "I know you, in and out—I *know*. You are just my opposite; when you're hungry I'm thirsty, and when I'm thirsty you're hungry. You are too corpulent, and I'm too lean. You have lots of imagination, and I've got all the more business capacity. I'm a *practicus*, and you're a *diarrheticus**—in short, you are altogether my *antipodes*.

"Ah, JULIA!" sighed GUMPELINO, "would that I were the yellow glove upon thy hand, and kissed thy cheek! Doctor, did you ever see the actress CRELINGER in Romeo and Juliet?"

"Of course, and my whole soul is still enraptured with the memory."

* HYACINTH, in this sentence, is supposed to be attempting to "air" the Latin which he has picked up under his master. For *diarrheticus* read *theoreticus*, and for *antipodes*, *antipodes*. An instance of the erudite character of the Germans may be found in the fact that even among very vulgar people the Latin word *podes* is frequently used for its German equivalent.—[Note by Translator.]

"Well, then," cried the Marquis, with enthusiasm, and fire flashed from his eyes, illuminating his nose—"then you appreciate my feelings—then you know what I mean when I say *I love!* I will show myself to you, and expose everything. HYACINTH, just step out of the room!"

"I needn't go out," said his man, as if vexed; "You needn't stand on any ceremony with me, for I know what love is, too, and how it"—

"You *don't* know!" cried the Marquis.

"I'll prove that I know, Herr Marquis, by just speaking the name of JULIA MAXFIELD. Oh be easy! You're loved, too, but it's of no use. The brother-in-law of your lady never lets her go out of sight and watches her night and day like a diamond."

"Ah! wretched that I am," moaned GUMPELINO—"I love and am loved again; we secretly press each other's hands—we tread on each other's feet under the table—glance meaningly at each other—and yet can't find an opportunity to — Ah! how often I stand in the moonlight on the balcony, and imagine that I am JULIA and that my ROMEO or my GUMPELINO has promised me a *rendezvous*—and then I declaim exactly like the CRELINGER:

'Come night, come GUMPELINO—day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my ROMEO—or GUMPELINO!'

—But ah! Lord MAXFIELD watches us all the time, and we're both dying with intense desire. I shall never survive the day when either sets the blossom of youthful purity at stake, winning to lose. Ah! I'd rather enjoy one such night with JULIA than win the great prize in the Hamburgh lottery!"

"What a crazy notion!" cried HYACINTH; "the great prize!—one hundred thousand marks!"

"Yes—rather than the great prize," continued GUMPELINO, "could I have one such night—and she has promised me often that I should have such a night when the first opportunity occurs, and I've often thought that early in the morning she would declaim to me—just like CRELINGER—

"'Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day!
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale!'"

"The great prize for only one night!" repeated HYACINTH several times as if he could never assent to such an assertion; "I have a very high opinion, Herr Marquis, of your accomplishments, but I never did think you'd have brought your visionary fancies up to such a pitch. That any man could ever prefer love to the great prize! Really, Herr Marquis—since I've waited on you I've got used to a great deal of accomplishment—but as far as I know, I wouldn't give an eighth of the great prize for all the love afloat. The Lord keep me from it! Why, if I reckon off five hundred marks premium, there'd still remain twelve thousand marks. *Love!* Why if I reckon up all together that I've ever paid out for love in all my life it only comes to twelve marks and thirteen schilling. *Love!* Why I've had lots of love, free, *gratis*, for nothing; only once in a while, to please my woman, I've cut her corns for her. I never had a real sentimental passionate love-scape but once in my life, and that was for fat SALLY of Dreckwall. She used to buy lottery tickets of me, and whenever I called on her to square accounts, she used to give me piece of cake—very good cake, indeed—and sometimes she'd fix up a nice little fancy dish for me, with a drop of liquor to it—and when I once told her that I was troubled with the blues, she gave me a receipt for the powder which her own husband used. I use the powder to this very day—it always works on me—and that was the only consequence which our love ever had. I thought, Herr Marquis, that may be you needed one of those powders. When I came to Italy they were the first thing I thought of, so I went to the apothecary and had 'em made up, and I always carry 'em about with me. Just wait a minute and I'll hunt for 'em, and if I hunt for 'em I'll find 'em, and if I find 'em your Excellency's got to take 'em."

It would require too much time to repeat all the comments with which HYACINTH accompanied his researches, as he drew in succession each of the following articles from his pocket. These were.—I. half a wax candle; II., a silver case, in which he kept his instruments for cutting corns; III., a lemon; IV., a pistol, which, though unloaded, was carefully wrapped in paper lest the sight of it might awaken apprehension; V., a scheme of the last drawing of the Hamburg lottery; VI., a black leather bound little book, containing the Psalms of David and the debts not as yet collected; VII., a dry willow withe, twined in a true-love-knot; VIII., a little packet covered with faded rose-coloured silk, and containing the receipt in full for a lottery prize which had once won fifty thousand marks;

IX., a flat piece of bread resembling ship's biscuit with a hole in the middle; and X.; the above mentioned powder, which the little man took out, not without a certain emotion and a sorrowful shaking of the head.

"When I think," he sighed, "that ten years ago, fat SALLY gave me this receipt and that I'm in Italy now and have the same receipt in my hands, and see the same words on it: '*sal mirable Glauberi*'—that means in German, 'extra fine Glauber salt of the best quality'—ah, I feel as if I had already taken the salt and could feel it a-working inside. What is man! I'm in Italy a-thinking of fat SALLY of Dreckwall! Who'd a thought it?—I can think I see her now—in the country, in her garden, where the moon shines, and where there must be for certain a nightingale singing—or may be a lark—"

"It is the nightingale and not the lark!" sighed GUMPELINO in parenthesis.

'Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree,
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.'

"It's all one to me," continued HYACINTH; "it may be a canary for all I care—only wild birds in the garden don't cost so much. The main thing is the hot-house and the carpet in the pavilion and the statues all round it—and among 'em there's a naked General somebody (one of the gods)—and the VENUS URINIA—both cost three hundred marks. And in the middle of the garden SALLY's got a fontenelle,* and may be she's a-standing there, having make believe pleasures in her fancy, and thinking—of—me!"

After this sigh followed a rapt silence, which the Marquis finally broke with a languishing tone and question—"Tell me, HYACINTH—on your honour—do you really believe that your medicine will have its effect?"

"Yes, upon honour, it will! Why shouldn't it work? It works on *me*. And ain't I a living man, just the same as you? Glauber salts make all men alike, and when ROTHSCHILD takes Glauber salts they operate on him just as they would on the smallest broker. And I'll just tell you now how it's all done. I shake the powder into a glass, pour some water on it, and as soon as you've swallowed it you twist up your face and say—'Pr—phew!—pooh!' Then you feel it a sort of quarrelling about inside of you, and you don't know what to make of yourself, and you lie down on the bed, and then I promise you 'pon honour that by and by you'll get up, then you'll

* Probably a fountain.

lay down again and get up again, and so on and so forth, and the next morning you feel as light as an angel with white wings, and you'll dance about because you feel so well—only you'll look a little pale, but I know you like to look pale, because its languishing-like—and that's interesting."

While thus chattering, HYACINTH had prepared the powder, but the Marquis he would have taken this pains for nothing had not the passage suddenly flashed into his mind, where Julia takes the draught which has such a dire effect on her destiny. "What do you think, Doctor,"—he cried—"of the actress MUELLER in Vienna? I have seen her as Julia, and Lord! Lord!—how she *did* play! I'm the greatest enthusiast for CRELINGER, living—but MUELLER, when she drank off the goblet, completely tore me down!—See!"—this was his exclamation as he took with a comic gesture the glass, into which HYACINTH had poured the powder—"See! *this* was the way in which she took the cup, and shuddered so that you could feel every thrill which *she* felt as she said:—

"There is a faint cold fear which thrills my veins,
And almost freezes up the heat of life."

"And so she stood—just as I stand—and held the goblet to her lips, saying:—

"Stay, Talbot, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

And with these words he swallowed the medicine.

"Much good may it do you, Herr GUMPEL!" said HYACINTH, in a joyful tone; for the Marquis had, in his inspiration, drained the entire dose, and sunk weary with declamation on the sofa.

He did not remain long in this position, for almost immediately there was a knock at the door, and there entered Lady MAXFIELD's little jockey, who gave to the Marquis with a laugh and a bow, a note, and at once retired. Hastily did GUMPELINO break the seal, and while he read, his eyes and nose gleamed with delight—but suddenly a spectral paleness covered his face, emotion was apparent in every muscle, and he sprang about with gestures of despair, laughing grimly, and rushed about the chamber, exclaiming—

"What is it?—what is it?" cried HYACINTH, with a trembling voice, as he distractedly cleaned away at the crucifix, which he had again taken up—"Are we going to make our attack to-night?"

"What is the matter, Herr Marquis?" I inquired, equally astonished.

"Read! read!"—cried GUMPELINO, as he threw towards us the note, and again rushed madly about the room, his blue domino streaming behind him like a storm-cloud.

In the note we read the following words :—

"Sweetest GUMPELINO :

"By break of day I must away to England. My brother-in-law has travelled on before, and awaits me in Florence. I am at present free, but alas! only for this one night! Let us, however, avail ourselves of it; let us drain the nectar goblet which love holds forth, even to the last drop. I await, I tremble.

"JULIA MAXFIELD."

"Woe me! fool of Fortune!" bewailed GUMPELINO—Love holds out to me his nectar-cup, and I—alas! the Jack-fool of Fortune, have already drained a goblet of Glauber-salts! Who can get the accursed stuff out of me now?—Help! help!"

"No earthly living man can help you now!" sighed HYACINTH.

"I pity you from my very heart," said I, condolingly. "To drain a tumbler of Glauber-salts, instead of a goblet of nectar, is bitter! Instead of the throne of Love, the chair of night awaits you!"

"Oh, Jesus! oh, Jesus!" cried the Marquis; "I feel it thrill through my every vein—oh true apothecary, thy drugs are quick!—but it shall not hinder me, I will hasten to her; I will sink at her feet and bleed!"

"There's no blood in the business at all," replied HYACINTH. "Don't go off into rhapsodies. Don't be passionate!"

"No, no! I will hasten to her, into her arms—oh, night! oh, night!"

"I tell you," continued HYACINTH, with philosophical indifference, "that you will find no repose in her arms. You will have to get up twenty times during the night. Don't be so passionate. The more you run around the room and excite yourself, so much quicker the salts work. Your mind plays into the hands of nature. You must endure like a man what your fate has determined. Maybe it's good that it's come so, and perhaps it came so because it's good. Man is an earthly being, and doesn't understand the ways of Divinity. Folks often think they're going straight ahead to their happiness, and bad luck stands in the way with a stick; and when a plain vulgar stick strikes a noble back, they feel it, Herr Marquis!"

"Woe me! a fool of Fortune!" raved GUMPELINO. But his servant calmly continued.

"A man often expects a cupfull of nectar, and instead of it gets horse-whip soup,—if the nectar is sweet, then the horse-whipping is all the bitterer; and it is really lucky that the man who thrashes another must tire out sooner or later, or the fellow he whips could never stand it. But it is a great deal worse when bad luck hides in a man's way to Love, so that his life's in danger. Maybe, Herr Marquis, it is really all right that things have gone as they have, or perhaps—who knows—you might have been met on the way by a little Italian with a dirk six yards long, who would have run slap at you, and have stuck you (not to put too fine a point upon it)—through your calves. For a man can't holler for the watch here as in Hamburgh, and there are no policemen among the Appenines. Or maybe," continued the pitiless consoler, without paying the slightest attention to the growing rage of his master—"maybe when you were sitting snug and warm in Lady MAXFIELD's arms, the brother-in-law would have come rushing back and clapped a pistol to your breast, and made you sign a bill of a hundred thousand marks. I don't want to make mischief or tell lies—but I say suppose now—only suppose that you were a good-looking man, and Lady MAXFIELD was in despair for fear she should lose her beau, and was jealous—like all women—for fear some other woman might get you after she was gone, what would she do? Why she'd just take an orange and put a little white powder on it, and say, 'Here, dear—just suck this and cool yourself off a little—you've got warm a running so fast,'—and the next day you'd be cooled down and no mistake. There was a man named PIPER, who had a passional attraction for a female individual who was called TRUMPET ANGEL JENNY, and she lived in the 'Coffee-factory,' and her husband by the Duck Pond"—

"I wish, HIRSCH," screamed the Marquis, in a rage, "I wish that your Piper of the Duck-Pond, and his Trumpet-Angel of the Coffee-Mill, and you and your SALLY, all had my Glauber's salt rammed down your throats!"

"What would you have, Herr GUMPEL?" exclaimed HYACINTH, not without heat. "Was it my fault that Lady MAXFIELD's a-going away to-morrow, and invited you to come for to-night? Could I know that beforehand? Am I ARISTOTLE? Have I got a situation in a prophecy office? I only said that the powder would work, and it *will* work, just as sure as I'm a-going to Heaven, and if you go running about the room in such a disparaging and passional way, it'll work all the sooner"—

"Well, then, I'll sit down calmly on the sofa!" groaned GUMPEL—

LINO; and, stamping on the ground, he rolled in a rage on the sofa, restrained his mood by a mighty effort, and both servant and master gazed long and silently at each other, until the latter said, with a deep sigh and in a whimpering tone—

“But, HIRSCH, what will the lady say if I don’t come? She waits for me, yes, lingers and trembles and burns with love”—

“She has a beautiful foot,” said HYACINTH to himself, and sorrowfully shook his little head. But there were mighty throbs of emotion at work in his heart, and a shrewd idea was working itself out under his scarlet coat.

“Herr GUMPEL,” said the words, as they came forth, “— — *send me!*”

And as he spoke, a deep blush stole over the sallow business countenance.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN CANDIDE came to El Dorado, he saw several boys in the street who were playing with nuggets of gold, instead of stones. This extravagance made him think that they must be royal children, and he was not a little astonished to learn that, in El Dorado, nuggets of gold were as valueless as flint-pebbles with us; so that the very school-boys played with them. Something very similar happened to one of my friends, who, when he first came to Germany and read German books was greatly amazed at the wealth of thought which he found in them—but soon observed that thoughts are as common in Germany as gold ingots in El Dorado, and that many a writer who seems to be an intellectual prince, is, after all, a mere school-boy.

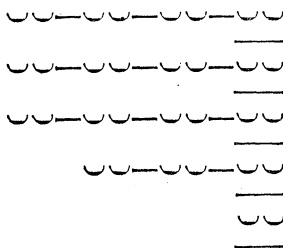
This reflection often occurs to me, when I am about to write down the most admirable reflections on Art and Life. Then I laugh, and keep my thoughts in my pen, or scribble in their stead a picture or a carpet-pattern on the paper, persuading myself that such carpets are more useful in Germany—that intellectual El Dorado—than the goldenest thoughts.

Dear reader, I shall bring on the carpet now spreading out before thee, the familiar figures of GUMPELINO and his HIRSCH-HYACINTH; and if the former be painted with less accurate traits, I trust that you will be sharp-witted enough to appreciate a negative character,

even if positive points be wanting in it. For he might bring a suit for libel against me, or something even more significant. Besides, he is the natural ally of my enemies—he upholds them with subsidies, he is an aristocrat, an ultra-papist; in fact, he only wants one thing as yet to be as bad as possible, and that one thing he must soon learn, having the book which teaches it already in his hands—as you will perceive from my picture carpet.

It was again evening; on the table stood two candelabras with lighted wax candles, and their gleam flashed on the golden frames of the pictures of saints hanging on the wall, and which, in the flickering light and wavering shadow, seemed inspired with life. Without, before the window, the dark cypress trees stood strangely motionless in the silver moonlight, while far in the distance resounded a sad hymn to the Virgin, rising and swelling in broken tones—apparently the voice of a sick child. The air within was close and warm, and the Marquis CHRISTOPHORO DI GUMPELINO sat or rather reclined in aristocratic indolence on the cushions of the sofa, his noble though overheated figure being again clad in its blue silk domino, while in his hands he held a book bound in scarlet morocco-paper, heavily gilt and from which he declaimed in a loud yet languishing tone. His eyes had that charming lustre peculiar to enamoured tom-cats, and his cheeks, including the side-wings of the nose, were pale as if from suffering. Still this pallor admits of a philosophically anthropological explanation, if we remember that the Marquis had swallowed the night before a whole tumbler of Glauber salts.

HIRSCH HYACINTHUS was down on all fours on the floor, and with a great piece of white chalk was busy in drawing on the brown tiles, the following characters, or something like them—



This business appeared to be anything but agreeable to the little man, for puffing at every stoop, he growled vexedly, "Spondee—Trochee, Jambus, Pyrr-hic, Anapest—and the pest!" For the sake of working more at his ease, he had taken off his red coat, and there now appeared two short modest looking legs in tight scarlet breeches, and somewhat longer arms, in white loose sleeves.

"What curious figures are those?" I inquired.

"These are feet, the size of life," he groaned for answer—"and I wretched man!—must keep these feet in my head, and my hands already ache with all the feet they've had to write. These are the real feet of poetry—and if it wasn't for the accomplishments I'm getting, I'd let the poetry run with all its feet. Just now, I have private lessons from the Marquis in the poetry-business. The Marquis reads the poem and explains how many feet there are in it, and then I must note them down and reckon up whether the poem is all right."

"You find us," remarked the Marquis in didactically pathetic tone, "engaged in a truly poetic occupation. I well know, Doctor, that you belong to that body of poets who have ideas of their own, and do not perceive that in poetry, *metre* is the main thing. But a refined spirit can only express itself in refined forms, and these are only to be learned from the Greeks and from those modern poets who strive to think like Greeks, *feel* like Greeks, and bring their feelings home, in the Greek fashion, to a man."

"To man, of course, and not to woman, as an unclassic, romantic poet is bound to do," replied my Insignificance.

"Herr GUMPEL talks, now and then, like a book," whispered HYACINTH aside to me, as he contracted his thin lips, winked his little eyes with delighted pride, and significantly shook his small head, whose every motion was one of wondering amazement. "I tell you," he continued, in somewhat louder tones, "he talks sometimes like a book, and then he's what you might call no sort of a man at all, but a higher sort of being, and I become regularly *dumb* the nearer I come to him."

"And what have you there in your hands?" I inquired of the Marquis.

"Gems," he replied, laconically, holding out the book.

At the word "gems," HYACINTH leaped up, but when he saw the book smiled pityingly. The precious gem in question had on its title-page the following words:

POEMS
OF
AUGUST, COUNT VON PLATEN.
STUTTGARD AND TUEBINGEN :
PUBLISHED BY J. G. COTTA.
1828.

On the blank leaf was neatly written, "A Gift of true Brotherly Friendship."

Meanwhile, the work smelt of a certain singular perfume, which has not the slightest affinity with *Eau de Cologne*, and which was perhaps to be attributed to the circumstance that the Marquis had been reading in it all night long.

"I haven't slept a wink all night," he complained to me. I was so severely worked that I had to get up eleven times. Fortunately, I had this glorious bit of reading by me, and I got from it not only poetical instruction, but also sound consolation for life. Look! see how I honor the book! there is not a single leaf torn out of it, and yet as I sat—you understand me—I was often tempted"—

"You are not the first, Herr Marquis, who has undergone the same temptation."

"I swear, sir, by our blessed Lady of Loretto, and as true as I'm an honorable man, that these poems haven't their equal! You know that I was in a state of desperation yesterday evening—*au desespoir*, as one might say—because Fate forbade me to possess my JULIA. Then I read these poems—one every time when I had to get up—and the result has been, that I feel as indifferent to women as if not one of the creatures had ever existed. And that is the beauty of this poet, that he only burns with warm feelings—friendship—for men. Yes, he prefers us to women; and for this very preference we ought to be grateful to him. How much greater he is, in this, than common poets! You do not find him flattering the every day tastes of the masses; he cures us of that passion for women which causes us so much suffering. Oh woman! woman! what a benefactor to his race is that man who frees us from your chains! It is an eternal shame that SHAKSPEARE never applied his wonderful theatrical talent, to this end since he, as I have just found in these poems, was inspired by the same greatness of soul as the great Count PLATEN, who says, in his sonnets, of SHAKSPEARE:

"A maid's caprices never broke thy slumbers,
And yet for friendship still we see thee yearning;
From female snares, a friend thy steps is turning,
His friendship is thy care, and fires thy numbers."

While the Marquis declaimed these verses with enthusiasm, and while the moisture gathered on his tongue, HYACINTH was making a series of grimaces which were evidently inspired by anything but assent, though they appeared partly to be those of vexation and partly of affirmation, until he at last exclaimed—

“Herr Marquis, you talk like a book, and the verses go out like a purge, but I don't like their contents. As a man, I feel flattered that Count PLATEN gives us the preference, but, as a friend to women, I go against such men. Such is man ! One likes onions, and another has the feeling for warm friendship ; but I, as an honest man, must confess that I prefer onions, and that a cross-eyed cook maid is more to my taste than the most beautiful friend, such as your poet talks about. And, in fact, I must say, that I, for one, can't *begin* to see so much beauty in the male sex that one can fall in love with it.”

HYACINTH spoke these last words while giving a side squint at his own reflection in the mirror, as though he were the ideal pattern of manly perfection. But the Marquis, without suffering himself to be disturbed read on—

“‘Hope's foam-built palaces may fall together,
We strive, yet do not come at all together ;
Melodious from thy mouth my name is ringing,
And yet my verse thou wilt not call together,
Like sun and moon must we be ever parted,
That use and custom may be all together ?
Oh lean thine head on mine for sweet in union,
Thy dark locks and my light ones fall together ;
But ah ! I dream, for lo I see thee parting
Ere joy has found us in one thrall together ;
Our souls are bleeding since our forms are parted,
Would we were flowers, oft bound and all together !’”

“Queer poetry that !” exclaimed HYACINTH, as he re-echoed the rhymes, “‘Use and custom all together,’ ‘thrall together’ and ‘fall together’ ! Queer poetry ! I've got a cousin who, when he reads poetry, often for fun puts ‘from before’ and ‘from behind’ in turn at the end of every other verse, but I declare I never knew that the poems he made up that way ought to be called ‘Gazelles.’ I must try myself and see whether the verses which the Marquis has just declaimed won't be improved by putting ‘from before’ and ‘from behind,’ in turn after the ‘together.’ Depend upon it they'll be twenty per cent. stronger !”

Without attending to this speech, the Marquis drove ahead in his declamation of “gazelles” and sonnets, in which the loving one sings his “friend of beauty,” praises him, wails over him, accuses him of

indifference, devises plans to attain him, ogles him, is jealous of him, languishes for him, fondles through a whole scale of love-tones with him, and that so meltingly, amorously and lecherously, that the reader would suppose that the poet were a maiden suffering with nymphomania. One thing, however, must seem to him, to a certain degree extraordinary, that this maiden is always complaining that her love is contrary to the usual manner or "custom;" that she cherishes as intense a hatred of this "custom which parts," as a pick-pocket could against the police; that in her love she would fain embrace the "limbs" of her friend; that she laments dolefully over envious wretches who cunningly part us, "to hinder us and keep us ever parted;" that she bewails annoying personal afflictions on the part of her friend; that she assures him that she will only casually glance at him; that she protests that "no single syllable shall shock thine ear," and finally confesses, that

"My wish, in others but gave birth to strife,
Thou hast not granted it, but oh! as yet
Thou hast not said me nay, oh my sweet life!"

I must do the Marquis the justice to admit, that he declaimed these verses well, sighed at full length in repeating them, and groaned as he slid along the sofa, as if sympathetically coquetting with the cushions. Meanwhile HYACINTH continued to babble the verses after him, not omitting to interweave with them his own original chatter. He honoured the odes with the most attention. "There's a heap more to be learned," quoth he, "from this sort of poetry, than from your sonnets and gazelles; for in the odes the feet are set down all fair and square, and a man can count up every poem nice and easy. Every poet ought to do in his hardest poetry-verses like Count PLATEN—that is, set it down with the feet up, and say to folks, "See here—I'm an honourable man, one of the kind that don't cheat. The straight and crooked marks which I put before every poem, are what you may call the *counter-feet** of it, and you may reckon up for yourself the trouble it all cost me. In fact, they're a kind of yard-stick for every poem—take it and measure 'em with it, and if you find I cheat you out of a single syllable, why then call me a d——d rascal—that's all!" But then the public may be taken in just by the honourable face he puts on it. When the feet are all set down so honest-looking and plain, the reader 'll say—"Well, I'm not going to be one of your suspicious sort—what's the

* *Conto-finto*, a simulated account.

use of counting after the man—I dare say it's all right!—I ain't a-going to do it!" And he *don't* do it—and gets cheated. And who can always count 'em up? Now we're in Italy and I've got time to write the feet on the ground with chalk, and collate every ode. But in Hamburgh, where I've my business to attend to, I've no time for it, and must take Count PLATEN without calling him to an account, just as a man takes the bags of money from the treasury with the number of the dollars they hold, written on 'em. They go about, sealed up, from one man to another, every body takes it for granted that they hold as much as the number says—and yet it *has* happened, that a man who didn't have much to do has opened one and counted the specie, and found it ran short a few dollars. And there may be just the same sort of swindling in poetry. Particularly do I mistrust when I think of bags of money. For my own brother-in-law has told me, that in the House of Correction at Odensee, they've got a fellow who had some sort of a situation in the Post Office, and who opened the specie-bags that went through his hands, and then sewed 'em up again and forwarded 'em. When one hears of such rascality, he loses his trust in fellow-mortals, and gets to be a mistrustful man. There's ever so much rascality in this world, and I suppose it's the same in the poetry business as in any other."

"Honesty," continued ΗΥΑCΙΝΘΗ, while the Marquis declaimed on, all absorbed in feeling and without attending to us, "Honesty, Doctor, is the correct thing, and a man who isn't honest I consider as a scamp, and when I consider a man as a scamp, I'll buy nothing from him, read nothing of his, in short, devil the bit of business of any sort will I do with him. I'm a man, Doctor, who don't set myself up on any thing, but if there's any thing I do set myself up on, it is on doing the correct thing. If you've no objection, I'd like to tell you of a noble trait in my character, and you'll be astonished at it. I tell you you'll be astonished as sure as I'm an honorable man. There's a man lives in the Spear-Place in Hamburgh, and he's a green-grocer, and his name's BLOCKY—that is to say, I say that his name's BLOCKY because we're good friends, for his real name is BLOCK. And his wife of course is Madam BLOCK, and she never could bear that her husband should buy lottery tickets of me, and when he did, I didn't dare to go to his house with 'em. So he used to tell me in the street, 'I want this or that number, and here's the money, HIRSCH!' And I'd say, 'All right, BLOCKY!' And when I got home, I used to lay the number he'd taken apart for him under cover, and write on it in German hand, 'On account of Herr CHRIS-

TIAN HINRICH BLOCK.' And now just listen and be astonished. It was a fine spring day and the trees round the Exchange were all green, and the zephyr airs were nice, and the sun shone in the heaven and I stood by the Bank of Hamburgh. And then BLOCKY—my BLOCKY, you know—came walking along with fat Mrs. BLOCKY on his arm, and was the first to speak to me, and spoke of the Lord's splendid Spring, and made some patriotic remarks on the town-guard, and asked me how business was, and I told him that a little while before there'd been a chap in the pillory, and so as we talked he told me that the night before he'd dreamed that number 1538 had drawn the grand prize—and just at that instant, while Madam BLOCK was looking at the *statutes* of the Emperors before the Town-hall, he put thirteen louis d'ors, full weight, into my hand. Lord! it seems to me that I can feel them now—and before Madam could turn around, I said, 'All right, BLOCKY!' and went away. And I went at once, without stopping, to the head office and got number 1538, and covered it up as soon as I was home, and wrote on the cover, 'On account of Herr CHRISTIAN HINRICH BLOCK.' And what did the Lord do? Fourteen days later, to try my honesty, he let number 1538 turn up a prize of fifty thousand marks. And what did HIRSCH then do, the same HIRSCH who now stands before you? This HIRSCH put on a clean white shirt, and a clean white cravat, and took a hackney coach and went to the head office, and drew his fifty thousand marks and rode with 'em to the Spear-Place.—And when BLOCKY saw me, he says, 'HIRSCH, what are you dressed up so fine for, to-day?' I however didn't answer a word, but set a great astonishing bag of gold on the table, and said, right cheerful and jolly, 'Herr CHRISTIAN HINRICH BLOCK!—number 1538, which you were so kind as to order of me, has been so lucky as to draw fifty thousand marks. I have the honor to present you that same money in this bag, and take the liberty of begging a receipt for the amount!' When BLOCKY heard *that*, he began to cry; when Madame BLOCK heard it, *she* cried; the fat red servant-girl cried; the crooked shop-boy cried; the children cried; and I? a man of feelings as I am, couldn't cry at all, but fainted dead away, and it wasn't till I came to, that the tears came into my eyes—like a river—and I cried for three hours!"

The voice of the little man quivered as he told this story, and with an air of joy he drew from his pocket the packet I have already spoken of, unrolled the faded rose silk, and showed me the document in which Herr CHRISTIAN HINRICH BLOCK acknowledged the receipt

of fifty thousand marks. "When I die," said HYACINTH with a tear in his eye, "this receipt must be buried with me, and on the Judgment Day, when I must give an account of all my deeds, then I will go with this receipt in my hand before the throne of the Lord, and when my Evil Angel has read off the list of all the evil deeds I've been guilty of, and my good angel has read off in turn all my good deeds, I'll say, calm and easy, 'Be quiet!—all I want to know is if this receipt is correct?—is that the handwriting of Herr CHRISTIAN HINRICH BLOCK?' Then a little angel will come flying up, and he'll say that he knows BLOCK's hand perfectly well, and he'll tell the whole story of the honorable business I carried through.—And the Creator of Eternity, the Almighty, who knows all things will remember it all and he will praise me before the sun, moon and stars, and reckon up at once in his head that if the value of my evil deeds be subtracted from fifty thousand marks, that there'll remain a balance to my account, and he'll say, 'HIRSCH, you are appointed an angel of the first class, and may wear wings with white and red feathers.'"

CHAPTER XI.

WHO is, then, the Count PLATEN, whom we have, in the previous chapter, learned to know as a poet and warm friend? Ah! dear reader, I have been reading that very question for a long time in your countenance, and it is with a trembling heart that I set about answering it. The worst thing with German authors is, that whenever they show up a fool, they must beforehand set him forth in full, by means of wearisome descriptions of character, and personal peculiarities, firstly, that the reader may know of his existence, and secondly, that they may understand how, where, and when the lash cuts—before or behind. It was a different matter with the ancients, and it is still different with some modern nations, for instance, the English and French, who have a public life, and, in consequence, public characters. We Germans, on the contrary, though we have a foolish enough public, have very few fools, distinguished enough to be generally recognised as 'characters,' when used in prose or in verse. The few men of this mould whom we possess are perfectly justifiable in giving themselves airs of importance. They are of inestimable value, and are entitled to the highest claim to our conside-

ration. For instance, the Herr Privy Counsellor SCHMALTZ, Professor at the University of Berlin, is a man worth his weight in gold; a humorous writer could never do without him, and he himself is so perfectly conscious of his personal importance and needfulness that he loses no opportunity to supply such writers with material for satire. For this purpose, therefore, he labors night and day, either as statesman, civil villain, or civilian,* deacon, anti-Hegelian, and patriot, to make himself as ridiculous as possible, and thus advance that literature for which he sacrifices himself. And therefore the German universities deserve great praise, since they supply us with more fools than any other trades-unions, especially Goettingen, which I have never failed to appreciate, so far as this point is concerned. This is the true and secret reason why I have always boldly advocated the maintenance of the Universities, even while preaching freedom of exercising a trade, and recommending the abolition of the guilds. When fools of note are thus wanting, the world cannot be too grateful to me, should I bring out a few new ones, and render them available. For the advancement of literature, I will therefore now speak more in detail of Count AUGUST VON PLATEN HALLERMUNDE. I will so arrange it, that he may be made well enough known to be useful, and to a certain degree celebrated, giving him, as it were, a literary fattening, as the Iroquois are said to do with prisoners who are subsequently devoured at their festivals. In this business, I shall act with all due honor and courtesy, as a good citizen should, touching on the material, or so-called personal interests, only so far as they are needed, to throw light upon spiritual phenomena, always giving the point of view from which I regarded him, and not unfrequently exhibiting the spectacles wherewith I took my peep.

The point of view from which I first beheld Count PLATEN, was Munich, the scene of those efforts which rendered him very celebrated among his acquaintances, and where he will unquestionably be immortal—so long as he lives. The spectacles with which I saw him belonged to certain inhabitants of the city, who, in their merry moments, occasionally indulged in merry remarks relative to his personal appearance. I have never seen him myself, and when I have a fancy to imagine him, I recall the droll rage with which my friend, Doctor LAUTENBACHER, attacked poetic folly in general, and particularly that of a certain Count PLATEN, who, with a wreath of laurel on his brow, stood in an attitude of poetic inspiration on the public promenade at

* Servilist in the original which I presume to be a Rabelisian "twist" of the word Civilist.—[*Note by Translator.*]

Erlangen, staring, with spectacled nose, up at Heaven. Others have spoken better of the poor Count, lamenting only his straitened circumstances, which, as he was very ambitious of honor, compelled him to extraordinary industry, and thus at least gave him distinction as a poet. They also praised his complaisance and courtesy towards younger people, with whom he was modesty itself, since he only, in the most amiable manner, begged their permission to occasionally visit them in their rooms; and carried his kindness so far as to call again, even when they had intimated, in the most significant manner, that his calls were no longer agreeable. Such stories, of course, moved my pity to a certain extent, although I found that his failures in the art of pleasing were very natural. In vain the poor Count often complained that

"Thy beautiful blonde youth, thou gentle boy,
Rejects a dismal, melancholy friend.
Well, then! my thoughts to jest and joke I'll lend,
Instead of tears, which now my spirits cloy:
And for the unknown gift of laughing joy,
My earnest prayers are long to Heaven shall tend!"

In vain the poor Count declared that he was destined to become the greatest of poets; that the shadow of the laurel was already visible on his brow, and that he could also make his sweet boys immortal, in poems which would live forever. Alas! even this celebrity was not acceptable to any one, nor was it, in fact, a thing to be particularly desired. I shall never forget the suppressed laughter with which one of these candidates for immortality was stared at by some genial friends, one day, in the Arcade at Munich. One sharp-witted knave even declared that he could see the reflection of a laurel wreath between the coat tails of the candidate. So far as I am concerned, dear reader, I am not so malicious as you think; I pity the poor Count, and when others mock him, I doubt whether he has ever practically revenged himself on the hated "custom" spoken of, although in his songs he sighs for such revenge—no, I rather believe in the repulsive afflictions, injurious disregard, and rejections, of which he sings so plaintively. I believe, in fact, that he acted towards morality in a far more laudable manner than he was desirous of doing, and it is possible that he can boast, with General TILLY, "I was never intoxicated, never touched a woman, and never lost a battle." It was, beyond question, for this that the poet says of himself:

"Thou art a sober and a modest youth."

The poor youth, or rather the poor old youth—for he had several lustrums behind him—once squatted, unless I err, at the University of Erlangen, where some sort of occupation had been allotted him, but as this was insufficient for his soaring spirit, since with his increasing lustrums he lusted with greater lustiness for illustrious lustre, and as he day by day felt himself more inspired with his future glory, he gave up his business, being determined to live by writing, by gifts from Heaven whenever they might turn up, and by similar earnings. For the county of the Count is unfortunately situated in the moon, and, owing to the bad state of the roads which communicate with Bavaria, will not (according to Gruithuisen's calculation) be attainable until 20,000 years have elapsed, after which time, when that planet approaches the earth, he will be able to draw from it his enormous revenues.

At an earlier period DON PLATEN DE COLLIBRADOS HALLERMUNDE had published by BROCKHAUS in Leipsig, a collection of poems with the title of "*Lyrical Leaves, No. I.*," which of course met with no success, although he assured us in the preface that the Seven Wise Men had lavished their praise on the author. At a later date he wrote, in TIECK's style, several dramatic legends and stories, which also had the fortune to remain hidden from the ignorant multitude and were only read by the Seven Wise Men. In order to get a few more readers the Count applied himself to controversy, and wrote a satire against eminent writers, especially against MUELLNER, who was already universally hated and morally overthrown, so that the Count came just in the nick of time to give the dead Court Counsellor OERINDUR, another *coup de grace*, not gracefully however, but very awkwardly in the Falstaffian manner in the thigh. A dislike of MUELLNER inspired every noble heart, the attack of the Count "took," and "The Mysterious and Terrible Fork" met here and there with a kindly reception, not from the public at large but among literati and the regular school-people—the latter being pleased with the satire because it was not an imitation of the romantic TIECK, but of the classic ARISTOPHANES.

I believe that it was about this time that the Count travelled to Italy, no longer entertaining a doubt but that he would be able to live by his poetry. CORTA had indeed paid him the common prosaic honor to pay him money for his bill for poetry; for Poetry, the nobly-born, never has any money herself, and when in difficulties always goes to CORTA. Now the Count versified day and night; he no longer copied the patterns of TIECK and of ARISTOPHANES, but

imitated first GOETHE in ballads, then HORACE in odes, then PETRARCH in sonnets, then HAFIZ in Persian gazelles—in short, he gave us, such as it was, a selection of flowers of the best poets, and with it his own lyrical leaves, under the title of “Poems of Count PLATEN, &c.”

No one in Germany is so indulgent as I towards poetic productions, and I am willing from my very soul that a poor devil like PLATEN should enjoy his bit of celebrity which he has so bitterly earned by the sweat of his brow. And no one is more willing to praise his industry, his efforts and his poetry, or to recognize his metrical merits. My own efforts enable me better than another to appreciate those merits. The bitter labor, the indescribable perseverance, the chattering of teeth through weary winter nights, the restrained anger at a fruitless straining for effect, is far more apparent to one of us than to the ordinary reader who supposes that the smoothness, neatness and polish of the Count's verses are the effect of ease, and who thanklessly enjoys himself over the glittering play of words, just as spectators at the feats of circus *artistes*, when they behold the latter dancing on ropes, hopping among eggs, or standing on their heads, never reflect that the poor fellows have acquired this pliancy of limb and poetry of motion only by long years of hard work and bitter hunger. I, who have never worried myself so much in poetry, and who have always exercised it in company with good eating, esteem poor PLATEN all the more, since his experiences have been of such a sour and sober nature; I will boast for him that no literary rope-dancer in Europe can balance so well as he on slack gazelles, that no one can perform so well as he such an egg dance as

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and that no one can stand so well on his head. If the muses are not complaisant to him, he at least has the genius of our language in his power, or knows how to clothe it with power. As for winning the willing love of the genius, it is beyond his power, he must perseveringly run after this youth as after others, and his utmost ability is to catch the outward form, which despite its beautiful contour never speaks to our soul. Never did the deep tones of nature, as we find them in popular song among children and other true poets, burst from the soul of PLATEN, or bloom forth like an apocalypse from it the desperate effort which he is obliged to make in order to say something he calls a “great deed in words,”—for so

utterly unfamiliar is he with the true spirit of poetry, that he does not know that the successful mastery of words can only be a great *deed* for the rhetorician; for the true poet it should be a natural occurrence. Unlike the true poet, language was never yet his master; on the contrary, he has become master of it, playing on it as a virtuoso plays on an instrument. The more he advanced in this mechanical facility, the higher opinion did he form of his own powers of performance; he learned how to play in every manner and metre; he versified even the most difficult passages, often poetising, so to speak, on the G string, and was vexed when the public did not applaud. Like all *virtuosi* who have developed this sort of single-string talent, he only exerted himself for applause, regarding with anger the celebrity of others. He envied his colleagues all that they gained, as for instance, when he fired five-act pasquinades at CLAUREN at a time when he could not attract more than a mere poetic squib at himself; he laid a strong hand on every review in which others were praised, and cried without ceasing, "I am not sufficiently praised, I am not sufficiently praised, for I am the poet, the poet of poets," &c. Such a hunger and thirst for praise, and for alms, was never yet shown by a true poet, by KLOPSTOCK or by GOETHE, to whose companionship Count PLATEN has appointed himself, although any one can see that he justly forms a triumvirate only with AUG. WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL, and perhaps with RAMLER. "The great RAMLER," as he was called in his own time, when he, without a laurel-crown, it is true, but with all the greater cue and hair-bag, with his eyes raised to Heaven, and with a canvass umbrella under his arm, wandered scanning about in the Berlin *Thiergarten*; believed himself to be the representative of poetry on earth. His verses were the most perfect in the German language, and his adorers, among whom even a LESSING went astray, believed that poetry could go no further. Such, at a late date, was almost the case with AUG. WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL, whose poetical insufficiency became manifest as the language was more fully developed, so that many who once looked upon the singer of Arion as an Arion himself, now regard him merely as a school-master of some ability. But whether Count PLATEN is as yet qualified to laugh at the otherwise really great SCHLEGEL, as the latter once laughed at RAMLER, I cannot take it on me to say. But this I do know, that they are all three on a par in poetry, and though Count PLATEN, in his gazelles, displays ever so exquisitely his juggling arts of balance; though he executes his egg-dance ever so admirably, and if he, in his plays, even

stands on his head—he is not for all that a poet.” “He is no poet,” say the ungrateful youths whom he so tenderly sings. “He is no poet,” respond the ladies, who perhaps (I must say this at least in his behalf) are not altogether impartial judges in the matter, and who, from the *penchant* which they detect in him, are either jealous or fearful that the tendency of his poems is such as to endanger their hitherto favourable position in society. Severe critics, who wear first-class spectacles, add their voice to this verdict, or express themselves with more laconic significance. “What do you find in the poems of the Count PLATEN VON HALLERMUNDE?” I recently asked such a man. “I find *bottom!*” was the reply.* “You refer to the fundamental and laborious character of his style?” I replied. “No,” said he, “I refer also to the subject matter.”

As regards this subject matter of the PLATEN poems, it is one which I cannot honestly praise, and yet I cannot unconditionally assent to the furious disapprobation with which our CAROS speak of them—or are silent! *Chacun a son gout*, the one loves an ox, the other WASCHISCHTA’s cow. I even blame the terrible Rhadamanthine seriousness with which this subject matter of the PLATEN poems is made in turn the subject of scientific criticism in the Berlin annuals. But such are men, and so easy do they find it to fall in a rage, when speaking of sins which they’ve no mind to. I recently read, in the *Morgenblatte*, an article entitled “From the Journal of a Reader,” in which Count PLATEN expressed himself against those who so severely blame his “friendship-love,” with that modesty which is his distinguishing characteristic, and by which his style may be readily recognised in the article referred to. When he says that the “*Hegelian Weekly Journal*” accuses him, with “laughable pathos,” of a secret vice, he then, as the reader will infer, simply anticipates the censure of people, whose opinion he has ascertained from others. He has, however, been wrongly informed; in this light, the pathetic shall never be found fault with by me; the noble Count is to me rather an agreeable subject, and in his noble *penchant* I only behold something anachronistic, or a timid and bashful parody of an antique excess of passion. And here we hit the nail on the head—in ancient times, that taste was in accordance with the manner of the age, and showed itself with heroic openness. As, for instance, when the Emperor NERO, on vessels of gold and ivory, held a banquet which cost millions, and amid public festivities, married, from out his seraglio of youths, one named PYTHAGORAS, (*cuncta denique spectata quæ etiam*

[* Sitzfleisch! war die Antwort.]

in femina nox operit), and afterwards fired Rome with the wedding-torch, that he might, by the roaring flames, the better sing the Fall of Troy. He was a gazelle poet, of whom I would speak with pathos; but I can only smile at the modern Pythagorean, who in the Rome of the present day, meanly, and soberly and anxiously sneaks among the paths of friendship, his blonde countenance simply disgusting the loveless youths, and who afterwards, by the light of a wretched oil lamp, sighs forth his gazelles. From such a point of view, it is interesting to compare the poems of PLATEN with those of PETRONIUS. In the latter we see straight-forward, antique, plastic, heathen nakedness; but Count PLATEN, despite his boasting of the classic style, rather treats his subject in a manner which is altogether romantic, deeply yearning, and priestlike—nay, and I must add, even hypocritical. For the Count frequently masks himself in pious feelings, he evades every indication of the sex; only the initiated are to understand his meaning; he believes that he has sufficiently blinded the multitude when he occasionally lets the word “friend” slip out; and it is with him as with the ostrich, which believes itself to be well enough hidden when its head is stuck in the sand, although the tail is plainly visible. Our illustrious and noble bird would have done better had he hidden his tail, and shown us his head more openly. In fact, he is rather a man of tail than a man of “head.” The name man is altogether unsuitable for him; his love has a passive, Pythagorean character; he is a pathic in his poems; he is a woman, and one, at that, who has a passion for her own sex—in fact, a masculine *tribade*. This anxious, pliant, submissive nature, glides through all his love-poems; he is always finding some new “friend in beauty;” in all his verses we discover *polyandria*, and even when he sentimentalises—

“Thou lov’st in silence—would that it had bound me!
That I had only cast on thee my glances!
Had I, with words, ne’er made the first advances,
These anxious sorrows had not twined around me.
And yet I would not be as love first found me!
Woe to the day which coldly ends its chances!
’Tis from that realm, where, lost in raptured trances,
Blest angels mingle.”

—we at once think of the angels who came to LOT, the son of HARAN, and who only escaped with difficulty and effort the most rapturous trances, as we read in the books of MOSES, where, unfortunately, the sonnets and gazelles which were sung before Lot’s door, are not recorded. Everywhere, in PLATEN’S poems, we see the ostrich, which only hides its head, the vain, weak bird, which has the most beautiful

plumage, and yet cannot fly; and which, ever quarrelsome, stumbles along over the polemic sandy desert of literature. With his fine feathers, without the power to soar, with his fine verse, without poetic flight, he is the very opposite to that eagle of song who, with less brilliant wings, still rises to the sun. I must return to my old refrain; Count PLATEN is no poet.

Two things are required of every poet; that there should be natural tones in his lyric poems, and characters in his epic or dramatic productions. If he cannot legitimately establish himself on these points, he must lose his title as poet, although all his other family-papers and diplomas of nobility are in perfect order. I have no doubt that the last is the case with Count PLATEN, and I am convinced that he would only deign a smile of pitying sorrow to any one who should attempt to cast doubt on his title as Count. But dare to so much as level a couplet at his poetic title, and he will at once set himself down and publish five act satires against you. The want of natural chords in the poems of the Count is the more touching from the fact that he lives in an age when he dare not so much as name his real feelings, when the current morality which is so directly opposed to his love, even forbids him to openly express his sorrows, and when he must anxiously and painfully disguise every sentiment for fear of offending by so much as a single syllable the ear of the public as well as that of the "disdainful and beautiful one." This constant fear suppresses every natural chord in him—it condemns him to metrically labor away at the feelings of other poets which have already passed muster as acceptable, and which must of necessity be used to cloak his own conceptions. It may be that wrong is done him when, those who understand such unfortunate situations assert that Count PLATEN is desirous of showing himself as Count in poetry and of holding in it to his nobility, and that he consequently only expresses the feelings of such well-known families as have their sixty-four descents. Had he lived in the days of the Roman PYTHAGORAS, it may be that he would have expressed these feelings more openly and perhaps have passed for a true poet. Then natural chords at least would not have been missed in his lyric poems—albeit the want of characters in his dramas must ever have remained, at least until he changed his moral nature and became an altogether different man. The forms of which I speak are those independent creatures which spring perfect and fully armed from the creative power of the poet, as PALLAS ATHENE sprang from the head of KRONION—living dream-forms whose mystic birth stands, far more

than is imagined, in active relation with the mental and moral nature of the poet—a spiritual production denied to the one who, a mere fruitless creature, vanishes gazelle-like in his windy weakness.

These are, however, after all, only the private opinions of a poet and their importance depends on the degree of credit which is accorded them. But I cannot avoid mentioning that Count PLATEN has often assured the public that in days as yet to come he will compose the most remarkable poetry of which no one has as yet even a presentiment, yes, and that he will publish Iliads and Odyssies and classic tragedies, and similar immortally colossal poems, after he has toiled so, or so many lustrums. Reader, you have perhaps read some of these outpourings of self-consciousness in his laboriously filed verses, and the promise of such a glorious future was probably the pleasanter to you, when the Count at the same time represented all the cotemporary German poets, with the exception of the aged GOETHE, as a set of nasty wretches who only stood in his way on the path to immortality, and who were so devoid of shame as to pluck the laurels and the praise which of right belonged to him alone.

I will pass over what I heard in Munich on this theme; but for the sake of chronology I must mention that it was at this time that the King of Bavaria announced his intention of bestowing on some German poet a pension without any attendant official duties; an unusual example which might have the happiest result on the entire literature of Germany. I was told—

But I will not quit my theme; I spoke of the vain boasting of Count PLATEN, who continually cried :—I am the poet, the poet of poets ! I shall yet write Iliads and Odyssies, &c., &c. I know not what the public thinks of such boasting but I know right well what a poet thinks of them—that is to say, a true poet who has felt the ashamed sweetness and the secret trembling of poetry, and who like a happy page who enjoys the secret favors of a princess, most assuredly will not boast of them in the public market place.

Not unfrequently has the Count for thus puffing himself up, been soundly taken down, yet like Falstaff he always knew how to excuse himself. He has for such excuses a useful talent which is peculiarly his own and one deserving special mention. It lies in this that Count PLATEN who is familiar with every failing in his own breast is also quick at recognizing the faintest trace of kindred faults in any great man, and is not less prompt on the strength of this elective affinity of vice to institute a comparison between the other and himself. Thus, for instance, having observed that SHAKESPEARE'S son-

nets are addressed to a young man and not to a woman, he at once praises SHAKESPEARE for choosing so rationally, compares himself with him—and that is all which he has to say of him. One might negatively write an apology for Count PLATEN and assert that he has not as yet developed this or that failing because he has not as yet compared himself with this or that great man who has been reputed guilty of them. Most genial, however, and amazing did he show himself in the choice of one in whose life he discovered speeches void of modesty, and by whose example he fain would lend a color to his own boasting. In fact, the words of this man as establishing such a point, have not been cited—for it was none other than JESUS CHRIST himself, who has hitherto always been taken for the pattern of meekness and humility. CHRIST once boasted! the most humble of mankind, and the more humble—since he was the divinest? Yes—what has escaped all theologians was discovered by Count PLATEN, for he insinuates that CHRIST, when he stood before PILATE, was not humble nor did he answer humbly, for when the latter asked him “Art thou the King of the Jews?” he answered, “Thou sayest it.” And so says he, the Count PLATEN: “I am he, I am the Poet!”—What the hate of one who scorned CHRIST never as yet effected, was brought to pass by the exegesis of self-enamored vanity.

As we know what we should think when any one thus cries without intermission: “I am the Poet!” so we also understand the affinity which it has to the immensely remarkable poems which the Count, when he has attained due ripeness, intends to write, and which are to surpass in such an unheard of manner all his previous performances. We know well enough that the later works of a true poet are no more superior to his first than the later children to which a woman gives birth are superior to her first born—although the bearing them is easier. The lioness does not first bring forth a puppy, then a hare, then a hound and finally a lion. Madame GOETHE, at her first birth brought forth her young lion, and he in turn at the first throw, gave us his lion of Berlichingen. Even so did SCHILLER bring forth his “Robbers,” whose claws at once showed the lion breed. At a later date came the polish and refinement and finish in the “Natural Daughter” and the “Bride of Messina.” It was not thus with Count PLATEN, who began with anxious and elaborate art, and of whom the poet sings:—

“Thou who from naught so lightly did'st advance,
With thy smooth licked and lackered countenance,
Like some toy-puppet neatly carved from cork.”

Yet should I speak out the very thought of my soul, I would confess that I by no means regard Count PLATEN as the extraordinary fool which one would take him to be from his boasting and incessant burning of incense before his own shrine. A little folly, it is well known, always accompanies poetry, but it would be terrible if Nature should burden a single man with such an incredible quantity of folly as would suffice for a hundred poets, and give him therewith such an insignificant dose of poetry. I have reason to suspect that the Count does not believe in his own boasting, and that he, poverty-stricken in life as in literature, is compelled in literature as in life by the needs of the instant, to be his own self-praising RUFFIANO. Hence the phenomena of which one might say that they have rather a psychological than an æsthetic interest; hence the joint company of the most lamentable somnambulism of the soul and affected excess of pride, hence the miserable little deeds with a speedy death and the threatened big deeds with their future immortality; hence the high flashing beggarly pride, and the languishing slavish submissiveness; hence the unceasing cry that "CORRA lets him starve," and again that "CORRA lets him starve," hence the paroxysms of Catholicism, &c., &c.

Whether the Count is in *earnest* with all his Catholicism, is to me a matter of doubt. Nor do I know whether he has become especially Catholic, like certain of his high-born friends. That he intended to do so, first came to my knowledge from the public papers, wherein it was even stated that Count PLATEN was about to become a monk and retire to a monastery. Scandal-mongers were of the opinion, that the vows of poverty and of abstinence from women would not, in his case, present any remarkable difficulties. Of course when this news was heard in Munich, the pious chimes rang loudly in the hearts of his friends. His poems were praised with *Kyrie Eleison* and *Hallelujah* in the priestly papers; and, indeed, the holy disciples of cœlibacy must have greatly rejoiced over those poems in which all are so strongly recommended to refrain from contact with the female sex. My poems unfortunately have a directly opposite tendency, and it might indeed concern me greatly, but ought not to astonish me, that priests and singers of boys are not interested in them. And quite as little was I astonished when the day before my departure for Italy, I learned from my friend, Doctor KOLB, that Count PLATEN was very inimically disposed towards me, and that he had already prepared my utter annihilation in a comedy, entitled *King Œdipus*, which in Augsburg had got into the hands of certain

princes and counts, whose names I have either forgotten or shall forget. Others also told me that Count PLATEN hated me, assuming the position of an enemy towards me;—and I would much prefer to have it reported that Count PLATEN hated me to my face, than that he loved me *behind my back*. As for the holy men whose holy hatred burst out at the same time against me, and which was inspired, not only by my anti-celibatic poems, but also by the *Political Annals* which I then published, it is evident enough that I could only gain when it became evident enough that I was none of their party. And when I here intimate that nothing good is said of them, it does not follow that I speak evil of them. I am even of the opinion that they, purely out of love for what is good, seek to weaken the words of the Evil One by pious deception, and by slander pleasing to the LORD. Those good people who, in Munich, presented themselves publicly as a congregation, have been foolishly honoured with the title of Jesuits. They are in faith no Jesuits, or they would have seen for example that of all men, I—one of the bad—least understand the literary alchemic art, by which, as in a mental mint, I strike ducats out of my enemies, and that in such a manner, that I retain the ducats while my foes get the blows. They would have seen, too, that such blows, with their impressions, lose nothing of their value, even when the name of the mint-master is worn away; and that a wretched criminal does not feel the lash the less severely, though the hangman who lays it on be declared dishonourable. But—and this is the chief point—they would have seen that a slight prepossession for the anti-aristocratic Voss, and a few merry vergings towards jokes on the Virgin Mary,* for which they pelted me with filth and stupidity, did not proceed from any anti-catholic zeal. In truth they are no Jesuits, but only mixtures of filth and of stupidity, whom I am no more capable of hating, than I do a manure wagon and the oxen which draw it, and who, with all their efforts, only reach the very opposite of what they intended, and can only bring me to this point, that I show them how Protestant I am; that I exercise my good Protestant right to its fullest extent, and swing around the good Protestant battle-axe with a right good will. To win over the multitude, they may have the old women's tales of my unbelief repeated by their poet laureate as much as they please—but by the well-known blows they shall recognise the fellow-believer with LUTHER, LESSING and VOSS. Of course I could not swing the old axe with the earnestness of these heroes—for I burst into laughter

* *Muttergott, switze.*

at the sight of such enemies, and I have a bit of the Eulenspiegel nature in me, and love a seasoning of jokes—and yet I would not rap those manure oxen less soundly although I beforehand wreath my axe with smiling flowers.

But I will not wander from my subject. I believe that it was about the time in question that the King of Bavaria, from the motives alluded to, gave to Count PLATEN an annual pension of six hundred florins, and that indeed, not from the public treasury, but from his own royal private purse, this being requested by the Count as an especial favor. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seem, (since it characterizes the caste of the Count,) for the benefit of the investigator into the secrets of nature, and who perhaps studies the aristocracy. Every thing is of importance to science, and let him who would reproach me for devoting myself too seriously to Count PLATEN, go to Paris, and see with what care the accurate, exquisite CUVIER, in his lectures, describes the filthiest insect even to the minutest particulars. I even regret that I cannot more accurately determine the date of those six hundred and forty florins; but this much I know that it was subsequent to the composition of "*King Œdipus*," and that the play would not have been so biting if its author had had something more to bite.

It was in North Germany, where I was suddenly called by the death of my father, that I first received the monstrous creation which had finally crept from the great egg over which our beautifully plumed ostrich had so long brooded, and which had been greeted long in advance by the night-owls of the congregation with pious croaking, and by the noble peacocks with joyful spreading of plumes. It was to be at least a destroying basilisk—dear reader, do you know what the legend of the basilisk is? People say, that when a male bird lays an egg after the manner of the female, that a poisonous creature is hatched from it whose breath poisons the air, and which can only be destroyed by holding a mirror before it, in which case it dies from terror at its own ugliness.

Sacred sorrows which I would not profane, first permitted me, two months later, when visiting the watering place Helgoland, to read "*King Œdipus*," and there, raised to a lofty state of mind by the continual aspect of the great, bold sea; the petty narrow thoughts and the literary botching of the high-born writer, were to me visible enough. I saw him at length in that master-work exactly as he is, with all his blooming decay, all his copiousness of want of spirit, all his vain imaginings without imagination, a writer, forced without

force, piqued without being *piquant*, a dry watery soul, a dismal debauchee. This troubadour of misery, weakened in body and in soul, sought to imitate the most powerful, the richest in fancy and most brilliant poets of the young Grecian world! Nothing is really more repulsive than this cramp-racked inability which would fain puff itself up into the likeness of bold strength, these wearily collected invectives, foul with the mouldiness of ancient spite, and this painfully labored imitation of delirious rapture, trembling throughout at syllables and trifles. As a matter of course there is nowhere in the Count's work the trace of an idea of a deep world-annihilation such as lies darkling at the base of every Aristophanic comedy, and from which the latter shoots like a phantastic ironic magic tree rich in the blooming garniture of flowers of thought, bearing amid its branches nests of singing nightingales and capering apes. Such an idea, with the death merriment and the fireworks of destruction which it involves, cannot of course be anticipated from the poor Count. The central point, the first and last idea, ground and aim of his so called comedy, consists, as in the "Mysterious and Terrible Fork" of petty literary managing; the poor Count indeed could only imitate a few of the external traits of ARISTOPHANES — the dainty verses and the vulgar words. I say vulgar words, not wishing to use any vulgar expression myself. Like a brawling woman, he casts whole flower-pots of abuse on the heads of the German poets. I heartily forgive the Count his spite, but he should have guarded against a few oversights. He should at least have honored our sex, since we are not women but men and consequently belong to a sex which is in his opinion the fair sex, and which he so dearly loves. In this he manifests a lack of delicacy, and many a youth will in consequence doubt the sincerity of his homage, since every one must feel that he who loves truly, honours the whole sex. The singer FRAUENLOB was undoubtedly never rude to a lady and a PLATEN should show more regard towards men. But the indelicate wretch! he tells the public without reserve that we poets in North Germany have all "the itch, giving us cause, alas! to use a salve, in filthy scent peculiarly rich." The rhyme is good. But he handles IMMERMANN the most rudely. In the very beginning of his poem he makes the poet do something which I dare not describe, behind a screen, and yet which cannot be disproved. I even deem it very probable that IMMERMANN has more than once done such things. But it is characteristic of the imagination of Count PLATEN that it always induces him to attack his enemies *a posteriori*. He did not

even spare HOUWALD, that good soul, soft-hearted as a maiden—ah! perhaps it is on account of this gentle womanlikeness, that a PLATEN hates him. MUELLNER, whom he, as he says, “long since by real wit laid low deprived of force,” rises again like a dead man from the grave. Child and child’s child are not spared in their rights. RAUPACH is a Jew—

“ The small Jew canker-worm—
Who now as RAUPACH holds so high his nose.”*

“ Who scrawls tragedies in sickly, drunken headaches.” Far worse does it fare with the “ Baptized HEINE.” Yes, yes, reader, you are not mistaken, it is I of whom he speaks, and in KING ŒDIPUS you may read, how I am a real Jew; how I, after writing love-songs for a few hours sit me down and clip ducats; how I on the Sabbath higgie and trade with some long-bearded MOSES and sing the Talmud; how I on Easter night slay a Christian youth, and out of malice choose some unfortunate writer for the purpose—no, dear reader, I will not tell you lies, such admirably painted pictures are not to be found in *King Œdipus*, and the fact that they are not there, is the very thing which I blame. Count PLATEN has sometimes the best subjects and does not know how to treat them. If he had only been gifted with a little more imagination, he would have shown me up at least as a secret pawn-broker, and what comic scenes he might then have sketched! It really vexes me when I see how the poor Count suffers every opportunity to be witty to escape him. How gloriously he could have represented RAUPACH as a tragedy-Rothschild, from whom the royal theatres get their loans! By slightly modifying the plot of the fable, he might have made far better use of ŒDIPUS himself, the hero of his play. Instead of the latter murdering his father Laius, and marrying his mother JOCASTA, he ought, on the contrary, to have so arranged it, that ŒDIPUS should murder his mother and marry his father. A PLATEN in such a poem must have succeeded wonderfully in the dramatic (pe) drastic, his own natural feelings would have stood him in stead of any effort; like a nightingale, he need only have sung the throbbings of his own breast, and he would have brought out a piece which, if the dead dear gazelling IFFLAND† still lived, would beyond question, be at once studied in Berlin, and played in private theatres. I can imagine nothing more perfect than

* Das Jüdchen Raupel,
Das jetzt als Raupach trägt so hoch die Nase.
† Der gazelige IFFLAND. Gazelle fäselig = gaselich

the actor WURM in the performance of such an *Œdipus*. He would surpass himself. Again, I do not find it politic in the Count, that he assures us in his comedies that he has "real wit." Or is he working to bring about the startling and unprecedented effect as a *coup de theatre*, of making the public continually expect wit, which after all will not appear? Or does he wish to encourage the public to look for the REAL SECRET WIT in the play, the whole affair being a game at blind-man's buff, in which the PLATENIC wit is so shrewd as not to suffer itself to be caught? It is probably for this reason that the public, which is accustomed to laugh at comedies, is so solemn and sad over the PLATEN pieces, in vain it hunts for the hidden wit and cannot find it, in vain the hidden wit squeaks out "here I am," and again more clearly "here I am, here I am indeed!"—all is of no avail, the public is dumb and makes a solemn face. But I who know where the joke really lies, have laughed from my heart as I detected the meaning of "the count-like imperious poet, who veils himself in an aristocratic nimbus, who boasts that every breath which passes his teeth is a crushing to fragments," and who says to all the German poets:

"Yes, like to NERO I would ye had but one head,
That by one blow of wit I might decapitate it."

The verse is incorrect. But the hidden joke consists in this; that the Count really wishes that we were all out and out NEROS, and he, on the contrary our single dear friend, PYTHAGORAS.

Perhaps I will, for the benefit of the Count, yet praise many a hidden jest of his up into notice, but since he in his "*King Œdipus*" has touched me on my tenderest point—for what can be dearer to me than my Christianity?—it should not be blamed in me if I, yielding to human weakness honor the *Œdipus*, this "great deed in words," less fervently than the earlier works of its composer.

Meanwhile, true merit never misses its reward, and the author of the *Œdipus* will prove to be no exception to the rule, though he has here as everywhere yielded entirely to the interest of his noble and spiritual bum-bailiffs.* Aye, there is a very old tradition among the races of the East and of the West that every good or bad deed has its direct consequences for the doer. And the day will come when they will come—get ready, I beg you reader, for a flourish of the pathetic and the terrible combined—the day will come when they will rise from Tartarus—"the Eumenides," the terrible daugh-

* Hintersassen.

ters of NIGHT. By the Styx!—and by this oath the gods never swore falsely—the day will come when they will appear, the gloomy, primævally just sisters, and they will appear with countenances serpent-locked and glowing with rage, with the same scourges of snakes with which they once scourged ORESTES, the unnatural sinner who murdered his mother, the Tyndaridean CLYTÆMNESTRA. It may be that even now the Count hears the serpent's hiss—I beg you, reader, just at this instant to think of the Wolf's Ravine and the Samiel music—perhaps even now the secret shudder of the sinner seizes on the Count, heaven grows dark, night birds cry, distant thunders roll, lightning flashes, there is a smell of colophonium,—woe! woe! the illustrious ancestors rise from their graves, they cry three and four times “woe! woe!” over their wretched descendant, they conjure him to don their breeches of iron mail to protect himself from the terrible lashes—for the Eumenides intend slashing him with them—the serpents of the scourge will ironically solace themselves with him, and like the lascivious King RODRIGO, when he was shut in the Tower of Serpents, the poor Count will at last whimper and wail

“Ah! they're biting, ah! they're biting
That with which I chiefly sinned!”

Be not alarmed, dear reader—'tis all a joke! These terrible Eumenides are nothing but a merry comedy, which I, after a few lustrums, intend writing under this title, and the tragic verses which just now frightened you so much, are to be found in the jolliest book in the world, in *Don Quixotte de la Mancha*, where an old respectable lady in waiting recites them before all the court. I see that you're smiling again. Let us take leave of each other merry and laughing! If this last chapter is tiresome it is owing to the subject; besides it was written rather for profit than for pleasure, and if I have succeeded in making a new fool fit for use in literature, the Father-Land owes me thanks. I have made a field capable of cultivation on which more gifted authors will sow and harvest. The modest consciousness of this merit is my best reward. To such kings as are desirous of presenting me, over and above this, with snuff boxes for my deserts, I would remark that the book firm of “HOFFMANN and CAMPE” in *Hamburgh*, are authorized to receive any thing of the sort on my account.

Written in the latter part of the autumn of 1829.

3.

THE CITY OF LUCCA.

“THE City of Lucca,” which is connected with “The Baths of Lucca” and which was written at the same time, is not given here by any means as a picture by itself, but as the conclusion of a period of life corresponding with that of one of the world’s.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE around us acts upon Man—why not Man upon the Nature which encircles him? In Italy she is passionate like the people who live there; with us in Germany she is more solemn, reflective and patient. Was there once a time when Nature had like Man a deeper life? The force of soul in ORPHEUS, says the legend, could move trees and rocks by his inspired rhymes. Could the like be done now? Man and nature have become phlegmatic, and stare gaping at each other. A royal Prussian poet will never, with the chords of his harp, set the Tempelower Hill or the Berlin lindens to dancing.

Nature has also her history, and it is an altogether different Natural History from that which is taught in schools. Let one of those grey old lizards which have dwelt for centuries in the rocky crevices of the Appenines be appointed as an altogether extraordinary Professor* at one of our Universities, and we should learn from him some very extraordinary things. But the pride of certain gentlemen of the legal faculty would rebel against such an appointment. One of them already cherishes a secret jealousy of the poor puppy FIDO SAVANT, fearing lest he may displace him in erudite fetching and carrying.

* An “extraordinary Professor” at a German University is not, as might be supposed, from the name, one preeminent in dignity or distinguished by very remarkable qualifications. He is on the contrary a sort of brevetted Professor, awaiting his promotion to a regular appointment in ordinary.—[Note by Translator.]

The lizards, with their cunning little tails and bright crafty eyes, have told me wonderful things as I clambered along among the cliffs of the Appenines. Truly there are things between heaven and earth which not only our philosophers but even our commonest blockheads have not comprehended.

The lizards have told me that there is a legend among the stones that God will yet become a stone to redeem them from their torpid motionless condition. One old lizard was however of the opinion that this stone-incarnation will not take place until God shall have changed himself into every variety of animal and plant and have redeemed them.

But few stones have feeling and they only breathe in the moonlight. But these few which realize their condition are fearfully miserable. The trees are better off—they can weep. But animals are the most favored, for they can speak, each after its manner, and Man the best of all. At some future time, after all the world has been redeemed, then all created things will speak as in those primeval times of which poets sing.

The lizards are an ironic race, and love to quiz other animals. But they were so meek and submissive to me, and sighed with such honorable earnestness as they told me stories of Atlantis, which I some day will write out for the pleasure and profit of the world. It went so to my very soul among those little creatures who guard the secret annals of Nature. Are they perhaps enchanted families of priests, like those of ancient Egypt, who, prying into the secrets of Nature dwelt amid labyrinthine rocky grottoes? And we see on their little heads, bodies and tails, just such wondrous characters and signs, as in the Egyptian hieroglyphic caps and garments of the hierophants.

My little friends also taught me a language of signs, by means of which I could converse with silent Nature. This often cheered my soul, especially towards evening, when the mountains were veiled in fearful pleasant shadows, and the water-falls roared, and every plant sent forth its perfume, and hurried lightnings twitched hither and thither,—

O Nature! thou dumb maiden!—well do I understand thy summer lightning, that vain effort at speech which convulses thy lovely countenance, and thou movest me so deeply that I weep. But then thou understandest me also, and thou art glad and smilest on me with thy golden eyes. Beautiful one, I understand thy stars and thou understandest my tears!

CHAPTER II.

"NOTHING in the world will go backwards," said an old lizard to me. "Every thing pushes onwards and finally there will be a grand advance in all Nature. The stones will become plants, the plants animals, the animals human beings, and human beings Gods."

"But," I cried, "what will become of those good folks, the poor old Gods?"

"That will all arrange itself, good friend," replied he. "Probably they will abdicate, or be placed in some honorable way or other on the retired list."

I learned many another secret from my hieroglyph-skinned natural philosopher; but I gave him my word of honor to reveal nothing. I know no more than SCHELLING and HEGEL.

"What do you think of these two?" once inquired of me the old lizard with a scornful smile, as I chanced to mention their names.

"When we reflect," I replied, "that they are merely men and not lizards, we should be amazed at their knowledge. At bottom they teach one and the same doctrine, the Philosophy of Identity which you so well know; but differ in their manner of setting it forth. When HEGEL sets forth the principles of his philosophy, one imagines that he sees those neat figures which an expert schoolmaster knows how to form by an artistic combination of all manner of numbers, so that a common observer only sees in them the superficial—the house or boat or absolute soldier formed from the figures, while a reflecting school-boy rather sees in the picture the solution of a deep problem in arithmetic. But what SCHELLING sets forth reminds us of those Indian images of beasts which are formed themselves by bold combinations from other beasts, serpents, birds, elephants and similar material. This sort of representation is far more agreeable, cheerful, and causes warmer throbbings of the heart. All lives in it, while the abstract Hegelian ciphers stare at us, on the contrary, so gray, so cold and dead."

"Good, good!" replied the old lizard. "I see what you mean; but tell me, have these philosophers many auditors?"

I explained to him how in the learned caravanserai at Berlin the "camels" assemble around the fountain of Hegelian wisdom, kneel down to be loaded with precious skins, and then wend their way on through the sandy deserts of the Mark. I further described to him

how the modern Athenians crowded to the well of the spiritual wisdom of SCHELLING as though it were the best of beer, the lush of life, the swizzle of immortality.—

The little natural philosopher paled with all the yellowness of envy as he heard that his colleagues had such a run of customers, and he vexedly asked, "Which of the two do you regard as the greater?" "That," I replied, "is as difficult to answer as though you had inquired of me if the "Schechner" were greater than the Sunday, and I think—"

"*Think!*" cried the lizard, in a sharp aristocratic tone indicating the very intensity of slight—"think! who among you *thinks*? My wise gentleman, for some three thousand years I have devoted myself to investigating the spiritual functions of animals, with especial regard to men, monkeys and snakes as objects of study. I have expended as much untiring industry on these curious beings as LYONNET on caterpillars, and as a result of all my observations, experiments and anatomical comparisons, I can plainly assure you that no human being *thinks*, only once in a while something occurs to a man, or comes into his head, and these altogether unintentional accidents they call thoughts, while the stringing them together they call thinking. But in my name you may deny it; no man thinks, no philosopher thinks, neither SCHELLING nor HEGEL thinks, and as for all their philosophy it is empty air and water like the clouds of Heaven. I have seen myriads of such clouds, proud and confident, sweeping their course above me, and the next morning's sun dissolved them again into their primæval nothingness;—there is but *one* true philosophy, and that is written in eternal hieroglyphs on my own tail."

With these words, which were spoken with disdainful pathos, the old lizard turned his back on me, and as he slowly wiggled away, I saw on him the most singular characters, which in variegated significance spread at length over his entire tail.

CHAPTER III.

THE dialogue detailed in the previous chapter took place between the Baths of Lucca and the city of that name, not far from the great chestnut tree, whose wild green twigs overshadow the brook, and in the vicinity of an old white bearded goat who dwelt there as a

hermit. I was on the way to Lucca, to visit FRANCESCA and MATILDA, whom I was to meet there as agreed on eight days before. But I had went thither in vain the first time, and now I was once more on the road. I went on foot through beautiful mountain tracts and groves, where the gold oranges, like day stars shone out from the dark green, and where garlands of grape-vines in festal drapery spread along for leagues. The whole country is there as garden-like and adorned as the rural scenes depicted in our theatres, even the peasants resembling those gay figures which delight us as a sort of singing, smiling and dancing stage ornament. No Philistine faces, anywhere. And if there are Philistines here, they are at least Italian orange-Philistines and not the plump, heavy German potato-Philistines. The people are picturesque and ideal as their country, and every man among them has such an individual expression of countenance, and knows how to set forth his personality in gestures, fold of the cloak, and, if needful in ready handling of his knife. With us on the contrary, one sees nothing but mere men with universally similar countenances; when twelve of them are together they make a round dozen, and if any one attacks them they call for the police.

I was struck in the Luccan district, as in other parts of Tuscany, with the great felt hats with long waving ostrich plumes worn by the women; and even the girls who plaited straw had these heavy coverings for the head. The men on the contrary generally wear a light straw hat, and young fellows receive them as presents from girls who have braided with them their love thoughts, and it may be many a sigh besides. So sat FRANCESCA once among the girls and flowers of the Val d'Arno, weaving a hat for her CARO CECCO, and kissing every straw as she took it, trilling at times her "*Occhie, Stelle mortale*;"—the curly-locked head which afterwards wore it so prettily is now tonsured, and the hat itself hangs, old and worn-out, in the corner of a gloomy abbe's-cell in Bologna.

I am one of that class who are always taking shorter cuts than those given by the regular highway, and who in consequence are often bewildered in narrow, woody and rocky paths. That happened to me during my walk to Lucca, and I was beyond question twice as long on the journey as any ordinary high-road traveller would have been. A sparrow, of whom I inquired the way, chirped and chirped and could give me no correct information. Perhaps he did not know himself. The butterflies and dragon-flies who sat on great flower-bells, would not throw me a word, fluttering away, even before my question was asked, and the flowers shook their soundless bell-

heads. Often the wild myrtles awakened me, tittering with delicate voices from afar. Then I hurriedly climbed the highest crags, and cried, "Ye clouds of heaven! sailors of the air! which is the way to FRANCESCA? Is she in Lucca? Tell me what she does? What is she dancing? Tell me all, and when ye have told me, tell me it once again!"

In such excesses of folly it was natural enough that a solemn eagle, wakened by my cry from his solitary dreams, should have gazed on me with contemptuous displeasure. But I willingly forgive him; for he had never seen FRANCESCA, and could in consequence sit so sublimely on his firm rock, and gaze so free of soul at heaven, or stare with such impertinent calmness down on me. Such an eagle has such an insupportably proud glance, and looks at one as though he would say, "What sort of a bird art *thou*?" Knowest thou not that I am as much of a king as I was in those heroic days when I bore JUPITER's thunders and adorned NAPOLEON's banners? Art thou a learned parrot who hast learned the old songs all by heart and pedantically repeats them? Or a sulky turtle-dove who feels beautifully and cooes miserably? Or an almanac nightingale? Or a gander who has seen better days and whose ancestors saved the capitol? Or an altogether servile farm-yard cock, around whose neck, out of irony, men hang my image in miniature, the emblem of bold flight, and who for that reason spreads himself and struts as though he himself were a veritable eagle? But you know, reader, how little cause I have to feel injured when an eagle thinks so of me. I believe that the glance which I cast at him was even prouder than his own, and if he took the trouble to inquire of the first laurel in his way he now knows who I am.

I had really lost my way in the mountains as the twilight shadows began to fall, as the forest songs grew silent and as the trees rustled more solemnly. A sublime tranquillity and an inexpressible joy swept like the breath of God through the changed silence. Here and there beautiful dark eyes glanced up at me from the ground, disappearing in the same instant. Delicate whispers played with my heart, and invisible kisses merrily swept my cheek. The evening crimson hung over the hills like a royal mantle, and the last sun rays lit up their summits till they seemed like kings with gold crowns on their heads. And I stood like an Emperor of the World, among these crowned vassals who in silence did me homage.

* Almanachsnachtigall.

CHAPTER IV.

I do not know if the monk who met me not far from Lucca is a pious man. But I know that his aged body hides, poor and bare, in a coarse gown year out and year in ; his torn sandals do not sufficiently protect his feet when he climbs the rocks through bush and thorn, that he may, when far up there, console the sick or teach children to pray ;—and he is content, if any one, for his pains, puts a piece of bread in his bag—and lets him have a little straw to sleep on.

“Against *that* man I will write nothing,” said I to myself: “When I am again at home in Germany, sitting at ease in my great arm-chair by a crackling stove, well fed and warm, and writing against Catholic priests—I will write nothing against that man—”

To write against Catholic priests one must know their faces. But the original faces are only to be found in Italy. The German Catholic priests and monks are only bad imitations, often mere parodies of the Italian, and a comparison of the two would be like comparing Roman or Florentine pictures of the saints with the scare-crow, pious caricatures which came from the blockhead bourgeois pencil of some Nuremberg town-painter, or were born, of the blessed simplicity of some soul-borer who owes his dreary existence to the long-haired Christian new German school.

The priests in Italy have long settled down into harmony with public opinion ; the people there are so accustomed to distinguish between clerical dignity and priests without dignity, that they can honor the one even when they despise the other. Even the contrast which the ideal duties and requirements of the spiritual condition form with the unconquerable demands of sensuous nature,—that infinitely old, eternal conflict between the spirit and matter—makes of the Italian priest a standing character of popular humor in satires, songs and novels. Similar phenomena are to be found all the world over where there is a like priestly rank, as for instance in Hindostan. In the comedies of this primævally pious land, as we have remarked in the *Sacountala*, and find confirmed in the more recently translated *Vasantasena*, a Bramin always plays the comic part, or as we might say, the priest-harlequin, without the least disturbance of the reverence due to his sacrificial functions and his privileged holiness—as little in fact as an Italian would experience in hearing of mass or

confessing to a priest whom he had found the day before tipsy in the mud of the street. In Germany it is different; there, the Catholic priest will not only set forth his dignity by his office, but also his office by his person; and because he perhaps in the beginning was in earnest with his calling, and subsequently found that his vows of chastity and of poverty conflicted somewhat with the old Adam, he will not publicly violate them, (particularly lest by so doing he might lay himself open to our friend K^RUG of Leipsig,) and so endeavors to assume at least the appearance of a holy life. Hence, sham-holiness, hypocrisy and the gloss of outside piety among German priests, while with the Italians the mask is more transparent, manifesting also a certain plump fat irony and a digestion of the world passing right comfortably.

But what avail such general reflections! They would be of but little use to you, dear reader, if you had a desire to write against the Catholic priesthood. To do this one should see with his own eyes the faces thereunto pertaining. Of a truth it is not enough to have seen them in the royal opera-house in Berlin. The last head-manager did his best to make the coronation-array in the *Maid of Orleans* true to life, to give his fellow-countrymen an accurate idea of a procession, and to show them priests of every color. But the most accurate costumes cannot supply the original countenances, and though an extra hundred thousand dollars should be fooled away for gold mitres, festooned surplices, embroidered chasubles, and similar stuff—still the cold reasoning Protestant noses which come protesting out from beneath the mitres aforesaid, the lean meditative legs which peep from under the white lace of the surplices, and the enlightened bellies, a world too wide for the chasubles—would all remind one of us that it was not Catholic clergymen but Berlin worldings which wander over the stage.

I have often reflected whether the chief stage-manager would not have succeeded better and have brought more accurately before our eyes the idea of a procession if he had had the priestly parts played, not by the ordinary supernumeraries but by those Protestant clergymen of the theological faculty who know how to preach so orthodoxically in the *Church Journal*, and from the pulpit, against "Reason," "worldly lusts," "GESENIUS," and "Devil-dom." We should then have seen faces whose priestly stamp would have corresponded far more illusively with the part. It is a well known observation that priests, all the world over, whether Rabbis, Muftis, Dominicans, Councillors of the Consistory, Popes, Bonzes, in short,

the whole diplomatic corps of the LORD, have a certain family likeness in their faces, such as we are accustomed to find in those who follow the same trade. Tailors in every quarter of the globe have weak legs, butchers and soldiers all have a fierce color and style and the Jews have their own peculiar honorable expression, not because they spring from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but because they are business men, and the Frankfort Christian shopman looks as much like a Frankfort Jewish shopman as one rotten egg looks like another. And the spiritual shop-people, such as get their living by the religion-business, also acquire by it a resemblance in countenance. The Catholic priest does business like a clerk who has a place in an extensive establishment. The firm of the Church, at whose head is the Pope, gives him a regular occupation and a regular salary; he works leisurely or lazily like every man who is not in business on his own account, and has many fellow-laborers, and who escapes observation among the multitude—only he has the credit of the house at heart, and still more its permanence, since by a bankruptcy he would lose his means of support. The Protestant clergyman is, on the contrary, everywhere himself principal, and he carries on the religion-business on his own account. He does not drive a wholesale business like his Catholic colleague, but only a small retail trade, and as he represents his own interests, it would never do for him to be negligent. He must cry up his articles of faith to the people, depreciate those of his rivals, and like a real retailer, he stands in his small shop, full of professional envy of all the large houses, particularly of the great firm in Rome, which salaries so many thousand book-keepers and salesmen, and has its factories in every quarter of the globe.

Each has of course its physiognomic separate effect, but these are not perceptible from the parquette. In their main features, the family likeness between Catholic and Protestant remains unchanged, and if the head-manager would pay down liberally to the gentlemen aforesaid, he could induce them to act their parts admirably—as they are in the habit of doing. Even their walk and gait would conduce to the illusion, though a sharp practised eye would readily detect certain shades of difference between it and that of Catholic priests and monks.

A Catholic priest walks as if heaven belonged to him; a Protestant clergyman, on the contrary, goes about as if he had taken a lease of it.

CHAPTER V.

It was not till night that I reached the City of Lucca.

How differently it had appeared to me the week before as I wandered by day through the echoing deserted streets, and imagined myself transported to one of those enchanted cities of which my nurse had so often told me. *Then* the whole city was silent as the grave, all was so pale and death-like; the gleam of the sun played on the roofs like gold-leaf on the head of a corpse; here and there from the windows of a mouldering house hung ivy tendrils like dried green tears, everywhere glimmering dreary and dismally petrifying death. The town seemed but the ghost of a town, a spectre of stone in broad daylight. I sought long and in vain for some trace of a living being. I can only remember that before an old Palazzo lay a beggar sleeping with outstretched open hand. I also remember having seen above at the window of a blackened mouldering little house, a monk, whose red neck and plump shining pate, protruded right far from his brown gown, and near him a full-breasted stark-naked girl was visible, while below in the half-open house-door I saw entering, a little fellow in the black dress of an abbe, and who carried with both hands a mighty, full-bellied wine-flask. At the same instant there rang not far off a delicately ironic little bell, while in my memory tittered the novels of Messer BOCCACCIO. But these chimes could not entirely drive away the strange shudder which ran through my soul. It held me the more ironly bound since the sun lit up so warmly and brightly the uncanny buildings; and I marked well that ghosts are far more terrible when they cast aside the black mantle of night to show themselves in the clear light of noon.

But what was my astonishment at the changed aspect of the city when I, eight days later, revisited Lucca. "What is that?" I cried, as innumerable lights dazzled my eyes and a stream of human beings whirled through the streets. Has an entire race risen spectre-like from the grave to mock *life* with the maddest mummerly? The lofty melancholy houses were bright with lamps, variegated carpets hung from every window, nearly hiding the crumbling grey walls, and above them peered out lovely female faces, so fresh, so blooming, that I well marked that it was Life herself celebrating her bridal feast with Death and who had invited the Beauty of Life as a guest. Yes,

it was such a living death feast, though I do know exactly how it was called in the calendar. At any rate it was the flaying day of some blessed martyr or other, for I afterwards saw a holy skull and several extra bones adorned with flowers and gems, carried around with bridal music. It was a fine procession.

First of all went such Capuchins as were distinguished from the other monks by wearing long beards, and who formed as it were the sappers of this religious army. Then followed beardless Capuchins, among whom were many noble countenances, and even many a youthful and beautiful face, which looked well with the broad tonsure, since the head seemed through it as if braided around with a neat garland of hair, and which came forth with the bare neck in admirable relief from the brown cowl. These were followed by cowls of other colors, black, white, yellow and gaily striped as well as down drawn triangular hats, in short, all those cloister costumes which the enterprize of our theatrical manager has made so familiar. After the monkish orders came the regular priests, with white shirts over black pantaloons, and wearing colored caps, who were in turn succeeded by still more aristocratic clergymen, wrapped in different colored silken garments and bearing on their heads a sort of high caps, which in all probability originated in Egypt, and with which we are familiar from the works of DENON, from the "Magic Flute," and from BELZONI. These latter had faces which bore marks of long service, and appeared to form a sort of old guard. Last of all came the regular staff around a canopied throne, beneath which sat an old man with a still higher head-dress and in a still richer mantle, whose extremity was borne after the manner of pages by two other old men clad in a similar manner.

The first monks went with folded arms in solemn silence, but those with the high caps sang a most miserable and unhappy psalm, so nasally, so shufflingly, and so gruntingly, that I am perfectly convinced that if the Jews had formed the great mass of the people, and if their religion had been the established religion, the aforesaid psalmodising would have been characterized with the name of "mauscheln."* Fortunately one could only half hear it, since

* *Mauscheln*—a slang term signifying to speak like a Jew. It is derived from *Mause* or *Mauschel*, an equally vulgar name for a Jew, corresponding to the old-fashioned English word "smouch." If, as is said, *Mauschel* is derived from Moses, the verb in question should strictly be rendered "to mosey." Unfortunately this word is already pre-occupied in English with an entirely different meaning. To mosey, as the reader doubtless knows, signifies to beat a rapid retreat, or, musically speaking, to perform the *Exodus* in the time of *Mose in Egitto*.

there marched behind the procession with a full accompaniment of drums and fifes, several companies of troops, besides which there was on each side near the priests in their flowing robes, grenadiers going by two and two. There were almost as many soldiers as clergy, but it requires many bayonets now-a-days to keep up religion and even when the blessing is given cannon must roar significantly in the distance.

When I see such a procession, in which clergymen amid military escort walk along so miserably and sorrowfully, it strikes painfully to my soul, and it seems to me as though I saw our SAVIOUR himself surrounded by lance-bearers and led to judgment. The stars at Lucca felt beyond question as I did, and as I sighing, glanced up at them, they looked down on me, one with my soul, with their pious eyes, so clear and bright. But we needed not their light. Thousands and fresh thousands of lamps and candles and girls' faces gleamed from all the windows; at the corners of the streets flaring pitch-hoops were placed, and then every priest had his own private torch-bearer to keep him company. The Capuchins had generally little boys, who carried their lights for them, and the youthful fresh little faces looked up from time to time right curiously and pleased at the old solemn beards. A poor Capuchin like these cannot afford a greater torch-bearer and the boy to whom he teaches the Ave Maria, or whose old aunt confesses to him, must, at the procession, perform this service gratis, and beyond question it is not done with the less love on that account. The monks who came after did not have much larger boys; a few more respectable orders had grown up youths, and the high-minded and mitred priests rejoiced in having each a real citizen to hold a candle. But the one last of all, the Lord Archbishop—for such was the man who in aristocratic humility went along beneath the canopy, and whose train was borne by grey pages—had on either side a lackey, each brilliant in blue livery with yellow laces, and who bore a white wax taper as ceremoniously as though he officiated at court.

At all events this candle-bearing seemed to me to be a good arrangement, since it enabled me to see so plainly the faces pertaining to Catholicism, and now I have seen them, and in the best of lights at that. And what did I see? Well! the clerical stamp was nowhere wanting. But if this was not thought of, there was as great a variety in the faces as in those of other men. One was pale, another red, this man held his nose well up, that one was dejected, **here** there was a flashing black, there a flickering grey eye—but in

every face there was a trace of the same malady; a terrible incurable malady, which will probably be the reason why my descendant, when he a century later looks at the procession in Lucca, will not find a single one of all those faces. I fear that I myself am infected with that illness, and that one result of it is that languor which so strangely steals over me when I see the sickly face of a monk, and read in it such sorrows as hide under a coarse cowl; aggravated love, gout, disappointed ambition, spine complaint, remorse, hemorrhoids, and the heart-wounds which are caused by the ingratitude of friends, by the slander of enemies, and by our own sins. Yea, all of these, and far many more, which find no more difficulty in settling under a coarse cowl than beneath a fashionable dress coat. O! it is no exaggeration when the poet cries out in his agony, "life is a sickness, all the world a lazar-house?"

"And Death is our physician!"—Ah, I will say nothing evil of him and disturb none in their confidence in him; for as he is the only physician, they may as well believe that he is the best, and that the only remedy which he employs, his eternal earth-cure, is also the best. His friends can say at least this much in his favor, that he is always at hand, and that despite his immense practice, he makes no one wait who earnestly desires to see him. And often does he follow his patient, even to the procession and bears for them the torch. Surely it was Death himself whom I saw walking by the side of a pale, sorrowful priest; bearing in his thin, quivering, bony hands, a flickering torch, who nodded pleasantly and consolingly with his anxious, bald pate, and who weak as he himself was on the legs, still held up, from time to time, the old priest, whose steps seemed growing weaker and readier to fall. He seemed to be whispering courage to the latter, "only wait a few short hours, then we will be home, and I will lay thee in bed, and thy cold, weary limbs may rest as long as they will, and thou shalt sleep so soundly that thou wilt not hear the whimpering of the little St. Michael's bell."

"And against *that* man, also, I will write nothing," thought I, as I saw the poor pale priest, whom Death himself was lighting to his bed.

Alas! one ought really to write against no one in this world. We are all of us sick and suffering enough in this great Lazaretto, and many a piece of polemical reading involuntarily reminds me of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow, where I was an accidental spectator, and where it was terrible to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other's infirmities, how emaciated con-

sumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the locked-jaw and distorted eyes of his neighbors, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed, and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but revolting misery and mutilation.

CHAPTER VI.

He then also poured forth to the other immortals assembled
Sweetest pleasantest nectar, the goblet quickly exhausting
And still an infinite laughter rang from the happy immortals
As they saw how Hephaestus around was so cleverly passing.
Thus through the live long day until the sun was declining
The feast went on, nor was wanting through all the genial banquet
Either the sound of the strings of the exquisite lyre of Apollo
Nor the soft song of the Muse with voices sweetly replying.

SUDDENLY there came gasping towards them a pale Jew, dripping with blood, a crown of thorns on his head; bearing a great cross of wood on his shoulder; and he cast the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden goblets trembled and fell, and the gods grew dumb and pale, and ever paler, till they melted in utter mist.

Then there were dreary days, and the world became grey and gloomy. There were no more happy immortals, and Olympus became a hospital, where flayed, roasted and spitted gods went wearily, wandering round, binding their wounds and singing sorrowful songs. Religion no longer offered joy, but consolation; it was a woeful, bleeding religion of transgressors.

Was it, perhaps, necessary for miserable and oppressed humanity? He who sees his God suffer, bears more easily his own afflictions. The merry gods of old, who felt no pangs, knew not of course the feelings of poor tortured Man, who in turn could in his need find no heart to turn to them. They were festival gods, around whom the world danced merrily, and who could only be praised at feasts. Therefore they were never loved from the very soul and with all the heart. To be so loved—one must be a sufferer. Pity is the last consecration of love, it may be, love itself. Of all the gods who loved in the olden time, Christ is the one who has been the most loved. Especially by the women—

Avoiding the bustling throng, I lost myself in a solitary church,

and what you, dear reader, have just read, are not so much my own thoughts, as certain involuntary words which came to life in me, while I reclining on one of the old benches for prayer, let the tones of the organ flow freely through my breast. Thus I lie in soul amid strange phantasies, the wondrous music suggesting, from time to time, a more wondrous text. At times my eyes sweep through the dim growing archways, seeking the dark visible echoes of forms belonging to those organ melodies. Who is that veiled figure kneeling yonder before an image of the Madonna? The swinging lamp which hangs before it, lights up fearfully yet sweetly the beautiful Mother of Suffering of a crucified love, the Venus *dolorosa*; but pandering gleams, full of mystery, fall, from time to time, as if by stealth, on the beautiful outlines of the veiled and praying lady. She lay, indeed, motionless on the stone altar steps, but in the quivering light her shadow seemed to live and often ran up to me and then retreated in haste, like a dumb negro, the timid love-messenger of a harem—and I understood him. He announced the arrival of his lady, the Sultanness of my heart.

Minute by minute it grew darker in the empty house, here and there an undefined form glided along the pillars, now and then a soft murmur was heard in a side-chapel, and the organ groaned out its long-drawn tones, like the heart of a sighing giant.

It seemed as though those organ notes would never cease, as though the death-notes of that living death would endure forever. I felt an indescribable depression of spirits, and such a nameless, anxious terror, as though I had been buried in a trance. Yes, as though I, one of the long dead, had risen from my grave, and had gone with dark mysterious comrades of the night into the Church of Phantoms, to hear the Prayer of the Dead and confess the Sins of the Corpse. I often felt as though I saw seated near me, in the spectral twilight, the long departed of the city, in obsolete Old-Florentine dresses, with long pale faces, with gold bound books of devotion in their thin hands, secretly whispering, nodding in silent melancholy-wise, one to the other. The wailing tone of a far away Bell of the Dead, reminded me again of the sick priest whom I had seen in the procession, and I said to myself: he too is now with the departed, but he will come here to read the first Night-Mass, and then the sad spectre scene will begin in earnest. But suddenly there arose from the steps of the altar, the lovely form of the veiled and praying lady—

Yes, it was she, her living shade had already driven afar the white

phantoms, I now saw but her alone. I followed her quickly from the church, and as she, on passing the door, raised her veil, I saw it was FRANCESCA's face, bedewed with tears. It was like a white rose flowered to fulness by love-longing, pearled by the dew of night and gleaming in the moon-rays. "FRANCESCA, dost thou love me?" I asked much and she answered but little. I accompanied her to the *Hotel Croce di Malta*, where she and MATILDA lodged. The streets were empty, the houses slept with their window-eyes closed, only here and there, through their wooden lashes, there gleamed a light. High in heaven, among the clouds, there was a clear green space, and in it swam the half moon, like a gondola in an emeraldine sea. In vain I begged FRANCESCA to look up for once at our dear old trusty friend—but she kept her head dreamily bent downwards. Her gait, once so elate and spirited, yet gliding, was now as it were in ecclesiastical measure, her steps were gloomy and Catholic, she moved as if to the music of an organ on some high festival day, and as her limbs had in other nights been inspired by Sin, so they now seemed to be inspired by Religion. On the way she crossed her head and breast before every saint's image; and in vain did I attempt to aid her in this. But when we, on the Market Place, passed the Church of San Michiele, where the marble Mother of Pain gleamed forth dimly from her dark niche, with a gilded sword in her heart and a crown of lamps on her head, FRANCESCA suddenly cast her arms around my neck, kissed me, and whispered "CECCO, CECCO, caro CECCO!"

I calmly took charge of the kiss, though I well knew that it was really intended for a Bolognese abbé, a servant of the Roman Catholic Church. As a Protestant, I did not scruple to appropriate to my use the goods of the Catholic Church, and I consequently secularised the pious kiss of FRANCESCA on the spot. I know that when the priests come to hear of this they will rage, they will scream out church robbery at me, and if possible, would gladly apply to me the French Law of Sacrilege. To my sorrow, I must confess that the aforesaid kiss was the only one which I got hold of, that night. FRANCESCA had determined to devote the night, kneeling and in prayer, to the safety of her soul. In vain did I beg leave to share her pious exercises;—when she reached her room she shut the door in my face. In vain did I stand a whole hour without, begging for entrance, sighing every possible sigh, feigning pious tears and swearing the most sanctified oaths—of course with clerical reservation.—I felt that I was, little by little, becoming a Jesuit, I grew

altogether depraved, and finally offered for *one* night to become Catholic.

"FRANCESCA!" I cried, "Star of my thoughts! Thought of my soul! *vita della mia vita!* my beautiful, oft-kissed, slender, Catholic FRANCESCA! for this *one* night, if thou wilt grant it to me, I will become a Catholic—but only for this night! O the beautiful, blessed. Catholic night! I will lie in thy arms, with deepest Catholicism, I will believe in the Heaven of thy love, we will kiss the sweet confession from our lips, the Word will be made flesh, Faith will become corporeal in body and in form! oh what religion! Ye priests ring forth meanwhile in joy your Kyrie Eleison, ring, burn incense, sound the bells! let the organ be heard, peal out the mass of PALESTRINA—that is the Body!—I believe, I am blest, I sleep—but so soon as I awake on the next morning, I will rub away sleep and Catholicism from my eyes, and see again clearly the sunlight and the Bible, and be as before, Protestant, reasonable and sober.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the next day the sun smiled, gloriously down from heaven, it banished all the sad thoughts and sombre feelings which the procession of the previous night had awakened in me, and had made life appear like a sickness and the world like a hospital.

All the town was alive with a cheerful multitude—gaily decked mortals—while here and there among them hastened along a black little priest. All was noise and laughter and gossip; scarce could we hear the chiming of the bells, which summoned us to grand mass in the Cathedral. This is a beautiful simple church, whose façade of variegated marble, is ornamented with those short pillars, rising one above the other, and which look with such a merry melancholy on us. Within, pillars and walls were clad in scarlet drapery, and serene music swelled forth over the wave-like masses of human beings. FRANCESCA leaned upon my arm, and as I, on entering, gave her holy water, and as our souls were electrified by the delicious damp touch of each other's fingers, I received, simultaneously, such an electric shock on my leg, that I very nearly tumbled for terror over the kneeling peasant women who, clad all in white and loaded with long ear-rings and necklaces of yellow gold, covered in masses the floor. As I looked around, I saw another kneeling female, fanning

herself, and behind the fan I spied my Lady's merry eyes. I bent towards her, and she breathed at the same time languishingly into my ear, "*delightful!*"

"For God's sake!" I whispered to her, "be serious! If you laugh, we shall certainly be turned out of doors!"

But prayer and entreaty was in vain. Fortunately no one understood the language in which we spoke. For when my Lady arose and accompanied us through the throng to the high altar, she gave herself entirely up to her wild caprices without the slightest caution, as though we had stood alone on the Appenines. She ridiculed everything, even the poor painted pictures on the wall did not escape her arrows.

"Look there," she cried, "at Lady Eve *née* Rib, how she chats with the Serpent! It was a good idea, that, of the painter to give the snake a human head with a human countenance; but it would have been much more sensible if he had adorned the face of the seducer with a military moustache. Look there, Doctor, at the angel announcing to the highly blest Virgin her blessed 'situation,' and who laughs at the same time so ironically. I know what the rascal is thinking of! And that other MARIA, at whose feet the holy alliance of the East are kneeling with their offerings of gold and incense—doesn't she look like CATALANI?"

Signora FRANCESCA, who, on account of her ignorance of English, understood nothing of all this chatter, save the word CATALANI, quickly remarked that the lady of whom our friend spoke had really lost most of her celebrity. But our friend did not suffer herself to be in the least put out, and passed her comments on the pictures of the Passion to that of the Crucifixion, an exquisitely beautiful painting, where, among others, three stupid idle faces were painted, looking on at their ease at the divine martyrdom, and which My Lady insisted, represented the deputies plenipotentiary of Austria, Russia, and France.

Meanwhile the old frescoes, which occasionally appeared between the folds of scarlet drapery, had with their wondrous earnestness of expression, some influence in subduing the British love of mockery. There were among them faces from the heroic age of Lucca, of which so much is said in MACHIAVELLI, that romantic SALLUST, whose spirit sweeps towards us with such fire from the songs of DANTE, the Catholic HOMER. In those faces the strong feelings and barbaric thoughts of the Middle Age are well expressed, although on the mouth of many a silent youth there quivers a smiling confession that

in those days all the roses were not of stone or unblown, and although through the pious down-drooping eye-lashes of many a Madonna of the day there twinkles a roguish leer of love, as though she were willing to present us with another infant JESUS. At all events it is a higher spirit which speaks to us from those old Florentine paintings: it is the truly heroic, which we recognize in the marble images of the Gods of Antiquity, and which does not consist as our æsthetic philosophers suppose in eternal calm without passion, but in an eternal passionate emotion without unrest. We also see in several oil paintings of a later day which hang in the Cathedral of Lucca, the same old Florentine spirit—perhaps as a traditional echo. I was particularly pleased with a ‘Wedding of Cana,’ by a scholar of ANDREA DEL SARTO, and which was somewhat harshly and stiffly painted. In it the SAVIOUR sits between the soft fair bride and a Pharisee whose stony law-table countenance is in amazement at the genial prophet who so cheerfully mingles with the merry guests, and treats them to miracles far surpassing those of MOSES; for the latter, though he struck with all his force on the rocks, brought forth nothing but water, while the latter needed only to speak a single word to fill all the jars with the best of wine. Far softer, almost Venetian in color, is the portrait of an unknown person hanging near it and in which the pleasant blending of hues is strangely qualified by a pain which thrills the soul. It represents MARY anointing the feet of JESUS and drying them with her hair. CHRIST sits there among his disciples, a beautiful, intelligent God, who with human sorrow feels a fearful pious commiseration for his own body, which ere long must suffer so much; and to whom the flattering unction of honour which the dead receive is already due and already realized. He smiles calmly on the kneeling woman, who impelled by a presentiment of loving anguish performs her pitying task, a deed which will never be forgotten so long as suffering humanity shall endure, and which will breathe forth a perfume for the refreshing of those suffering for thousands of years. With the exception of the youth who rested on the bosom of CHRIST, and who remarks the deed, none of the Apostles appear to realize its peculiar significance, and the one with the red beard appears, even as the Scripture states, to make the morose remark, “Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?” This economical Apostle was the one who carried the purse, the familiarity with money and business appears to have rendered him insensible to all the unselfish perfume of love, he would gladly exchange it for pence

for a practical purpose, and it was just he, the penny changer, who betrayed the SAVIOUR—for thirty pence. Thus does the Bible symbolically in the history of the Banker among the Apostles reveal the unholy power of seduction which lurks in the money-bag, and warn us against the faithlessness of money brokers. Every rich man is a JUDAS ISCARIOT.

"You are making faces as though you were trying to choke down your piety, dear Doctor," whispered my Lady. "I was just looking and—excuse me if the remark is slanderous—but I really thought that you looked like a good Christian."

"Between you and me I am so; yes, CHRIST—"

"Do you believe, perhaps, that he is a God?"

"That, of course, my good MATILDA. He is the God whom I mostly love—not because he is a legitimate God whose Father since time immemorial ruled the world; but because he, though a born Dauphin of Heaven is democratically minded, loving no courtly ceremonial splendor, because he is not a God of shaven and shorn bookish pedants and laced men-at-arms, and because he is a modest God of the People, a citizen-God, *un bon dieu citoyen*. Truly, if CHRIST were no God, I would vote that he should be such, and much rather than an absolute God who has forced himself to power would I obey him, the elected God, the God of my choice.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Archbishop, a solemn grey old man, read mass in person and to tell the truth, not only I, but even to a certain degree, my Lady, was moved by the spirit latent in this holy ceremony and by the sanctity of the old man who officiated;—albeit every old man is in and by himself a priest, and the ceremonies of the Catholic world are so primævally old that they are perhaps the only ones which have remained from the infancy of the world and have a claim on our pious feelings as a memorial of the first forefathers of all mankind. "Look, my Lady," said I, "every gesture which you here behold, the manner of laying on the hands and the spreading out of the arms, this bowing, this washing of the hands, this burning and offering of incense, this cup, yes, the entire clothing of the man from the mytra* to the hem of the stole—all is ancient Egyptian and

* Mithra. mytra. mitre.

the remains of a priesthood of whose wondrous existence the oldest records only tell us a little, an early hierarchy which investigated the first wisdom of the world, which discovered the first gods, which invented the first symbols, and by whom young humanity——”

“Was first cheated and betrayed,” added my Lady, in a bitter tone, “and I believe, Doctor, that of this earliest age of the world there remains nothing but a few dreary formulas of deceit. And they are still active and potent. Only look there, for instance, at the fearfully benighted faces!—particularly at that fellow who is planted on his stupid knees, and who, with his wide, staring mouth, looks so much like an ultra-blockhead.”

“For Heaven’s sake!” I remarked, in a soothing manner, “what does it matter if that head has received so little of the light of reason? What is that to us? Why should that irritate you? Don’t you see every day, oxen, cows, dogs, asses, which are quite as stupid without suffering your equanimity to be disturbed at the sight or being excited to angry expressions?”

“Ah, that is an entirely different matter,” rejoined my Lady, “for those beasts have tails behind, and I vex myself just for that, to think that a fellow who is so bestially stupid has, however, behind him. no tail at all.

“Yes—that is a very different matter, indeed, my Lady!”

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the mass there was still much to see and to hear, especially the sermon of a great two-fisted monk, whose bold, commanding old Roman countenance contrasted singularly with his coarse cowl, so that he looked like the Emperor of Poverty. He preached of heaven and of hell, falling at times into the wildest enthusiasm. His description of heaven was somewhat barbarously overloaded, since he filled it with gold, silver, jewels, costly food and wine of the best vintages. He made too, such inspired mouth-watering grimaces, and rolled himself to and fro in his gown as though he believed himself to be flying among white-winged angels and one of them. Much less delightful, yes, even very practically earnest, was his description of hell. Here the man was far more in his element. He was especially zealous against those sinners who do not believe, as Christianly as they should, in the old fires of hell, and even think

that they have somewhat cooled down of late preparatory to a general extinguishment. "And," he cried, "if hell were going out, then would I with my breath blow up the last glimmering coals till they should blaze up again into all the first fury of their flame." Had any one heard the voice, like the north wind, with which these words were howled forth, and could he have seen the glowing face, the red neck strong as a buffalo's, and the mighty fist of the monk, he would not have regarded this hellish threat as a hyperbole.

"*I like this man,*" said my Lady.

"There you are right," I replied, "and he pleases me too, better than our soft homœopathic spiritual doctors, who dilute their one-ten-thousandth grain of reason with a bucket of moral water, and with it preach us to repose of a Sunday."

"Yes, Doctor, I have respect for his hell, but I can't quite agree with him as to his heaven. In fact I very early had my doubts as to the nature of heaven. While I was still very young in Dublin, I often lay on my back in the grass, and looked up at heaven and wondered if it really contained so many splendid things as people said! 'And,' thought I, 'if it does, why is it that none of these fine things ever fall down—say a diamond ear-ring or a pearl-necklace, or at least a piece of pine-apple cake? and why is it that nothing but hail, snow or common rain ever comes down? That isn't exactly as it should be,' thought I—"

"Why do you say that, my Lady? Why not rather be silent with such doubts? Unbelievers who put no faith in heaven should not make proselytes; I much less blame—on the contrary I rather praise—the efforts of those convert-makers who have a splendid heaven and who, so far from wishing to keep it to themselves, invite their fellow-mortals to share it with them, and who never rest till their invitations are accepted."

"I have always wondered, Doctor, that so many rich people of that sort, such as Presidents, Vice-Presidents or Secretaries of societies for converting unbelievers, take such pains to make, for instance, some rusty old Jew-beggar fit for heaven, and to secure his future society there, without ever so much as dreaming of letting him take part in the things which they enjoy here on earth—such as inviting him during summer to their country-seats, where there are beyond question dainties which would taste as good to the poor rogue as though he were in heaven itself."

"That is intelligible enough, my Lady; the heavenly delights cost nothing and it is often a double pleasure when we can make our

fellow-beings happy at so slight an expense. But to what pleasures can the unbeliever invite any one?"

"To nothing, Doctor, but to a long peaceful sleep, which may, however, be very desirable to a suffering mortal, especially if he has been previously tormented with importunate invitations to heaven."

The beautiful woman spoke these words with bitter accents which went to the heart, and it was not without some earnestness that I replied: "Dear MATILDA, in all that I have seen and done in this world I have not once troubled myself as to whether there were a heaven or a hell. I am too great and too proud to be tempted by heavenly rewards or alarmed by the punishments of hell. I strive for the good because it is beautiful and irresistibly attracts me, and I hate the bad because it is ugly and repulsive. Even as a boy when I read PLUTARCH—and I still read him every night in bed and often feel as if I would fain jump up and take extra-post and become a great man—even then I was pleased with the story of the woman who went through the streets of Alexandria, bearing in one hand a burning torch and in the other a leathern bottle of water, crying to the multitude that with the water she would quench the fire of hell, and with the torch would set fire to heaven, so that people should cease to do evil merely from fear of punishment and not do good for the sake of reward. All our deeds should spring from the source of an unselfish love, whether there is to be a continuance after death or not."

"Then you do not believe in immortality?"

"Oh, you are shrewd, my Lady! I doubt it? *I*, whose heart ever strikes deeper and deeper root into the most distant millenniums of the past and of the future. I, who am myself one of the most immortal of men, whose every breath is an eternal life, whose every thought is an undying star—I disbelieve in immortality!"

"I think, Doctor, that it must require an inordinate share of vanity and presumption too, after enjoying so much that is good and beautiful on earth, to ask immortality of the Lord in addition to it all! Man, the aristocrat among animals, who thinks himself better than his fellow-creatures, would like also to work out for himself this privilege of endless life by court-like hymns of adoration and praise and kneeling-prayer. Oh, I know what that twitching of the lips means, my immortal gentleman!"

CHAPTER X.

THE Signora begged us to accompany her to a convent where a miraculous cross, the most remarkable in all Tuscany, was preserved. And it was well that we left the Cathedral, for my lady's eccentricities would have soon got us into a scrape. She foamed over with brilliant caprices, pretty and pleasant foolish fancies, which leaped about self-willed and wild as kittens. On leaving the Cathedral she dipped her forefinger three times in the holy water, and sprinkled herself with it each time, murmuring, "*Dem zefurdeyim kinnim*," which is, according to her assertion, the Arabic formula used by sorceresses to transform a human being to an ass.

On the *Piazza*, or open place before the Cathedral, a body of troops, nearly all clad in Austrian uniform, were exercising, the word of command being given in German. At least I heard the German words—"*Präsentirts Gewehr! Fuss Gewehr! Schulters Gewehr! Rechts um! Halt!*"* I believe that in all the Italian, as well as in several other European States they command in German. Ought we Germans to plume ourselves on it? Have we so many orders to give in this world that German has even become the language of command? Or have we been ordered about so much that those who are obedient and subject best understand the German tongue?

My Lady did not seem to be a friend to parades and reviews: "I do not like," said she, "to be near such men with sabres and guns, particularly when they march along in great numbers, and in regular rows in great reviews. What if some one among these thousands of men should suddenly go mad, and shoot me dead on the spot with the musket which he holds in his hand? Or, what if he should suddenly become rational and think? What have I to risk? or lose? even if they should take my life? Perhaps, the other world, which they promise us, isn't so brilliant after all, as they say, and if it be ever so bad they certainly cannot give me less than six kreutzers a day—suppose, then, just for the joke of the thing, that I stab that little English lady with the impertinent nose? Wouldn't I be in the greatest danger of my life then? If I were a king I would divide my soldiers into two classes, and one of them should believe in immortality, so that they might be brave in battle, and not fear death,

* Present arms! Ground arms! Shoulder arms! Right about face! Halt!

and I would only use them in war. But the others should be employed in parades and reviews, and lest it should come into their heads that they have nothing to lose, (and so kill somebody for the sake of a joke) I would forbid them on pain of death to believe in immortality,—yes, I would even give them some butter on their ammunition bread, so that they might have a real fancy to live. But the first, those immortal heroes, should have a right hard life of it, so that they might despise mortality and regard the roar of the cannon as the introduction to a better life.”

“My Lady,” said I, “you would be but an indifferent ruler. You know but little of government, and nothing at all of politics. If you had read the *Political Annals*——”

“I understand them, perhaps, even better than you, my dear Doctor. While I was very young, I tried to instruct myself in them. While I was still young in Dublin——”

“And lay on your back in the grass—reflecting or not—as at Ramsgate——”

A glance as of a light reproach of ingratitude shot from my Lady's eyes, but she then smiled again, and continued: “While I was yet young in Dublin, and used to sit on a corner of the cricket where mother's feet rested, I had all sorts of questions to ask, what the tailors, the shoemakers, the bakers, in short, what all sorts of people had to do in the world? And mother explained that the tailors made clothes, the shoemakers made shoes, the bakers baked bread.—And when I asked what the kings did? Mother told me that they governed. ‘Dear mother,’ I replied; ‘do you know that if I were a king, I'd go one whole day without reigning, just to see how it looked in the world.’ ‘Dear child’ said mother, ‘many a king does that and yet the world looks just the same as ever.’”

“Yes, my Lady, your mother was really in the right. Particularly here in Italy are there such kings, as we see for instance in Piedmont and Naples——”

“Well Doctor, we shouldn't blame an Italian king for not reigning on some days when it is so terribly warm. The only danger is that the Carbonari may turn such a day to account, for I have remarked that now-a-days revolutions always break out on those days when no reigning is going on. If the Carbonari made a mistake and believed that it was a day without reigning, when contrary to all expectation the king *did* reign, they all lost their heads. Therefore the *Carbonari* can never be careful enough and must be particular in choosing their time. So that the most delicate and

difficult duty of the king is to keep secret those days when there is no reigning, and then they should at least sit down three or four times on the throne, and perhaps mend a pen or seal up envelopes, or rule white paper—all for show of course—so that the people outside who peep into the palace-windows may believe in *all* sincerity that the reigning is still going on."

While such remarks came from my Lady's delicate little mouth there swam a smile of tranquil happiness around the full rosy lips of FRANCESCA. She scarcely spoke, but her gait was no longer inspired with the sighing rapture of self-denial so manifest on the previous evening. She now walked triumphantly along, every step the sound of a trumpet; and yet it seemed to be rather a spiritual victory, than one of this world which inspired her movements. She was almost the ideal image of a church triumphant, and around her head swept an invisible glory. But the eyes, as if smiling through tears, were again those of a child of this world, and in the varied stream of humanity which swept past us no single article of clothing had escaped her searching glance.

"*Ecco!*" was her exclamation, "what a shawl!—the Marquis shall buy me such a cashmere for my turban when I dance Roxelana. Ah! and he has promised me a diamond cross too!"

Poor GUMPELINO! you will agree to the shawl without much murmuring—the cross however will cost you many a bitter hour. But Signora will torture you so long and keep you so long on the rack that you must at last give in to her wishes!

CHAPTER XI.

THE church in which the miraculous crucifix of Lucca is to be seen, belongs to a monastery, the name of which at this instant has escaped me.

As we entered the church there lay on their knees before the high altar a dozen monks in silent prayer. Only now and then they spoke, as if in chorus, a few broken words which echoed as it were awfully through the solitary columned aisles. The church was dark, except that through small painted windows fell a many-colored light on bald heads and brown cowls. Unpolished lamps of copper dimly illuminated the blackened frescoes and altar-pieces, while from the wall projected carved wooden heads of saints, coarsely colored,

and which in the dubious flickering light seemed grinning at us in grim life. Suddenly my lady screamed aloud, and pointed to a tomb stone beneath our feet, on which in relief was the stiff image of a bishop with mythra and crosier, folded hands and trodden away nose. "Ah!" she whispered, "I just then trod rudely on his stone nose, and now he will appear to me in dreams, and *then* his nose—who knows?— —"

The sacristan, a pale young monk, showed us the miraculous cross, and narrated the miracle which it had effected. Whimsical as I am, I probably did not appear incredulous on this occasion. I have now and then my attacks of belief in marvels, especially when, as in this instance the place and the hour are favorable to them, and I then believe that everything in the world is a miracle and all history a legend. Was I inspired with the faith in marvels of FRANCESCA who kissed the cross with the wildest enthusiasm? I was vexed and annoyed with the wild mockery of the witty English lady—perhaps I was the more irritated by it since I felt that I was not myself entirely free from the contagion, yet still regarded it as by no means praiseworthy. It cannot be denied that the passion for ridicule and mockery, the delight in the incongruity of things, has something evil in it, while seriousness is more allied with the better feelings—virtue, the sense of liberty and love itself are very serious. Meanwhile there are hearts in which jest and earnest, the bad and the holy, heat and cold mingle so strangely, that it would be difficult to pass a separate judgment on either. Such a heart swam in the bosom of MATILDA; often it was a freezing island of ice on whose polished mirror-like ground there bloomed forth deeply longing, glowing forests of palms—as often an enthusiastic blazing volcano, which was suddenly overwhelmed by a laughing avalanche of snow. She was by no means evilly inclined, with all her *abandon*—not even sensuous; nay, I believe that she had only caught the humorous side of sensuality, and delighted herself with it as with a merry, ridiculous puppet show. It was a humorous longing, a sweet curiosity to know how this or that queer character would behave when in love. How entirely different was FRANCESCA! There was a catholic unity in all her thoughts and feelings. By day she was a pale yearning moon, by night a glowing sun—moon of my days! sun of my nights! I shall never see thee again!

"You are right," said my Lady, "I also believe in the wonder-working powers of a cross. I am convinced that if the Marquis does not higggle and hesitate too long over the diamond cross, it will certainly work a brilliant miracle on the Signora, and she will be at last

so dazzled by its brilliancy as even to be enamored of his nose. And I have often heard of the miraculous powers of crosses of nobility which have the power of changing an honest man into a rascal."

And so the beautiful lady ridiculed everything. She flirted with the poor sacristan—made the drollest excuses to the bishop with the worn-out nose, declining in the politest manner any return of her call, and as we came to the holy-water font, she again attempted to turn me into an ass.

Whether it was a sincere mood inspired by the place, or whether it was that I felt inclined to rebuff as sharply as possible this jest, which really vexed me, I know not, but I assumed the appropriate pathos, and spoke:

"My Lady, I have no liking for those of your sex who despise religion. Beautiful women without religion are like flowers without perfume, resembling those cold sober tulips which look upon us from their porcelain vases, as though they themselves were of porcelain, and which if they could speak, would without doubt, explain to us how very naturally they grow from a bulb, how all-sufficient it is for any one here below not to smell badly, and how, so far as perfume is concerned, a rational flower has no need of it whatever."

Even at the very mention of a tulip, my Lady was in a state of the most passionate excitement, and as I spoke, her idiosyncrasy against the flower acted so powerfully, that she held her ears as if desperate. It was half of it acted, but half was piqued earnestness, as she cast at me a bitter glance, and asked from her very heart, and with all the sharpness of irony—

"And you, dear flower, which of the current religions do you profess?"

"I, my Lady, have them all, the perfume of my soul rises to Heaven and overcomes even the immortal gods themselves."

CHAPTER XII.

As Signora could not understand our conversation, which was carried on principally in English, she conceived the idea—Lord knows how!—that we were quarrelling about the pre-eminence of our respective nations. She, therefore, began to praise the English and the Germans also, although at heart she regarded the former as wanting sense, and the latter as stupid. And she had a peculiarly

bad opinion of the Prussians, whose country according to her geography, lay far beyond England and Germany, while her worst ill-will was reserved for the King of Prussia, the great FEDERIGO, before whom, her enemy Signora SERAPHINA, had danced the previous year in a ballet at her benefit: for singular enough, this king, that is to say, FREDERICK the Great, still lives on the Italian stage, and in the memory of the Italian people.

"No," said my Lady, without paying the slightest attention to Signora's sweet caresses and blandishments—"no, it is not necessary to change this man into an ass. Why, he not only changes his opinions every ten steps and continually contradicts himself, but now he even turns missionary, and, upon my word, I believe he is a Jesuit in disguise. I must make up devout faces myself to be safe, or else he'll give me over to his fellow hypocrites in CHRIST, to the dilettanti of the Holy Inquisition, who will burn me in effigy, since the police does not as yet permit them to throw people in person into the fire. Oh! honorable gentleman, dear sir, don't believe that I am as intelligent as I seem to be; indeed, I am not wanting in religion, I am not a tulip, on my honor, no tulip! for heaven's sake, no tulip—I had rather believe anything! I believe now in the principal things in the Bible. I believe that ABRAHAM begat ISAAC, that ISAAC begat JACOB, and that JACOB begat JUDAH, and that JUDAH in turn "knew" his daughter-in-law TAMAR on the highway. I believe, too, that LOR drank too much with his daughters. I believe that POTIPHAR's wife kept in her hands the robes of JOSEPH. I believe that both the elders who surprised SUSANNA in her bath were *very* old. Moreover, I believe that the patriarch JACOB cheated first his brother and then his father-in-law, that King DAVID gave URIAH a good appointment in the army, that SOLOMON got himself a thousand wives and then complained that all was vanity! I believe in the Ten Commandments, too; and even keep most of them. I do not covet my neighbor's ox, nor his maid-servant, nor his cow, nor his ass. I do not work on the Sabbath, the seventh day on which the LORD rested; yet, to be on the safe side, since we don't know exactly which *was* the seventh day of rest, I often do nothing through the whole week. But, as for the commandments of CHRIST, I always obeyed the one which is most important—that we should love our enemies—for, ah! those persons whom I have best loved, were always, without my knowing it, my worst enemies."

"For heaven's sake, MATILDA, do not weep!" I cried as there once more darted forth a tone of the acutest anguish from the most genial

mockery like a serpent from a bed of flowers. I well knew that tone which often thrilled the wild and witty crystal-heart of the strange and lovely woman, powerfully it was true, but never for a long time, and I well knew that it would vanish as readily as it had risen, before the first jest which one would utter to her, or which would flit through her own soul. While she stood leaning against the monastery gate, pressing her burning cheeks against the cold stone, and wiping the tears from her eyes with her long hair, I tried to revive her merry mood by mystifying poor FRANCESCA; giving the latter the most important particulars of the Seven Years' War, which appeared to be to her a matter of especial interest, and which she believed to be still going on. I told her many interesting things of the great FEDERIGO, the witty gaiter-god of Sans Souci who invented the Prussian monarchy, and when young played right well on the flute and made French verses. FRANCESCA asked me if the Prussians or the Germans would conquer? For, as I have already intimated she supposed the former to be an entirely different race, and it is indeed common enough in Italy to imply by the name Germans only the natives of Austria. Signora was not a little astonished when I told her that I myself had lived for a long time in the *Capitale della Prussia*, that is to say in *Berelino*, a city which lies very far up on the map, not far from the North Pole. She shuddered as I depicted to her the dangers to which one is there exposed from the Polar bears which stray about the streets. "For dear FRANCISCA," I explained to her, "in Spitzbergen there are by far too many bears which lie there in garrison and they sometimes visit Berlin, either inspired by desire to see the 'bear'* and the Bassa, or else to eat a good dinner at Bergermann's in the Café Royal—an indulgence which sometimes costs more money than they have with them, in which case one of the bears is bound down there until his companions return and pay for him, whence the expression of 'to bind a bear,' originated. Many bears live in the city itself; yes, some people even assert that Berlin owes its origin to the bears and ought really to be called *Bearlin*. The town-bears are however very tame, and some of them are so highly educated that they write the most beautiful tragedies and compose the finest music. *Wolves* are also very common there, but as they generally go clad in sheep's clothing on

* Vide page 86. It may be remarked that a "bear" not only signifies a debt, but is also used by students as an abusive epithet. It is in this latter sense as well as the former that HEINE here uses it.

account of the cold, they are difficult to recognize. 'Snow-geese'* hurter about there and sing bravura airs, while reindeer,† who are *dear* enough to their tenants, reign with undisputed sway as connoisseurs in art. On the whole the Berliners live very temperately and industriously, and most of them sit buried up to their navels in snow, writing works of positive religion, devotional books, religious tales for daughters of the higher classes, catechisms, sermons for every day in the year, Eloha-poems, and are meanwhile very moral—for they sit up to the navel in snow."

"Are the Berliners then Christians?" cried Signora, in amazement.

"Their Christianity is of a peculiar species. This religion is at bottom utterly and entirely wanting in them, and they are also, much too reasonable to seriously practise it. But as they know that Christianity is necessary in a state, so that the subjects may be nicely obedient, and so that people may not steal and murder too much, they endeavor with great eloquence, to at least convert their fellow beings to Christianity, seeking as it were "substitutes" in a religion, whose maintenance is desirable to them, and whose strict practice as well as profession would give them too much trouble. In this dilemma, they employ the zealous service of poor Jews, who are obliged to become Christians for them, and as this race will do anything for gold, and for good words, they have at length exercised themselves completely into the very depths of Christianity. Yes—so deeply that they cry out as well as the best against unbelief, fight as for life and death for the Trinity, believe in it even in the dog-days, rage against the naturalists, slip secretly around in many lands as missionaries and spies of the faith, circulate tracts, roll up their eyes better than any one in the churches, make the most hypocritical faces, and act piety with such success, that the old 'two of a trade' envy is beginning already to show itself, and the old masters of the business secretly bewail that Christianity is at present entirely in the hands of the Jews."

CHAPTER XIII.

THOUGH Signora did not understand me, you at least dear reader will have no difficulty in doing so. My Lady also understood me,

* *Schneegaense* from *Schneegans*. Lat. *Anser hyperboreus*, soft white pretty misses of the kind which reminded Thackeray of rabbits.

† *Reinthere*, a reindeer. *Re-tirer*, one who lives on his rents.

and the effect thereof was to revive her good humor. But as I—(I do not really know if it was done with a serious expression)—undertook to assert that the multitude needed a settled religion, she could not refrain from again attacking me in her peculiar manner.

“People must have a religion!” she cried. “Always must I hear that text preached by a thousand stupid, and by endless thousands of hypocritical lips——”

“And yet my Lady it is true. As the mother cannot answer every question to the child with truth, because its power of comprehension is not sufficient, so in like manner there must be a positive religion, a church which can answer for the people according to their comprehension, and reduce to the test of the senses, all such questions as transcend sensation.”

“Oh misery! Doctor, your very comparison puts me in mind of a story which in its application is not very favorable to your theory. While I was yet young in Dublin——”

“And lay on your back——”

“Pshaw! Doctor, there’s no speaking a reasonable word with you—stop laughing at me, I say, in that indecent way and listen. While I was still young in Dublin and sat at my mother’s feet, I once asked what people did with the old full moons. ‘My dear child,’ said mother, ‘the Lord breaks the old moons to pieces with the sugar hammer, and makes little stars of them.’ One shouldn’t blame my mother for telling such a story, for with the very best astronomical knowledge, she could never have explained to me the whole system of the sun, moon and stars, and she accordingly answered the supernatural question in a natural way. But it would have been better had she put off the question until I was older, or at least told me the plain truth. For when I afterwards was looking with little Lucy at the full moon, and explained to her how stars were to be made from it, she laughed at me and said that her grandmother, old Mrs. O’MEARA, had told *her* that the full moons were eaten in hell for fire-melons, and because there was no sugar there, they sprinkled them with pepper and salt. As Lucy had at first laughed at my naive evangelic opinion, so I now laughed at her gloomy catholic idea, from laughing we got to fighting; we scratched, and we spit at each other in the real polemic style, until little O’DONNEL came out of school and separated us. This boy had been better instructed than we in the heavenly science, he understood mathematics, and calmly explained to us our mutual errors, and the folly of our quarrel. And what was the result? Why we two girls at once

stopped our quarrel, and united our forces to give the quiet little mathematician a good beating."

"My Lady, I am troubled, grieved at what you say, for you are in the right. But matters can't be changed, people will always go on fighting as to the pre-eminence of the conceptions of religion, which were first instilled into their minds, and the reasonable men among them will thereby be doomed to double suffering. Once, of course, things were different, when it never occurred to any one to particularly extol the doctrines or solemnity of his religion, or to press it on any one. Religion was a dear and beautiful tradition, holy narratives, commemorative festivals and mysteries were handed down from ancestors as the sacred family rites of the people, and it would have been a harsh and cruel thing for a Greek, if a foreigner, not of his race, had demanded fellowship in the same religion with him; and it would have seemed to him a still more inhuman thing, to induce any one by compulsion or cunning, to give up the religion to which he was born, and to substitute for it a strange one. But there came a race from Egypt, from the fatherland of the crocodile and of priesthood, and in addition to cutaneous diseases, and the stolen vessels of gold and silver, this race brought with it a so-called positive religion, a so-called church, a structure of dogmas, in which men must believe, and holy ceremonies which men must celebrate—the first type of later religions of state. Then arose the endless finding of faults in human nature, the making of proselytes, the compulsion of faith, and all that holy torture which has cost the human race so much blood, and so many tears."

"God damn this *primevil* race!"*

"Oh, MATILDA, it has long been damned, and has dragged the agonies of its damnation with it for thousands of years. O, this Egypt! her works defy time, her pyramids still stand unshattered as of old, her mummies are as imperishable as ever, and not less imperishable is that mummy of a race, which wanders over the world wrapped in most ancient swathing bands of letters, a petrified fragment of the History of the World, a spectre which gets its living by trading in bills of exchange and old pantaloons. My Lady, do you see yonder, that old man with a white beard, the point of which seems to be growing black again,—a man with ghost-like eyes."

"Are not the ruins of the old Roman graves there?"

"Yes—and there he sits offering his prayer, a fearful prayer, in

*Goddamm! dieses Uruebelvolk.

which he bewails his sufferings, and accuses races which have long since vanished from the earth, and now live only in nursery legends—while he in his pain, scarce marks that he sits on the graves of those very enemies for whose destruction he prays to heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

I SPOKE in the previous chapter of positive religions, only so far as they are especially privileged by the state, as churches, under the name of state-religions. But there is a pious dialectic, dear reader, which will prove to you in the most convincing manner, that the opponent of the ecclesiastical system of such a religion of state is also an enemy of religion, and of the state, an enemy of God and of the king, or as the common formula reads, an enemy of the throne and of the altar. But *I* tell you that it is a lie, I honor the real holiness of every religion, and conform myself to the interests of the state. And if I do not render homage, and devote myself to Anthropomorphism, I still believe in the power and glory of God, and even though kings are so insane as to resist the spirit of the people, or even so ignoble as to oppress their organs by neglect and persecution, I still remain, in accordance with my deepest conviction, an adherent to the kingdom and to the monarchical principle. I do not hate the throne, but I *do* those windy nothings of aristocratic vermin which have nestled in the crannies of the old throne, and whose character MONTESQUIEU has described so accurately with the words: "Ambition hand in hand with Indolence, Vulgarity allied to Pride, the longing to become rich without labor, the dislike of truth, flattery, treachery, faithlessness and the breaking of words, the contempt of the duties of the citizen, the fear of princely virtue, and an interest in princely vice!" I do not hate the altar, but I hate the serpents which lurk amid the loose stones of the old altar; those malignantly cunning snakes which can smile innocently as flowers, while they secretly spirt their poison into the cup of life, and hiss slander into the ear of the pious one praying; those glossy, gliding worms with soft sweet words:

Mel in ore, verba lactis
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.*

*It were a pity to spare the lover of Latin rhymes a line of this fine old proverb, which

And just because I am a friend of the state and of religion, do I hate that abortion termed the religion of state, that mockery of a creation, which was born of the lewd love of the worldly and the spiritual powers, that mule which the white stallion of Anti-Christ begot upon the she-ass of CHRIST. If there were no such religion of state, no privilege of dogma and of a religion, Germany would be united and strong, and her sons lordly and free. But as it is, our poor Fatherland is torn by divisions of creeds, the people are separated into warring parties in religion, Protestant subjects quarrel with Catholic princes, or vice-versa, everywhere there is mistrust, or crypto-Catholicism or crypto-Protestantism, accusations of heresy, espionage of views and opinions, pietism, mysticism, smelling of rats by church journals, sectarian hatred and zeal for conversion, so that while we fight for heaven above, we are all going to the devil here on earth below. An indifferentism in religion would be, perhaps, the only thing which could save us, and by becoming weak in faith, Germany might grow politically strong.

But it is as ruinous for religion itself, and for her holy existence, when she is clad with privileges, and when her servants are especially endowed by the state with power to represent it, so that one hand as it were washes the other, the religious the worldly, and *vice-versa*, from which a wish-wash results which is to the blessed Lord a folly, and to man a torture. If the state has opponents, they will become foes to the religion which confers privileges on the state, and consequently renders them allies; and even the innocent believer will become mistrustful when he detects political objects in religion. But the most repulsive of all is the pride of the priests when they, for the service which they think they have done the state, presume

crackles like a fire of twigs in so many eccentric collections of the XVI. and XVII. centuries.

“ Multis annis jam peractis
Nulla fides est in pactis,
Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.”

and which is translated in the following very slipshod manner, in “The Sketch Book of Meister Karl:”

“ For many years, my friend, the fact is,
That honesty is out of practice,
And honeid words and fawning smile
Are ever mixed with fraud and guile.”

I have somewhere met with another version of these rhymes, in which the first line was given thus:

“ Omnibus rebus jam peractis.”

[Notes by Translator.]

to count upon the support of the latter, and when they in return for the spiritual fetters which they have lent the state to bind the people, betake themselves to the protection of the state's bayonets. Religion can never sink so low as when she is in such a manner raised to a religion of state, her last claim to innocence is then vitiated, and she becomes as brazenly proud as a declared concubine. Of course, more homage and assurances of reverence are then made her, she every day celebrates new conquests in gleaming processions, where even generals who once served under Bonaparte bear torches, the proudest spirits swear fidelity to her banner, day by day unbelievers are converted and baptized—but all this pouring on of water butters no parsnips, and the new recruits of the religion of state are like those of Falstaff—they fill the state. As for self-sacrifice no one even speaks of such a thing, the missionaries with their tracts and books travel about like commercial agents with their samples—there is no longer any danger in the business, and all goes on in a regular mercantile economical form.

Only so long as religions are rivals and more persecuted than persecutors, are they noble and worthy of honor, and only then do we find inspiration sacrifice, martyrs and palms. How beautiful, how holy and lovely, how strangely sweet was the Christianity of the early ages while it as yet resembled its divine Founder in the heroism of suffering! Then there was still the legend of a god, all their own, who, in the form of a gentle youth, wandered under the palms of Palestine and preached human love, and set forth those doctrines of freedom and of equality, which at a later day were recognised as true by the reason of the greatest thinkers, and which as a French gospel inspired our age. But let any one compare that religion of Christ with the different Christianities which have been formed in different countries as religions of state—for instance, the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church, or even that Catholicism without poetry which we see ruling as "High Church of England," that dismal, crumbling skeleton of faith from which all fresh life has departed! The monopoly of system is as injurious to religions as to trades, they are only strong and energetic by free competition, and they will again bloom up in their primitive purity and beauty, so soon as the political equality of the Lord's service, or so to speak, so soon as the trades-freedom of the divinities is introduced.

The noblest minded men in Europe have long since asserted that this is the only means to preserve religion from an utter overthrow; but its present servants would sooner sacrifice the altar itself than

the least thing which is sacrificed on it; just as the nobility would sooner give up to utter destruction the throne and the illustrious Highness seated thereon, than that he should seriously give up the most improper of his proper privileges. But is the affected interest for throne and altar only a mocking show played off before the people? He who has been behind the scenes and peeped into the mysteries of the business, knows that the priests do not so much as the laity respect that God, whom they, for their own profit and at will knead from bread and words, and that the nobility respect the king much less than a serf would have them do, and that they in their hearts, scorn and despise even that royalty for which they in public manifest so much honor, and seek to awaken respect in others; in fact, they resemble those people who exhibit for money to the gaping public in booths on the market place, a Hercules, or a giant, or a dwarf, or a savage, or a fire-eater, or some other remarkable man of whom they praise the strength, size, bravery and invulnerability; or if he is a dwarf, his wisdom. All this they do with the most incredible readiness of speech, blowing at times their trumpet, and wearing a gayly colored jacket, while in their hearts they laugh at the ready faith of the staring people, and mock the poor be-praised subject, who by dint of daily intercourse has become very uninteresting to them, and whose weaknesses and whose arts acquired by training, they understand only too accurately.

Whether the blessed Lord will long suffer the priests to pass off a bug-bear for him, and make money by the show is more than I know;—at least it would cause me no surprise if I should some day read in the *Hamburg Impartial Correspondent*, that the old JEHOVAH warns every one against giving credit in his name to any one, no matter who he be, or even to his own son. But I am convinced—and time will show it—that there will come a day, when kings will no longer submit to be the show-puppets of their high-born despisers, when they will burst loose from etiquette, and break down the marble booths in which they are shown. Then they will disdainfully cast aside the shining frippery* intended to impose upon the people, the red mantle which terrified, in such a headsman-like manner, the diamond tiara which was pulled over their ears that they might not hear the voices of the people, the golden rod given as a sham sign of supremacy into their hands—and the kings set free will become free

* *Plunder* in the original, meaning frippery, lumber, trash, baggage and also plunder. The same word is used in the same senses in the Western United States. "So Tom got Judy and all her plunder."—*Crockett's Almanac*.

[Note by Translator.]

as other men, and walk freely among them, and feel free, and marry free, and express their opinions freely, and that will be the emancipation of monarchs.

CHAPTER XV.

BUT what are the aristocrats to do when they have been robbed of their crowned means of subsistence, when kings are a special property of the people, maintaining an honorable and stable government according to the will of the people—the only source of all power? What will the priests do when kings perceive that a little consecrated oil cannot make any human head guillotine-proof, just as the people on their part learn from day to day, that no one can grow fat on sacramental wafers? Well, of course nothing will then remain for the aristocracy and clergy, save to join hands, and cabal and intrigue against the new order of things in this world.

Vain efforts! The age like a fiery giantess tranquilly advances, giving no heed to the chatter of the snappish priestlings and lordlings down below. How they howl whenever one of them has burnt his snout on the foot of the giantess, or when she has trodden unwittingly upon a head or two, so that the dark reactionary poison spirts forth! Then their vindictiveness turns all the more bitterly against single children of the age, and powerless against the mass, they seek to assuage their cowardly spark of spirit on individuals.

Ah! we must confess that many a poor child of the age feels none the less the stabs which he receives in the dark, from lurking lords and priests, and oh! though a glory gathers around the wounds of the conqueror, yet they still bleed and smart! It is a strange martyrdom, that which such conquerors endure in our days, and one which cannot be done away with by bold confession, as in those early ages when the martyrs found a speedy scaffold, or the burning pile with its wild hurrahs! The spirit of martyrdom to sacrifice all earthly things for a heavenly jest, is still the same as ever; but it has lost much of its deepest cheerfulness of faith, it has become rather a resigned endurance, a firm holding out, a lifelong dying, and it even happens that in cold gray hours even the holiest martyrs are assailed by doubts. There is nothing so terrible as hours like those wherein MARCUS BRUTUS began to doubt the reality of that virtue for which he had suffered all things. And, ah! he was a Roman who

lived in the palmy days of the Stoa; but we are of modern softer stuff, and withal we witness the successful course of a philosophy, which grants to any inspiration whatever only a relative significance, and thus in itself annihilates it, or at any rate, neutralises it into a self-conscious Don Quixotery.

The cool, calm, cunning philosophers! How compassionately they smile on the self-torture and mad freaks of a poor Don Quixote, yet with all their school-wisdom do not perceive that that Don Quixotery is the most laudable thing in life, yes, life itself, and that it inspires to bolder effort the whole world, and all in it which philosophises, plays, plants and gapes! For the great mass of the people, with the philosophers, is, without knowing it, nothing but a colossal Sancho Panza who, despite all his sober dread of whippings and homely wisdom, still follows the knight in all his dangerous adventures, lured by the promised reward in which he believes, because he longs for it, but still more attracted by the mystic power which enthusiasm always exerts on the masses—as we see in all political and religious revolutions, and it may be, also, daily in the smallest events.

Thus, for example, you, dear reader, are in spite of yourself the Sancho Panza of the insane poet, whom you follow through the erratic mazes of this book—it may be while shaking your head misgivingly—but whom you still follow.

CHAPTER XVI.

STRANGE! *The Life and Deeds of the Sagacious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by DON MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, was the first book which I read after I had attained a tolerably boyage of discretion, and had become to a certain degree familiar with the nature of letters. I can well remember the bit of leisure time, when I early one morning stole away from home, and hastened to the Court Garden, that I might read Don Quixote without being disturbed. It was a beautiful May-day, the blooming Spring lay lurking in the silent morning light, listening to the sweet praises of her flatterer the nightingale, and the bird sang so softly and caressingly, with such melting enthusiasm, that the most shamefaced buds sprang into life, and the love-longing grass and the sun-rays quivering in perfume, kissed more hurriedly, and trees and flowers trembled for sheer rapture. But I sat myself down on an old mossy stone-bench in

the so-called "walk of sighs," and solaced my little heart with the great adventures of the daring knight. In my childish uprightness of heart, I took it all in sober earnest, and ridiculously as the poor hero was treated by luck, I still thought that it was a matter of course, and must be so, the being laughed at as well as being wounded, and that troubled me sadly as I sympathised with it all in my soul. I was a child, and knew nothing of the irony which God had twined into his world as he created it—and I could have found it in my heart to weep the bitterest tears, when the noble knight, for all his heroic courage received only ingratitude and blows; and as I, who was as yet unpractised in reading, pronounced every word aloud, it was possible for birds and trees, brook and flowers to hear everything with me, and as such innocent beings of nature knew as little as children of the irony of the great world, they took it all for sober earnest, and wept with me over the sorrows of the poor knight; even a worn-out old oak sighed deeply, and a water-fall shook more rapidly his white beard and seemed to scold at the wickedness of the world. We felt that the heroic will of the knight, was not the less worthy of admiration, when the lion turned tail on him without wishing to fight, and that his deeds were the more praiseworthy in proportion to the weakness and meagreness of his frame, the brittleness of his armor, and the worthlessness of his palfrey. We despised the base mob who treated him with such thrashing rudeness, and still more that mob of a higher rank, which, ornamented with gay silk attire, aristocratic phrase and ducal titles, scorned a man who was in strength of soul so immeasurably their superior. DULCINEA'S Knight rose higher in my estimation, and gained more and more in my love, the more I read in that wondrous book—and that I did every day in the same garden, so that by the Autumn I had concluded the story—and never, in all my life, shall I forget the day on which I read of the sorrowful combat wherein the knight was so shamefully subdued!

It was a gloomy day, hideous clouds swept along the grey heaven, the yellow leaves fell painfully from the trees, heavy tears hung on the last flowers, which fading in sorrow sunk their dying heads, the nightingales had long been silent, the image of all things passing away stared at me still and deathlike on every side,—and my head was all but broken as I read how the noble knight lay bewildered and crushed on the ground, and without removing his vizor, spoke with weak and sickly voice to the victor as though from the grave: "DULCINEA is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most

unfortunate Knight on earth, but it is not fit that my weakness should give the lie to this truth—so on with thy lance, Knight!"

Ah! this gleaming Knight of the silver moon, who conquered the bravest and noblest man in the world, was a disguised barber!

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT was all long, long ago. Many fresh springs have bloomed since then, but they were all wanting in their greatest charm, for alas! I no longer believe in the sweet falsehoods of the nightingale, the flatterer of Spring, I know how quickly its bloom passes away, and when I see the latest rosebuds, I see them blooming forth glowing with pain, growing pale and scattering in the wind. On every hand I perceive a winter in disguise.

But in my breast that flaming love still blooms which rises full of longing over the whole earth and sweeps dreamily and wildly, through the yawning realms of heaven, is struck back by the cold stars, sinking again to this little ball of earth, and which with sighs and shouts of exultation must confess that in all creation there is nothing more beautiful or better than the heart of MAN. This love is Inspiration, ever of a divine nature whether her deeds be of folly or of wisdom. And so it happened, that the little boy by no means lavished those tears in vain, which he shed over the sorrows of the mad knight, any more, indeed, than the youth did in later years, when he many a night in his narrow study, wept over the death of the holiest heroes of liberty—over King AGIS of Sparta, over CAIUS and TIBERIUS GRACCHUS of Rome, over JESUS of Jerusalem, and over ROBESPIERRE and SAINT JUST of Paris. Now that I have donned the *toga virilis*, and must myself be a man, there is an end to weeping, and the business in hand is to act like a man, after the manner of great predecessors, and if God so wills to be wept in turn in future years by boys and youths. Yes—these are the ones on whom we may count in this cold age; for they will be inspired by the gloomy breath which is wafted to them from ancient lore, and it is thus that they appreciate the hearts of flame of the present age. Youth is unselfish in thought and in feeling, and, therefore, thinks and feels the truth most deeply, and is not backward when a bold participation in faith or deed is called for. Older people are selfish and small-souled; they think more of the interest of their money than of the interest of mankind; they let their little boat swim calmly along

in the gutter of life, troubling themselves but little as to the sailor who on the high seas fights the billows, or they creep with sticky obstinacy to the summit of a mayoralty, or to the presidency of a club, and shrug their shoulders at the images of heroes which the storm cast down from the pillars of renown, telling, perhaps, meanwhile, how they too, when young, also ran their heads against the wall, but that they afterwards made friends with the wall because the wall was the Absolute, that which was appointed so to be, the existing in and for itself, that which because it is, is also reasonable, and that, therefore, he is unreasonable who will not endure a sublimely reasonable undeniably existing, firmly grounded Absolutism. Alas! these rejectors and challengers, who philosophise us into a mild servitude, are always more worthy of regard than the rejected, who, in the defence of despotism, never take stand on the reasonable ground of reason, but strong in their familiarity with history, defend it as a right of prescription and custom with which men have gradually grown familiar in the course of time, and which is now legally and equitably impregnable.

Perhaps, you are in the right, and I am only a Don Quixote, and the reading of all manner of strange books has turned my zeal as the Knight of La Mancha's was turned, and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU was my Amadis de Gaul, MIRABEAU was my Roldan or Agramanto, and I have studied too deeply in the heroic deeds of the French Paladins, and of the Round Table of the National Convention. It is true that my madness and the fixed ideas which I have gathered from those books are of a diametrically different description from the monomania and madness of the Manchan. He was desirous of restoring decaying chivalry to its pristine splendor, while I, on the contrary, would utterly destroy all that there is as yet remaining from those days; and we, consequently work with views at utter variance. My colleague regarded wind-mills as giants—I, however, in the braggart giants of the day see only noisy wind-mills; he thought that leathern wine-sacks were mighty magicians, while I, in our cotemporary enchanters, see nothing but leather-headed wine-sacks; he took beggarly pot-houses for castles, ass-drivers for cavaliers, low prostitutes for court-ladies—while I take our castles for mere inns for blackguards, our knights for ass-drivers, our court-ladies for common whores, and as he mistook a puppet-show for the deeds of a state, so do I regard our state deeds as mere puppet-comedies; yet just as bravely as the bold Knight of La Mancha do I let drive into the wooden trash. Ah! such a heroic deed often

costs me as much as it did him, and I must like him often suffer much for the honor of my lady. If I would only be false to her from fear or base avarice, I might live comfortably in this absolute existing reasonable world, and I could lead some lovely Maritornes to the altar, and be blessed by sleek magicians and banquet with noble ass-drivers, and beget harmless novels and the like base little slaves! Instead of that, adorned with the three colors of my lady, I must constantly be taking my place on the combatting ground, and dash onward through fearful toil and tumult—and I fight my way through no victory which does not also cost me some heart's blood. By day and night I am in extremity, for those enemies are so treacherous, that many whom I long ago struck down to death, still give themselves the guise of living forms, and changing into every shape, weary and disgust me by day and by night. How many sufferings have I endured through these wretched ghosts! Where love bloomed for me, they stole in, the false stealthy spectres, and broke even the most innocent buds. Everywhere, and most unexpectedly, I found on the ground their silvery trace of slime, and unless I beware I may slip on it to my destruction in the house of the nearest and dearest love. You may laugh, and regard such anxious feeling as to idle phantoms as the delusions of a Don Quixote. But imagined woes pain none the less, and if one believes that he has drunk hemlock, he may waste away, and at least, certainly will not fatten on the thought. And it is a slander to say, that I have grown fat on it, at least, I have as yet gained no fat sinecure, though I have the talent which would qualify me for one. As for fat, my fatality drives every trace of it from me.* I fancy that every means has been taken to keep me lean; when I hungered they fed me with snakes; when I thirsted they gave me wormwood to drink, and they poured hell into my heart till I wept poison and sighed fire. Yes—they stole by night into my very dreams—and there I see horrible spectres, the noble lackey faces with gnashing teeth, the threatening banker noses, the deadly eyes glaring from crows, the white ruffled hands with gleaming knives.

Even the old lady who lives next to me, my neighbor through the wall, thinks that I am insane, and declares that I talk the maddest stuff in my sleep, and that last night she distinctly heard me call out that, "DULCINEA is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate Knight on earth, but it is not fit that my weakness should give the lie to this truth—so on with thy lance, Knight!"

* Auch is von dem Fett der Vetterschaft nichts an mir zu verspüren.

POSTSCRIPT.

(NOVEMBER, 1830.)

I do not know what the peculiar feeling of reverence was, which impelled me to modify even the most trivial of several expressions in the foregoing pages, and which on a subsequent reading appeared to be rather too harsh. The manuscript had already become as yellow as a corpse, and I could not persuade myself to mutilate it. Everything which has been written for years, seems to have an inherent right to remain uninjured—even these pages, which to a certain degree belong to a dark past. For they were written nearly a year before the third Hegira of the Bourbons, at a time which was harsher than the harshest phrase, a time when it seemed as if the battle for liberty might yet be delayed for a century. It was to say the least, a matter for critical and nice reflection, when we saw our knightly nobility looking so confident—how they had their faded coats of arms freshly painted, how they tourneyed with shield and spear at Munich and Potsdam, and how they sat so proudly on their high steeds as though they would ride to Quedlinburg to have themselves retouched by Gottfried Basse.

Still more insufferable were the triumphant and treacherous eyes of our priests, who hid their long ears so slyly under their cowls, that we continually anticipated the most deadly wiles. No one could know beforehand that the noble knights would shoot so wretchedly wide of the mark, and generally from an ambuscade, or at least in galloping away with averted heads, like flying Bashkirs. Just as little could one know beforehand that the serpent-like sagacity of our priests could be so brought to shame—ah! it is enough to awaken one's pity to see how stupidly they use their best poison, and how in their rage they throw the arsenic in great lumps at our heads, instead of sprinkling it by the ounce and amiably in our soup; how they rummage among the long forgotten children's clothes of their enemies to discover some obsolete baby wrappings from which to nose out trouble, how they even rake the fathers of their enemies out of their graves to see if they perhaps were circumcised—oh the fools! who imagine that they have discovered that the lion belongs to the feline

race, and with this natural historical discovery go hissing about so long, that finally the great cat exemplifies the *ex ungue leonem* on their own flesh! Oh! the obscure wights upon whom no light shines until they hang in person on the lamp post! With the entrails of an ass would I string my lyre that I might worthily sing them—the shorn blockheads!

A mighty joy seizes on me! While I sit and write, music sounds under my window, and in the elegiac grimness of the long drawn out melody, I recognise that Marseilles hymn with which the beautiful BARBAROUX and his companions greeted the city of Paris, that *rans des vaches* of liberty, whose tones gave the Swiss in the Tuileries the homesickness, that triumphant death song of the Gironde—the old sweet cradle song.

What a song! It shudders through me with fire and joy, and lights up in me the glowing stars of inspiration, and the rockets of scorn and mockery. Yes, they shall not be wanting in the great fireworks of the age. Ringing fire-streams of song shall pour forth in bold cascades from the summit of Freedom's revels; as the Ganges leaps from Himalaya! And thou dear SATYRA, daughter of the just THEMIS and of goat-footed PAN, lend me thine aid, for thou art by the mother's side of Titanic blood, and hatest like me the enemies of thy kin, the weak usurpers of OLYMPUS. Lend me the sword of thy mother that I may execute the hated brood, and give me the pipes of thy father that I therewith, may pipe them to death.

Already they hear the deathly piping and panic fears seize them, and they again take to flight in bestial forms as of old, when we piled Pelion upon Ossa.

Aux armes citoyens!

They did great injustice to us poor Titans, when they blamed the dark ferocity with which we raged upward in that storming of heaven—ah! down there in Tartarus it was terrible and dark; we heard there, only the howls of CERBERUS and the rattling of chains, and it is pardonable if we appear somewhat savage, in comparison with those divinities, *comme il faut*, who so refined and elegant in manners, enjoyed in the cheerful saloons of OLYMPUS, so much exquisite nectar and so many sweet concerts given by the Muses.

I can write no more, for the music under my window intoxicates my head, and still more forcibly am I moved by the refrain.

Aux armes citoyens!

ENGLISH FRAGMENTS.

1828.

"Happy Albion! merry Old England! why did I leave thee?—To fly from the society of gentlemen, and to be among a pack of blackguards, the only one who lives and acts with consciousness?"

"Honorable People," by W. ALEXIS.

THE "English Fragments" were partly written two years ago for the "Universal Political Annals," which I at that time published with LINDNER, to supply a want of the time, and believing them to be appropriate, I have added them as a completion of the "Pictures of Travel."

I trust that the amiable reader will not misapprehend my object in giving these English Fragments. Perhaps, I may, at a proper time, supply further contributions of the same nature. Our literature is by no means too richly provided with them. Though England has been frequently described by our novelists, WILLIBALD ALEXIS is the only one who has set forth her local peculiarities and costumes with true outline and color. I believe that he was never in the country, and knows its physiognomy only by that strange intuition which renders a personal examination of the reality needless to a poet. In like manner, I myself, wrote eleven years ago, "William Ratcliff," to which I here the more emphatically refer, since it not only contains an accurate picture of England, but also the germ of my later observations of the country which I had not then seen. The piece may be found in the

"Tragedies, with a Lyrical Intermezzo, by HENRY HEINE. Berlin, 1823, published by F. DUEMLER."

As for books of travel in England, I am confident, that with the exception of those of ARCHENHOLTZ and GÖDE, there are none which set forth matters as they really are there, which can be compared to a work published this year by FRANKH, in Munich. I refer to

"Letters of a Dead Man. A Fragmentary Diary, kept in England, Wales, Ireland and France, in the years 1828 and 1829."

It is moreover in many other respects an admirable book, and fully deserves the praise which GOETHE and VARNHAGEN VON ENSE have lavished on it in the Berlin Annals of Scientific Criticism.

HENRY HEINE.

Hamburg, Nov. 15, 1830.

(411)

1.

DIALOGUE ON THE THAMES.

— — — THE sallow man stood near me on the deck, as I gazed on the green shores of the Thames, while in every corner of my soul the nightingales awoke to life. "Land of Freedom!" I cried,—“I greet thee!—Hail to thee, Freedom, young sun of the renewed world! Those older suns, Love and Faith are withered and cold, and can no longer light nor warm us. The ancient myrtle woods which were once all too full, are now deserted, and only timid turtle-doves nestle amid the soft thickets. The old cathedrals once piled in towering height by an arrogantly pious race, which fain would force its faith into heaven are brittle, and their gods have ceased to believe in themselves. Those divinities are worn out, and our age lacks the imagination to shape new. Every power of the human breast now tends to a love of LIBERTY, and Liberty is, perhaps, the religion of the modern age. And it is a religion not preached to the rich, but to the poor, and it has in like manner its Evangelists, its martyrs, and its ISCARIOTS!”

“Young enthusiast,” said the sallow man, “you will not find what you seek. You may be in the right in believing that Liberty is a new religion which will spread itself over all the world. But as every race of old, when it received Christianity did so according to its requirements and its peculiar character, so, at present, every country adopts from the new religion of liberty only that which is in accordance with its local needs and national character.

“The English are a domestic race, living a limited, peaceable family life, and the Englishman seeks in the circle of those connected with and pertaining to him, that easy state of mind which is denied to him through his innate social incapacity. The Englishman is, therefore, contented with that liberty which secures his most personal rights and guards his body, his property, and his conjugal relations, his religion, and even his whims, in the most unconditional manner. No one is freer in his home than an Englishman, and to use a celebrated expression he is king and bishop between his four stakes, and there is much truth in the common saying, that ‘my house is my castle.’

“If the Englishman has the greatest need of personal freedom, the Frenchman, in case of need, can dispense with it, if we only grant him that portion of universal liberty known as equality. The French

are not a domestic but a social race, they are no friends to a silent *tête-à-tête*, which they call *une conversation Anglaise*, they run gossiping about from the *café* to the casino, and from the casino to the salons, their light champagne-blood and in-born talent for company, drives them to social life, whose first and last principle, yes, whose very soul is equality. The development of the social principle in France necessarily involved that of equality, and if the ground of the Revolution should be sought in the budget; it is none the less true that its language and tone were drawn from those wits of low degree who lived in the salons of Paris, apparently on a footing of equality with the high noblesse, and who were now and then reminded, it may have been, by a hardly perceptible, yet not on that account less aggravating, feudal smile, of the great and ignominious inequality which lay between them. And when the *canaille roturière* took the liberty of beheading that high noblesse, it was done less to inherit their property than their ancestry, and to introduce a noble equality in place of a vulgar inequality. And we are the better authorized to believe that this striving for equality was the main principle of the revolution, since the French speedily found themselves so happy and contented under the dominion of their great Emperor, who fully appreciating that they were not yet of age, kept all their *freedom* within the limits of his powerful guardianship, permitting them only the pleasure of a perfect and admirable equality.

Far more patient than the Frenchman the Englishman, easily bears the glances of a privileged aristocracy, consoling himself with the reflection, that he has a right by which it is rendered impossible to the others to disturb his personal comfort or his daily requirements. Nor does the aristocracy here make a show of its privileges as on the Continent. In the streets and in places of public resort in London, colored ribbons are only seen on women's bonnets, and gold and silver signs of distinction, on the dresses of lackeys. Even that beautiful colored livery which indicates with us military rank, is in England anything but a sign of honor, and as an actor after a play hastens to wash off the rouge, so an English officer hastens when the hours of active duty are over, to strip off his red coat and again appear like a gentleman, in the plain garb of a gentleman. Only at the theatre of St. James are those decorations and costumes, which were raked from the off-scourings of the middle ages, of any avail. There we may see the ribbons of orders of nobility, there the stars glitter, silk knee-breeches and satin trains rustle, golden spurs and old fashioned French styles of expression clatter, there the knight

struts and the lady spreads herself. But what does a free Englishman care for the court comedy of St. James! so long as it does not trouble him, and so long as no one interferes when he plays comedy in like manner in his own house, making his lackeys kneel before him/or plays with the garter of a pretty cook-maid?—" *honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

"As for the Germans they need neither freedom nor equality. They are a speculative race, idealogists, prophets and after thinkers, dreamers who only live in the past and in the future, and who have no present. Englishmen and Frenchmen have a *present*—with them, every day has its field of action, its opposing element, its history. The German has nothing for which to battle, and when he began to realize that there might be things worth striving for, his philosophising wiseacres taught him to doubt the existence of such things. It cannot be denied that the Germans love liberty. But it is in a different manner from other people. The Englishman loves liberty as his lawful wife, and if he does not treat her with remarkable tenderness, he is still ready in case of need to defend her like a man, and woe to the red coated rascal who forces his way to her bedroom—let him do so as a gallant or as a catch poll. The Frenchman loves liberty as his bride. He burns for her, he is a flame, he casts himself at her feet with the most extravagant protestations, he will fight for her to the death, he commits for her sake a thousand follies. The German loves liberty as though she were his old grandmother."

Men are strange beings! We grumble in our fatherland, every stupid thing, every contrary trifle vexes us there; like boys we are always long to rush forth into the wide world, and when we finally find ourselves out in the wide world, we find it a world too wide, and often yearn in secret for the narrow stupidities and contrarities of home; yes, we would fain be again in the old chamber, sitting behind the familiar stove, making for ourselves as it were a "cubby house" near it, and nestling there, read the "*German General Advertiser*." So it was with me in my journey to England. Scarcely had I lost sight of the German shore ere there awoke in me a curious after-love for the German night-caps and forest-like wigs which I had just left in discontent, and when the fatherland faded from my eyes I found it again in my heart.

And therefore it may be that my voice quivered in a somewhat lower key as I replied to the fallow man: "Dear sir—do not scold the Germans!" If they are dreamers, still many of them have dreamed

such beautiful dreams, that I would hardly incline to change them for the waking realities of our neighbors. Since we all sleep and dream, we can perhaps dispense with freedom, for our tyrants also sleep, and only dream their tyranny. We only awoke once; when the Catholic Romans robbed us of our dream freedom: then we acted and conquered and laid us down again and dreamed. O, sir! do not mock our dreamers, for now and then they speak, like somnambulists, wondrous things in sleep, and their words become the seeds of freedom. No one can foresee the turn which things may take. The splenetic Briton, weary of his wife, may put a halter round her neck and sell her in Smithfield. The flattering Frenchman may perhaps be untrue to his beloved bride and abandon her, and singing, dance after the court dames (*courtisanes*) of his royal palace (*palais royal*). But the German will never turn his old grandmother quite out of doors, he will always find a place for her by his fire side, where she can tell his listening children, her legends. Should freedom ever—which God forbid—vanish from the entire world, a German dreamer would discover her again in his dreams.”

While the steamboat, and with it our conversation, swam thus along the stream, the sun had set and his last rays lit up the hospital at Greenwich, an imposing palace-like building which in reality consists of two wings, the space between which is empty, and a green hill crowned with a pretty little tower, from which one can behold those passing by. On the water, the throng of vessels became denser and denser, and I wondered at the adroitness with which the larger avoided contact. While passing many a sober and friendly face nodded greetings—faces whom we had never seen before, and were never to see again. We sometimes came so near, that it was possible to shake hands in joint welcome and adieu. One’s heart swells at the sight of so many swelling sails, and we feel strangely moved when the confused hum and far off dancing-music, and the deep voices of sailors resound from the shore. But the outlines of all things vanished little by little behind the white veil of the evening mist, and there only remained visible a forest of masts, rising long and bare above it.

The sallow man still stood near me and gazed reflectively on high, as though he sought for the pale stars in the cloudy heaven. And still gazing on high, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and said in a tone as though secret thoughts involuntarily became words—“Freedom and equality! they are not to be found on earth below nor in heaven above. The stars on high are not alike, for one

is greater and brighter than the other; none of them wander free, all obey a prescribed and iron-like law—there is slavery in heaven as on earth.!”

“There is the Tower!” suddenly cried one of our travelling companions, as he pointed to a high building which rose like a spectral gloomy dream above the cloud-covered London.

2.

LONDON.

I HAVE seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit, I have seen it and am still astonished—and still there remains fixed in my memory the stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger and of hatred—I mean London.

Send a *philosopher* to London but for your life, no poet! Send a philosopher there, and stand him at a corner of Cheapside, where he will learn more than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the billows of human life roar around him, so will a sea of new thoughts rise before him, and the Eternal Spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him, he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly—for, if London is the right hand of the world—its active mighty right hand—then we may regard that route which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street, as the world’s pyloric artery.

But never send a poet to London! This downright earnestness of all things, this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this troubled spirit in pleasure itself, this exaggerated London, smothers the imagination and rends the heart. And should you ever send a German poet thither—a dreamer, who stares at everything, even a ragged beggar-woman, or the shining wares of a goldsmith’s shop—why, then, at least, he will find things going right badly with him, and he will be hustled about on every side, or, perhaps, be knocked over with a mild “*God damn!*”^{*} *God damn!*—damn the knocking

^{*}The English or American reader has doubtless heard the expression, “*God damn it!*” and also “*Damnation!*” but I am not aware that the interjection quoted by HEINE is used in our language. Popular opinion in America ascribes it exclusively to Germans,

about and pushing! I see at a glance that these people have enough to do. They live on a grand scale, and though food and clothes are dearer with them than with us, they must still be better fed and clothed than we are—as gentility requires. Moreover, they have enormous debts, yet occasionally in a vain-glorious, mood they make ducks and drakes of their guineas, pay other nations to box about for their pleasure, give their kings a handsome *douceur* into the bargain—and, therefore, John Bull must work to get the money for such expenditure. By day and by night he must tax his brain to discover new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and runs and rushes without much looking around, from the Docks to the Exchange, and from the Exchange to the Strand, and, therefore, it is quite pardonable, if he, when a poor German poet, gazing into a print-shop window, stands bolt in his way on the corner of Cheapside, should knock the latter sideways with a rather rough “God damn!”

But the picture at which I was gazing as I stood at Cheapside corner, was that of the French crossing the Beresina.

And when I, jolted out of my gazing, looked again on the raging street, where a parti-colored coil of men, women and children, horses, stage-coaches, and with them a funeral, whirled groaning and creaking along, it seemed to me as though all London were such a Beresina Bridge where every one presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of life, where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian, where every one who falls is lost forever; where the best friends rush, without feeling, over each other's corpses, and where thousands in the weakness of death, and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge, and are shot down into the icy grave of death.

How much more pleasant and homelike it is in our dear Germany! With what dreaming comfort, in what Sabbath-like repose all glides along here! Calmly the sentinels are changed, uniforms and houses shine in the quiet sunshine, swallows flit over the flag-stones, fat court-councillor-esses smile from the windows, while along the echoing streets there is room enough for the dogs to sniff at each other, and for men to stand at ease and chat about the theatre, and bow deeply—oh, how deeply!—when some small aristocratic scamp or vice scamp, with colored ribbons on his shabby coat, or some court-marshal* struts along, as if in judgment, graciously returning salutations!

who have but a limited familiarity with English. Many eminent French writers also seem to labor under an erroneous impression, that a mysterious expletive written by them, “Goldem!” or “Godam!” is used in English.—[*Note by Translator.*]

* Hofmar-chalkchen

I had made up my mind in advance, not to be astonished at that immensity of London of which I had heard so much. But I had as little success as the poor school-boy, who determined beforehand not to feel the whipping which he was to receive. The facts of the case were, that he expected to get the usual blows with the usual stick in the usual way on the back, whereas he received a most unusually severe licking on an unusual place with a cutting switch. I anticipated great palaces and saw nothing but mere small houses. But their very uniformity and their limitless extent impress the soul wonderfully.

These houses of brick, owing to the damp atmosphere and coal smoke, are all of an uniform color, that is to say of a brown olive green, and are all of the same style of building, generally two or three windows wide, three stories high and finished above with small red tiles, which remind one of newly extracted bleeding teeth, while the broad and accurately squared streets which these houses form, seem to be bordered by endlessly long barracks. This has its reason in the fact that every English family, though it consist of only two persons, must still have a house to itself for its own castle, and rich speculators to meet the demand, build wholesale, entire streets of these dwellings which they retail singly. In the principal streets of the city where the business of London is most at home, where old fashioned buildings are mingled with the new, and where the fronts of the houses are covered with signs, yards in length, generally gilt, and in relief, this characteristic uniformity is less striking—the less so indeed because the eye of the stranger is incessantly caught by the new and brilliant wares exposed for sale in the windows. And these articles do not merely produce an effect, because the Englishman completes so perfectly everything which he manufactures, and because every article of luxury, every astral lamp and every boot, every tea kettle and every woman's dress, shines out so invitingly and so "*finished*." There is also a peculiar charm in the art of arrangement, in the contrast of colors, and in the variety of the English shops; even the most commonplace necessities of life, appear in a startling magic light through this artistic power of setting forth everything to advantage. Ordinary articles of food attract us by the new light in which they are placed, even uncooked fish lie so delightfully dressed that the rainbow gleam of their scales attracts us; raw meat lies, as if painted, on neat and many-colored porcelain plates, garlanded about with parsley—yes everything seems painted, reminding us of the highly polished yet modest pictures of FRANZ MEIERIS. But the human beings whom we see are not so

cheerful as in the Dutch paintings for they sell the jolliest wares with the most serious faces, and the cut and color of their clothes is as uniform as that of their houses.

On the opposite side of the town, which they call the West End—"the west end of the town,"—and where the more aristocratic and less occupied world lives, the uniformity spoken of is still more dominant; yet here there are very long and very broad streets where all the houses are large as palaces, though anything but remarkable as regards their exterior, unless we except the fact that in these, as in all the better class of houses in London, the windows of the first *etage* (or second story) are adorned with iron barred balconies, and also on the *rez de chaussée* there is a black railing protecting the entrance to certain subterranean apartments. In this part of the city there are also great "squares," where rows of houses like those already described form a quadrangle, in whose centre, there is a garden enclosed by an iron railing and containing some statue or other. In all of these places and streets, the eye is never shocked by the dilapidated huts of misery. Everywhere we are stared down on by wealth and respectability, while crammed away in retired lanes and dark damp alleys, poverty dwells with her rags and her tears.

The stranger who wanders through the great streets of London, and does not chance right into the regular quarters of the multitude, sees little or nothing of the fearful misery existing there. Only here and there at the mouth of some dark alley stands a ragged woman with a suckling babe at her weak breast, and begs with her eyes. Perhaps if those eyes are still beautiful, we glance into them and are shocked at the world of wretchedness visible within. The common beggars are old people, generally blacks, who stand at the corners of the streets, cleaning pathways—a very necessary thing in muddy London—and ask for "coppers" in reward. It is in the dusky twilight that Poverty with her mates Vice and Crime glide forth from their lairs. They shun daylight the more anxiously since their wretchedness there contrasts more cruelly with the pride of wealth which glitters everywhere, only Hunger sometimes drives them at noon-day from their dens, and then they stand with silent, speaking eyes, staring beseechingly at the rich merchant who hurries along, busy and jingling gold, or at the lazy lord who like a surfeited god rides by on his high horse, casting now and then an aristocratically indifferent glance at the mob below, as though they were swarming ants, or rather a mass of baser beings, whose joys

and sorrows have nothing in common with his feelings. Yes—for over the vulgar multitude which sticks fast to the soil, soar like beings of a higher nature, England's nobility, to whom their little island is only a temporary resting place, Italy their summer garden, Paris their social saloon, and the whole world their inheritance. They sweep along, knowing nothing of sorrow or suffering, and their gold is a talisman which conjures into fulfilment their wildest wish.

Poor Poverty! how agonizing must thy hunger be, where others swell in scornful superfluity! And when some one casts with indifferent hand a crust into thy lap, how bitter must the tears be wherewith thou moistenest it! Thou poisonest thyself with thine own tears. Well art thou in the right when thou alliest thyself to Vice and Crime. Outlawed criminals often bear more humanity in their hearts than those cool, reproachless town burghers of virtue, in whose white hearts, the power of evil it is true is quenched—but with it, too, the power of good. I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted, and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity. I have seen women—I would that I saw them again!——

3.

THE ENGLISH.

UNDER the archways of the London Exchange, every nation has its allotted place, and on high tablets we read the names of Russians, Spaniards, Swedes, Germans, Maltese, Jews, Hanseatics, Turks, &c. Now, however, you would seek them there in vain, for the men have been jostled away—where Spaniards once stood Dutchmen now stand, the citizens of Hansetowns have elbowed out the Jews, Russians are now where Turks once were, Italians are on the ground once held by Frenchmen—even the Germans have advanced a little.

As in the London Exchange, so in the rest of the world the ancient tablets have remained, and men have been moved away while other people appear in their place, whose new heads agree very indifferently with the old inscriptions. The old stereotyped characteristics of races as we find them in learned compendiums and ale-houses, are no longer profitable, and can only lead us into dreary errors. As we during the last ten years have observed a striking change in the character of our western neighbors just so has there been since the

continent was thrown open, a corresponding metamorphosis on the other side of the canal. Stiff, taciturn Englishmen go pilgrim-like in hordes to France, there to learn to speak and move their limbs, and on returning, we observe with amazement that their tongues are loosened, they no longer have two left hands, and are no longer contented with beef-steak and plum-puddings. I myself have seen such an Englishman, who in Tavistock Tavern asked for some sugar with his cauliflowers—a heresy against the stern laws of the English *cuisine*, which nearly caused the waiter to fall flat on his back—for, certainly, since the days of the Roman Invasion, cauliflower was never cooked otherwise than by simply boiling in water, nor was it ever eaten with sweet seasoning. It was the self-same Englishman, who, although I had never seen him before, sat down opposite to me and began to converse so genially in French, that I could not for my life help telling him how delighted I was to meet, for once, an Englishman who was not reserved towards strangers, whereupon he, without smiling, quite as candidly remarked that he merely talked with me for the sake of practice in French.

It is amazing how the French, day by day, become more reflecting, deeper and more serious, while the English on the other hand strive to assume a light, superficial and cheerful manner; not merely in life but in literature. The London presses are fully busied with fashionable works, with romances which move in the glittering sphere of “high life,” or mirror it, as for instance, “Almacks,” or “Vivian Grey,” “Tremaine,” “The Guards,” and “Flirtation.” This last romance bears a name which would be most appropriate for the whole species, since it indicates that coquetry with foreign airs and phrases, that clumsy refinement, that heavy bumping lightness, that sour style of honied compliment, that ornamented coarseness, in a word, the entire lifeless life of those wooden butterflies, who flutter in the saloons of West London.

But, on the contrary, what a literature is at present offered us by the French press—that real representative of French spirit and volition! When their great Emperor undertook in the leisure of his captivity to dictate his life, to reveal the most secret solutions of the enigmas of his divine soul, and to change the rocks of St. Helena to a chair of history, from whose height, his cotemporaries should be judged, and latest posterity be taught, then the French themselves began to employ the days of their adversity and the period of their political inactivity as profitably as possible. They also are now writing the history of their deeds, the hands which once grasped the

sword are again becoming a terror to their enemies by wielding the pen, the whole nation is busied in publishing its memoirs, and if it will follow my advice it will prepare a particular edition *ad usum Delphini*, with nicely colored engravings of the taking of the Bastile, and storming of the Tuileries.

If I have above remarked, that the English of the present day are seeking to become light and frivolous, and endeavoring to creep into the monkey's skin which the French are gradually stripping off, I must also add that the tendency in question proceeds rather from the nobility and gentry, or aristocratic world, than from the citizens. On the contrary, the trading and working portion of the people, especially the merchants in the manufacturing towns, and nearly all the Scotch, bear the external marks of pietism—yes, I might almost say of puritanism, so that this blessed portion of the people contrast with the worldly-minded aristocrats, like the cavaliers and round-heads, so truthfully set forth by SCOTT in his novels. Those readers honor the Scottish bard too highly, who believe that his genius imitated and penetrated the outer form and inner manner of feeling of those two historical parties, and that it is an indication of his poetic greatness, that he, free from prejudice as a God in his judgment, does justice to both, and treats them with equal love. Let any one cast a glance into the prayer meetings of Liverpool or Manchester, and then into the fashionable saloons of the West End, and he will plainly see that WALTER SCOTT has simply described his own times, and clothed forms which are altogether modern, in dresses of the olden time. And if we remember that he himself from one side as a Scotchman, sucked in by education and national influence a Puritan spirit, while on the other side, as a tory who even regarded himself as a scion of the Stuarts, he must have been right royally and aristocratically inclined, and that therefore his feelings and thoughts must have embraced either tendency with equal love, and must also have been neutralised by their opposition, we can very readily understand his impartiality in describing the democrats and aristocrats of CROMWELL's time, an impartiality which might well lead us into error if we hoped to find in his History of NAPOLEON, an equally "fair play" description of the heroes of the French Revolution.

He who regards England attentively may now find daily opportunities of observing those two tendencies, the frivolous and the puritanic, in their most repulsive vigor, and with them of course their mutual contest. Such an opportunity was recently manifested in

the famous suit at law of Mr. WAKEFIELD, a gay cavalier, who, in an off-hand manner eloped with the daughter of the rich Mr. TURNER, a Liverpool merchant, and married her at Gretna Green, where a blacksmith lives who forges the strongest sort of fetters. The entire head-banging community, the whole race of the elect of the LORD screamed murder at such horrible conduct; in the conventicles of Liverpool the vengeance of Heaven was evoked on WAKEFIELD and his brother who assisted—they prayed that the earth's abyss might swallow them as it once swallowed KORAH, DATHAN and ABRAHAM, while to make celestial anger more certain, they brought the thunders of the King's Bench, of the Lord Chancellor, and even of the Upper House to bear on this profaner of the holy sacrament—while in the fashionable saloons people merely laughed merrily and jested in the most liberal manner, at the bold damsel-stealer. But the contrast of the two states of thought or feeling was recently shown me in the most delightful manner, as I sat in the grand opera near two fat Manchester ladies, who visited this *rendez-vous* of the aristocratic world for the first time in their lives, and who could not find words strong enough to express the utter detestation and abhorrence which filled their hearts as the ballet began, and the short-skirted beautiful dancing girls exhibited their lasciviously graceful movements, and fell passionately, like burning Bacchantes, into the arms of the male dancers who leaped towards them. The inspiring music, the primitive clothing of flesh colored stockinet, the bounds so like the exuberance of nature, all united to force the sweat of agony from the poor ladies—their bosoms flushed with repugnance, they continually heaved out in chorus "*shocking! for shame! for shame!*" and were so benumbed with horror, that they could not for an instant take their opera-glasses from their eyes, and consequently remained in that situation to the last instant when the curtain fell.

Despite these diametrically opposed tendencies of mind and of life, we still find in the English people an unity in their way of thinking, which comes from the very fact that they are always realizing that they are a people by themselves; the modern cavaliers and round-heads may hate and despise one another mutually and as much as they please, they do not for all that cease to be English; as such they are at union and together, like plants which have grown out of the same soil, and are strangely interwoven with it. Hence the secret unity of the entire life and activity and intercourse of England, which at the first glance seems to us but a theatre of confusion and of contradiction. Excessive wealth and misery. orthodoxy and infi-

delity, freedom and serfdom, cruelty and mildness, honor and deceit; all of these incongruities in their maddest extremes, over all a gray misty heaven, on every side buzzing machines, reckoning, gas lights, chimneys, pots of porter, closed mouths, all this hangs together in such-wise, that we can hardly think of the one without the other, and that which singly, really ought to excite our astonishment or laughter, appears to be, when taken as a part of the whole, quite commonplace and serious.

But I imagine that such would be the case everywhere, even in countries of which we have much more eccentric conceptions, and where we anticipate a much richer booty of merriment or amazement. Our earnest longing to travel, our desire to see foreign lands, particularly as we feel it in early youth, generally results from an erroneous anticipation of extraordinary contrasts, and from that spiritual pleasure in masquerades, which makes us involuntarily expect to find the men and manner of thought of our own home, and to a certain degree our nearest friends and acquaintances, disguised in foreign dress and manners. If we think for example of the Hottentots, at once the ladies of our native town dance around in our imaginations, but painted black and endowed with the proper *a posteriori* developments, while our *beaux esprits* climb the palm-trees as bush-beaters; and if we think of the North-Polandiers, we see there also the well known faces, our aunt glides in her dog-sleigh over the ice road, the dry Herr Connector lies lazy on the bear skin, and calmly sips his morning train-oil, Madame the inspector's wife, Madame the tax gatherer's lady and Madame, the wife of the Councillor of Infibulation gossip together and munch candles. But when we are really in those countries we at once observe that mankind has there grown up from infancy with its manners and modes, that people's faces harmonise with their thoughts and needs—yes that plants, animals, human beings and the land itself form a harmonious whole.

4.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

POOR WALTER SCOTT! Hadst thou been rich thou would'st not have written that book, and so had'st not become a poor WALTER

SCOTT! But the trustees of the CONSTABLE estate met together, and reckoned up and ciphered, and after much subtraction and division, shook their heads and there remained for poor WALTER SCOTT nothing but laurels and debts. Then the most extraordinary of all came to pass; the singer of great deeds wished for once to try his hand at heroism, he made up his mind to a *cessio bonorum*, the laurels of the great unknown were taxed to cover great and well-known debts—and so there came to life in hungry haste, in bankrupt inspiration, the LIFE OF NAPOLEON, a book to be roundly paid for by the wants of the English people in general, and of the English ministry in particular.

Praise him, the brave citizen! praise him ye united Philistines of all the earth! praise him thou beautiful shopkeeper's virtue which sacrificest everything to meet a note on the day when it is due—only do not ask of me that I praise him too!

Strange! the dead emperor is even in his grave, the bane of the Britons, and through him, Britannia's greatest poet has lost his laurels!

He was Britannia's greatest poet, let people say and imagine what they will. It is true that the critics of his romances carped and cavilled at his greatness, and reproached him, that he assumed too much breadth in execution, that he went too much into details, that his great characters were only formed by the combination of a mass of minor traits, that he required an endless array of accessories to bring out his bold effects—but to tell the truth, he resembled in all this a millionaire, who keeps his whole property in the form of small specie, and who must drive up three or four wagons full of sacks of pence and farthings when he has a large sum to pay. Should any one complain of the ill-manners of such a style of liquidation with its attendant troubles of heavy lifting and hauling, and endless counting, he can reply with perfect truth, that no matter *how* he gives the money, he still gives it, and that he is in reality just as well able to pay, and quite as rich as another who owns nothing but bullion in bars, yes, that he even has an advantage greater than that of mere facility of transport, since in the vegetable market gold bars are useless, while every huckster woman will grab with both hands at pence and farthings when they are offered her. Now, all this popular wealth of the British poet is at an end, and he, whose change was so current that the Duchess and the cobbler's wife received it with the same interest has now become a poor WALTER SCOTT. His destiny recalls the legend of the mountain elves, who, mocking benevolent,

gave money to poor people which was bright and profitable so long as they spent it wisely, but which turned to mere dust when applied to unworthy purposes. Sack by sack we opened WALTER SCOTT'S new load—and lo! instead of gleaming smiling pence there was nothing but idle dust, and dust again! He was justly punished by those mountain elves of Parnassus, the Muses, who like all noble-minded women are enthusiastic Napoleonists, and who were consequently doubly enraged at the misuse of the spirit treasure which had been loaned.

The value and tendency of this work of SCOTT'S have been shown up in the journals of all Europe. Not only the embittered French, but also the astonished fellow countrymen of the author have uttered sentence of condemnation against it. In such a world-wide discontent the Germans must also have their share, and therefore the *Stuttgard Literary Journal** spoke out with a fiery zeal, difficult to restrain within due limit, while the *Berlin Annals of Scientific Criticism*,† expressed itself in tones of cold tranquillity, and the critic who was the more readily swayed by that tranquillity, the less he admired the hero of the book, characterises it with these admirably appropriate words.

“In this narration we find neither substance nor color, harmony nor life. The mighty subject drags heavily along, entangled in superficial, not in profound perplexities, uncertain and changeable without any manifestation of the characteristic; no leading principle strikes us in its affected singularity, its violent points are nowhere visible, its connection is merely external, its subject matter and significance are hardly appreciable. In such a manner of portrayal all the light of history must be quenched, and itself be reduced to, not wonderful, but common-place stories. The unnecessary remarks and reflections which often intrude themselves on the subject under consideration are of a corresponding description. Such a watery transparent preparation has long been out of date in our reading world. The scanty pattern of a moral, applicable only to certain particulars is unsatisfactory.———”

I would willingly pardon poor SCOTT for such and even worse things to which the sharp witted, Berlin reviewer, VARNHAGEN VON ENSE gives utterance. We are all mortal and the best of us may once in a while write a bad book. People then say that the thing is below criticism and, that ends the matter. But it is really extra-

* *Stuttgarter Literaturblatt*.

† *Berliner Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik*.

ordinary that in this new work we do not find a trace of SCOTT's beautiful style. The colorless commonplace strain is sprinkled in vain with sundry red, green, and blue words, in vain do glittering patches from the poets cover the prosaic nakedness, in vain does the author rob all Noah's ark to find bestial comparisons, and in vain is the word of GOD itself cited to heighten the color of stupid thoughts. Stranger still is it that WALTER SCOTT has not here succeeded in a single effort to bring into play his inborn talent of sketching characters, and of catching the traits of the outer NAPOLEON. WALTER SCOTT learned nothing from those beautiful pictures which represent NAPOLEON surrounded by his generals and statesmen, though every one who regards them without prejudice, must be deeply moved by the tragic tranquillity and antique severity of those features, which contrast in such fearful sublimity with the modern, excitable, picturesque faces of the day, and which seem to announce something of the incarnate God. But if the Scottish poet could not comprehend the form, how much less capable must he have been of grasping the character of the Emperor, and I therefore willingly pardon his blasphemy of a divinity whom he never knew. And I must also forgive him that he regards his WELLINGTON as a god, and in deifying him, falls into such excessive manifestations of piety, that, rich as he is in figures of beasts, he knows not wherewith to compare him.

But if I am tolerant towards WALTER SCOTT, and forgive him the emptiness, errors, slanders and stupid things in his book—nay, if I even pardon him the weariness and *ennui* which its reading caused me—I cannot for all that forgive him its tendency. This is nothing less than the exculpation of the English Ministry as regards the crime of St. Helena. "In this case of equity between the English Ministry and public opinion," as the Berlin reviewer expresses it, "WALTER SCOTT makes himself judge of its merits," he couples legal quibblings with his poetic talent, in order to distort both facts and history, and his clients, who are at the same time his patrons, may well afford, beside the regular fees, to privately press an extra *douceur* into his hand.

The English have merely murdered the Emperor—but WALTER SCOTT sold him. It was a real Scotch trick, a regular specimen of Scottish national manners, and we see that Scotch avarice is still the same old dirty spirit as ever, and has not changed much since the days of Naseby, when the Scotch sold their own king, who had confided himself to their protection, for the sum of four hundred thousand pounds sterling. That king was the same CHARLES

STUART, whom the bards of Caledonia now sing so gloriously—the Englishman murders, but the Scotchman sells and sings.

The English Ministry, to aid in the work, threw open the archives of the Foreign Office to their advocate, and he has, in the ninth volume of his work, scrupulously availed himself of every official document which could throw an advantageous light upon his own side, and a corresponding darkness upon that of his enemies. On this account, the ninth volume in question, still possesses a peculiar interest, despite all its æsthetic worthlessness, in which it is in no respect behind its predecessors. We expect in it important public papers, and since we find none, it is a proof that there were none in existence which spoke in favor of the English ministers,—and this negative content of the book is an important result.

All the booty thus obtained from the English archives was limited to a few credible documents from the noble Sir HUDSON LOWE and his myrmidons, and a few verbal expressions of General GOURGAUD, who, if he really uttered them, deserves to be regarded as a shameless traitor to his imperial master and benefactor. I will not inquire into the authenticity of these expressions; it even seems to be true that Baron TURNER, one of the three mute supernumeraries of the great tragedy, has borne witness to them; but I do not see to what favorable result they lead, save that Sir HUDSON LOWE was not the only blackguard in St. Helena. With such assistance, and with pitiable suggestions of his own, WALTER SCOTT treats the history of the imprisonment of Napoleon, and labors to convince us that the ex-Emperor—so the ex-poet terms him—could not have acted more wisely than to yield himself to the English, although he must have foreseen his banishment to St. Helena, and that he was there treated in the most charming manner, since he had plenty to eat and to drink; and that he, finally, fresh and sound, and as a good Christian, died of a cancer in his stomach.

WALTER SCOTT, by thus admitting, to a certain degree, that the Emperor foresaw how far the generosity of the English would extend, viz., to St. Helena, frees him at least from the common reproach: the tragic sublimity of his ill fortune so greatly inspired him, that he regarded civilized Englishmen as Persian barbarians, and looked upon the beef-steak kitchen of St. James' as the fire-side of a great monarch—and so committed a heroic blunder. Sir WALTER SCOTT also makes of the Emperor the greatest poet who ever lived, since he very seriously insinuates that all the memorable writings which set forth his sufferings in St. Helena, were collectively dictated by himself.

I cannot here refrain from the remark, that this part of WALTER SCOTT's book, with the writings themselves of which he speaks, especially the memoirs of O'MEARA and the narrative of Captain MATTLAND, remind me sometimes so pointedly of the drollest story in the world, that the bitterest vexation of my soul suddenly bursts out into merry laughter. And the story of which I speak is none other than the *History of Lemuel Gulliver*, a book over which I, as a boy, once had rare times, and in which much that is exquisitely delightful may be read : how the little Lilliputians could not conceive what was to be done with their great prisoner ; how they climbed upon him by thousands, and bound him down with innumerable fine hairs ; how they, with preparations on a grand scale, built for him a great house, all to himself ; how they bewailed the vast amount of victuals with which they must daily provide him ; how they continually blackened his character in the State Council, always grieving that he was too great a cost to the country ; how they would gladly have destroyed him, but feared lest in death his corpse might bring forth a pestilence ; how they finally made up their minds to be most gloriously magnanimous and leave him his titles, only putting out his eyes, &c. Truly, Lilliput is everywhere where a great man is subjected to little ones, who torment him incessantly, in the most pitifully petty manner, and who in turn endure from him great suffering and dire extremity,—but had Dean SWIFT written his book in our day, the world would have seen, in his brilliantly polished mirror, only the history of the imprisonment of the Emperor, and have recognized even in the very color of the coats and countenances, those dwarfs who tormented him.

Only the conclusion of the story of St. Helena is somewhat different, for in it the Emperor dies of a cancer in the stomach, and WALTER SCOTT assures us that it was the sole cause of his death. In this I will not contradict him. The thing is not impossible. It is possible that a man who lies stretched on the rack may suddenly, and very naturally, die of an apoplexy. But the wicked world will say that the tormentor was the cause of his death. And the wicked world has taken it into its head to regard the affair in question in a very different light from our good WALTER SCOTT. If this good man, who is in other respects so firm in his Bible, and who so readily quotes the gospel, sees in that uproar of elements and in that hurricane which burst forth at the death of NAPOLEON, nothing but an event which also took place at the death of CROMWELL, the world will still have its own peculiar thoughts regarding it. It regards the death

of NAPOLEON as a most terrible, tremendous and revolting crime, and its wild burst of agonized feeling becomes adoration. In vain does WALTER SCOTT play the *advocatum diaboli*—the canonization of the dead Emperor flows from every noble heart ; every noble heart of the great European fatherland despises his petty executioners, and with them the great bard who has sung himself into being their accomplice. The Muses will yet inspire better singers in honor of their favorite ; and should men be dumb, then the stones will speak, and the martyr-cliffs of St. Helena will rise fearfully from the waves of the sea, and tell to thousands of years their terrible story.

OLD BAILEY.

THE very name of “Old Bailey” sends a shudder through the soul. We at once think of a great, black, repulsive building—the palace of misery and of crime. The left wing, which forms the real New-gate, serves as a prison for criminals. In it we see nothing but a high wall of square, weather-blackened stones, in which are two niches, with equally black, allegorical figures, one of which, unless I err, represents Justice, whose right hand, with the scales, is, as usual, broken off, so that nothing remains but a blind female figure with a sword. Not far off, and about the centre of the building, is the altar of this goddess, that is to say, the window by which the gallows is erected, and finally, to the right is the Criminal Court, where the quarter sessions are held. Here is a gate which, like that of Dante’s Hell, should bear the inscription :

“ Per me si va ne la citta dolente,
Per me si va ne l’eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.”

Through this gate we come to a small court, where the scum of the people assemble to see criminals pass, and here their friends and enemies also assemble—relations, beggar-children, weak-minded people, and especially old women, who discuss the criminal cases of the day perhaps, with more insight into their merits than judge and jury possess, despite the time so pleasantly passed in ceremonies, or so drearily lost in law. Why, I have seen, outside the court door, an old woman who, amid her gossips, defended poor Black William better than his

very learned counsel did within—and as she wiped away her last tear with a ragged apron, it seemed to me that with it vanished the last trace of William's guilt.

In the court-room itself, which is not very large, there is below—beyond the so-called “bar,”—little room for the public, but in the upper portion there are, on both sides, very spacious galleries, with raised benches, where the spectators stand, their heads appearing as if piled in rows, step above step.

When I visited Old Bailey, I obtained a place in one of these galleries, for which I gave the old porterness a shilling. I arrived just at the instant in which the jury were about to determine whether Black William was guilty or not guilty of the accusation.

Here, as in other courts of justice in London, the judges sit in blue-black togas, which are trimmed with light blue violet, and wear white powdered wigs with which black eyes and whiskers, frequently contrast in the drollest manner. They sit around a long green table on high chairs at the upper end of the hall, just where a Scripture text, warning against unjust judgments, is placed before their eyes. On either side are benches for the jurymen, and places where the prosecutors and witnesses stand. Directly opposite the judges, is the place for the accused, which latter do not sit on “the poor sinners’ bench” as in the criminal courts of France and Rhenish Germany, but must stand upright behind a singular plank, which is carved above like a narrow arched gate. In this an optic mirror is placed, by means of which the judge is enabled to accurately observe the countenance of the accused. Before the latter, certain green leaves or herbs are placed to strengthen their nerves—and it may be that this is sometimes necessary, when a man is in danger of losing his life. On the judges’ table I saw similar green leaves, and even a rose. I know not why it was, but the sight of that rose affected me strangely. A red blooming rose, the flower of love and of spring, upon the terrible judges’ table of the Old Bailey! It was close, gloomy and sultry in the hall. Everything seemed so fearfully vexatious, so insanely serious! the people present looked as though spiders were creeping over their shy and fearful faces. The iron scales rattled audibly over the head of poor Black William.

A jury had also formed itself in the gallery. A fat woman, above whose red bloated cheeks two little eyes glittered like glow worms, made the remark, that Black William was a very good-looking fellow. But her neighbor, a delicate piping soul in a body of bad post-paper, declared that he wore his black hair too long and matted,

and that his eyes gleamed like those of KEAN in Othello, "while on the other hand," she continued, "Thompson is a very different sort of a person mem, I assure you, with light hair and very well edecated person too, mem—for he plays the flute a little, and paints a little, and speaks French a little"—"And steals a little too—hey?"—added the fat woman. "Fiddlesticks on stealing!" replied the lean body—"that is'nt half so bad, mem, as forgery, you know; for a thief, if he's stolen nothing but a sheep, gets Botany Bay for it, but if a man counterfeits somebody's hand—why he hangs for it, mem—as sure as fate, without pity or mercy." "Without pity or mercy!" sighed a half-starved man in a widower looking black coat. "Hang!—why, why no man has a right to put another to death, and Christians ought to be the last to think of it, for they ought to remember that CHRIST our Lord and Saviour, who gave us our religion, was innocent when he was tried and executed!" "Pshaw!" cried the lean woman, and smiled with her thin lips—"if they didn't hang such a forger, no rich man would ever be sure of his money, for instance, the fat Jew in Lombard street, Saint Swithin's lane, or our friend Mr. Scott whose writing was imitated so well. And then Mr. Scott has worked so hard to get his money—trouble enough mem, I assure you—and folks *do* say that he got rich by taking other peoples' diseases on himself. Yes, mem, they say the very children run after him in the street, and cry 'I'll give ye six pence if you'll take my toothache!' or 'we'll give ye a shilling, if you'll take Jimmy's hump-back!'" "Well!—that's odd!" interrupted the fat woman. "And it's odd too, that Black William and Thompson used to be such cronies together, and lived and ate and drank together, and now, James Thompson accuses his old friend of forgery! But why isn't Thompson's sister here?—why she used to be a-running everywhere after her sweet William." A pretty girl, on whose lovely face lay a deep expression of grief, like a dark veil over a rose bouquet, here whispered with tears, a long sad story, of which I could only understand that her friend, the pretty Mary, had been cruelly beaten by her brother, and lay sick to death in her bed. "Pshaw!"—don't call her 'pretty Mary,' grumbled the fat woman, discontentedly, "she's too slim, too much like a stick, to be called pretty, and if her William is hung—"

Just at this instant the jury appeared, and declared that the accused was guilty of forgery. As Black William was led from the hall, he cast a long, long glance upon Edward Thompson.

There is an eastern legend that Satan was once an angel, and

lived in heaven with other angels, until he sought to seduce them from their allegiance, and therefore, he was thrust down by DIVINITY, into the endless night of hell. But as he sank from heaven, he looked ever on high, ever at the angel who accused him; the deeper he sank, more terrible and yet more terrible became his gaze. And it must have been a fearful glance, for the angel whom it met became pale—red was never again seen in his cheeks, and since that time he has been called the Angel of Death.

Pale as that Angel of Death, grew Edward Thompson.

6.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

LAST summer, I made in Bedlam the acquaintance of a philosopher, who, with mysterious looks and whispers, communicated to me many weighty conclusions as to the origin of evil. Like many of his colleagues, he held the opinion that it involved a history. So far as I was concerned, I also assented to what he assumed and declared, that the fundamental evil of the world arose from the fact that the blessed LORD had not created money enough.

“You’re right,” replied the philosopher: “the blessed LORD was uncommonly short of funds, when he created the world. He had to borrow money of the devil, and mortgage the world to him as a pledge. But as the LORD, according to every law of God and of justice is still in debt to him for the world; common politeness of course hindered him from preventing his creditor going about in the property, and making all sorts of trouble and mischief. But the Devil for his part, is deeply interested in the preservation of the world, lest he lose his pledge, so that he takes good care that things do not go altogether to the devil, and the blessed LORD who is not stupid by any means, and who knows very well that he has his secret guarantee in the Devil’s selfishness, often goes so far as to give over the whole government of the world to old Nick—that is to say, tells him to form a ministry. Then, as a matter of course, Samiel takes command of the armies of hell, Beelzebub becomes Chancellor, Vitzliputzli is Secretary of State, the old grandmother gets the colonies, and so forth. These allies then carry on business according to their own evil will, but as their own interests compel them to take

good care of the world, they make up for this necessity, by always employing the vilest means to bring about their good aims. Lately, they carried this to such an extent that God in Heaven could no longer endure their rascality, and commissioned an angel to form a new ministry. He, of course gathered about him all the good spirits. A pleasant joyful heat again ran through the world, there was light, and the evil spirits vanished. But they did not quietly fold their claws and kick their hoofs in idleness—no, they went to work in secret against all that was good, they poisoned the new springs of health, they spitefully snapped every rose-bud of the fresh spring, they disturbed the tree of life with their amendments, a chaotic destruction threatened everything, and the blessed LORD will have after all to hand things over to the Devil, so that he, even by employing bad means, may at least keep things together. Just see, all that is the evil result of a debt."

This theory of my Bedlamite friend possibly explains the present change in the English ministry. The friends of CANNING are now subdued—those friends, whom I call the good spirits of England, because their opponents are devils, and, with the dumb devil, WELLINGTON, at their head, now raise their cry of victory. Let no one scold poor GEORGE—he has been compelled to yield to circumstances. No one can deny that after CANNING'S death the Whigs were no longer in condition to maintain peace in England, since the measures, which they were in consequence obliged to adopt, were constantly nullified by the Tories. The king, to whom the maintenance of public tranquillity—*i. e.*, the security of his crown—seemed the principal thing, was therefore obliged to transfer the government to the Tories. And oh! they will now again, as of old, govern all the fruits of the people's industry into their own pockets; like reigning corn-market Jews, they will be bulls themselves, and raise the price of bread-stuffs, while poor John Bull becomes lean with hunger, and finally must sell himself with body-service to the high gentlemen. And then they will yoke him to the plough, and lash him, and he will not so much as dare to low, for on one side the Duke of Wellington will threaten with the sword, and on the other the Archbishop of Canterbury will bang him on the head with the Bible—and there will be peace in the land.

The source of all the evil is the debt, the "national debt," or, as COBBET says, "the king's debt." COBBET remarks on this, and justly, that while the name of the king is prefixed to all institutes, as for instance, "the king's army," "the king's navy," "the king's courts,"

"the king's prisons," &c., the debt, which really sprang from these institutions, is never called the king's debt, and that it is the only case in which the nation has been so much honored as to have anything called after it.

The greatest evil is the debt. It cannot be denied that it upholds the English state, and that so firmly that the worst of devils cannot break it down; but it has also resulted in making of all England one vast tread-mill, where the people must work day and night to fatten their creditors. It has made England old and gray with the cares of payment, and banished from her every cheerful and youthful feeling, and finally—as is the case with all deeply indebted men—has bowed the country down into the most abject resignation—though nine hundred thousand muskets, and as many sabres and bayonets, lie in the Tower of London.

THE DEBT.

WHEN I was a boy, there were three things which especially interested me in the newspapers. I first of all was accustomed to seek under the head, "Great Britain," whether RICHARD MARTIN had not presented a fresh petition to Parliament for the more humane treatment of poor horses, dogs and asses. Then under "Frankfort," I looked to see whether Dr. SCHREIBER had addressed the Diet on the subject of the Grand-Ducal purchasers of Hessian domains. Then I at once attacked "Turkey," and read through the long Constantinople, merely to find if a Grand Vizier had not been honored with the silken noose.

This last subject always supplied me with the most copious food for reflection. That a despot should strangle his servants without ceremony, seemed to me to be natural enough; for I had once seen, in a menagerie, how the king of beasts fell into such a majestic rage, that he would, beyond question, have torn to pieces many an innocent spectator, had he not been caged in a secure constitution of iron bars. But what really astonished me was, that after the strangulation of the old Mr. Grand Vizier, there was always a new one willing to become Grand Vizier in turn.

Now that I am older grown, and busy myself more with the Eng-

lish than with their friends, the Turks; a like amazement seizes me, when I see how, after the resignation of a prime-minister, another at once forces himself into his place, although the new one is always a man who has wherewithal to live, and who (with the exception of Wellington) is anything but a blockhead. This has been especially the case since the French Revolution; care and trouble have multiplied themselves in Downing Street, and the burden of business is well nigh unbearable.

Affairs of state, and their manifold relations, were much simpler in the olden time, when reflecting poets compared the government to a ship, and the minister to a steersman. Now, however, all is more complicated and entangled; the common ship of state has become a steamboat, and the minister no longer has a mere helm to control, but must, as responsible engineer, take his place below, amid the immense machinery, and anxiously examine every little iron rivet, every wheel which could cause a stoppage—must look by day and by night into the blazing fire, and sweat with heat and vexation, since, through the slightest carelessness on his part, the boiler might burst and vessel and passengers be lost. Meanwhile, the captain and passengers walk calmly on the deck—as calmly flutters the flag from its staff; and he who sees the boat gliding so pleasantly along, never thinks of the terrible machinery, or of the care and trouble hidden in its bowels.

They sink down to early graves, those poor, responsible engineers of the English ship of state! The early death of the great PITT is touching; still more so that of the yet greater FOX. PERCIVAL would have died of the usual ministerial malady, had he not been more promptly made away with by a stab from a dirk. It was the ministerial malady, too, which brought CASTLEREAGH to such a state of desperation that he cut his throat at North Cray, in the county of Kent. We saw the god-like CANNING poisoned by High-Tory slanders, and sink like a sick Atlas under his world-burden. One after the other, they are interred in Westminster, those poor ministers, who must think day and night for England's kings, while the latter, thoughtless and in good condition, have lived along to the greatest age of man.

But what is the name of the great care, which preys by night and by day on the brains of the English ministers, and kills them? It is—the debt, the debt!

Debts, like patriotism, religion, honor, &c., belong it is true to the special distinctions of the humanity—for animals do not contract

debts—but they are also a special torment to mankind, and as they ruin individuals, so do they also bring entire races to destruction, and appear to replace the old destiny, in the national tragedies of our day. And England cannot escape this destiny, her ministers see the dire catastrophe approach, and die in the swoon of despair.

Were I the royal Prussian head calculator, or a member of the corps of geniuses, then would I reckon in the usual manner, the entire sum of the English debt in silver groschen, and tell you precisely, how many times we could cover with them, the great Frederic street or the entire earth. But figures were never my forte, and I had rather leave to an Englishman, the desperate business of counting his debts, and of calculating from them, the resulting ministerial crisis. For this business, no one is better than old COBBET, and I accordingly communicate the following conclusions, from the last number of his *Register*.

* “The condition of things, is as follows :

1.—“This government, or rather this aristocracy and church ; but if you will have it so, this government, borrowed a large sum of money, for which it has purchased many victories, both by land and sea—a mass of victories of every sort and size.

2.—“I must however remark by the way, on what occasions, and for what purposes, these victories were bought ; the occasion was that of the French revolution, which destroyed all aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes ; while the object, was the prevention of a parliamentary reform in England, which would probably have had as its consequence, a similar destruction of all aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes.

3.—“To prevent the example set by the French, from being followed by the English, it was necessary to attack the French, to impede their progress, to render dangerous their newly obtained freedom, to drive them to desperate acts, and finally, to make such a scare-crow and bug-bear of the revolution, to the people that the very name of liberty should suggest nothing but an aggregate of wickedness, cruelty and blood, while the English people in the excitement

* I have preferred, for reasons which will be intelligible to those who are desirous of closely following HEINE's conceptions, to give an accurate version of his translation, rather than the original. The point in question is not COBBET, but COBBET as HEINE understood him. To use COBBET's own words in reference to one of his own versions as given in the very *Register* referred to, I can say with truth that “as to the translation, it was originally done at Philadelphia,” though I trust it will not be found as COBBET admits of himself, that “the translator has made some addition to the authorities referred to.” —[*Note by Translator.*]

of their terror, should go so far, as to fairly fall in love with the same despotic government which once flourished in France, and which every Englishman has abhorred from the days of Alfred the Great down to those of George the Third.

4.—“To execute these intentions, the aid of divers foreign nations was needed, and these nations were consequently subsidized with English gold; French emigrants were sustained with English money; in short, a war of twenty-two years was carried on, to subdue that people which had risen up against aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes.

5.—“Our government therefore, gained ‘numberless victories’ over the French, who, as it seems were always conquered; but these, our numberless victories, were bought, that is to say, they were fought by mercenaries, whom we hired for this purpose, and we had in our pay at one and the same time, whole swarms of Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Swiss, Italians, Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, Hessians, Hanoverians, Prussians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Neapolitans, Maltese, and God knows how many nations besides.

6.—“By thus seeking foreign service, and by using our own fleet and armies, we *bought* so many victories over the French, (the poor devils being without money to do business in like manner,) that we finally subdued their revolution, and restored their aristocracy to a certain degree, although all that could be done, was of no avail to restore the clerical tithes.

7.—“After we had successfully finished this great task, and had also by means of it, put down every Parliamentary reform in England; our government raised a roar of victory which strained their lungs not a little, and which was sustained as loudly as possible, by every creature in this country, who in one way or another, lived by public taxes.

8.—“This excessive intoxication of delight, lasted nearly two years in this once so happy nation; to celebrate our victories, they heaped together public feasts, theatrical shows, arches of triumph, mock battles, and similar pleasures, which cost more than a quarter of a million pounds sterling, and the House of Commons, unanimously voted a vast sum, (I believe three million pounds sterling) to erect triumphal arches, and other monuments to commemorate the glorious events of the war.

9.—“Since the time of which I speak, we have constantly had the fortune to live under the government of the same persons who conducted our affairs during the aforesaid glorious war.

10.—“Since that time we have been at profound peace with all the world; we may indeed assume that such is still the case, despite our little difficulty with the Turks; and therefore one might suppose that there is no reason in the world, why we should not now be happy: we are at peace, our soil brings forth its fruits abundantly, and as the philosophers and lawgivers of our time declare, we are the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth, We really have schools everywhere, to instruct the rising generation; we have not merely a rector, or vicar, or curate in every diocese in the kingdom, but we also have in each of these dioceses, perhaps six more teachers of religion, of which each is of a different kind from his four colleagues, so that our country is abundantly supplied with instruction of every kind, in order that no human being of all this happy land shall live in ignorance—and consequently our astonishment must be all the greater that any one who will become Prime Minister of this happy land, should regard the office as such a heavy and painful burden.

11.—“Alas! we have one misfortune, and it is a real misfortune, *viz.*, we have bought several victories—they were splendid and we got them at a bargain—they were worth three or four times as much as we gave for them, as Lady Teazle says to her husband, when she comes home from buying—there was much inquiry and a great demand for victories; in short we could have done nothing more reasonable than to supply ourselves at such cheap rates with so great a quantity of reputation.

12.—“But, I confess it with a heavy heart, we have, like many other people, *borrowed* the money with which we bought these victories as we wanted them, and now we can no more get rid of the debt than a man can of his wife, when he has once had the good luck to load himself with the lovely gift.

13.—“Hence it comes that every minister who undertakes our affairs, must also undertake the payment of our victories, not a farthing of which has as yet been counted off.

14.—It is true that he is not obliged to see that the whole sum which we borrowed to pay for our victories, is paid down in the lump, capital and interest; but he must see—more's the pity!—to the regular payment of the interest; and this interest, reckoned up with the pay of the army, and other expenses coming from our *victories*, is so significant that a man must have pretty strong nerves if he will undertake the business of paying them.

15.—“At an earlier date, before we took to buying victories and supplying ourselves too freely with glory, we already had a debt of

rather more than two hundred millions, while all the poor rates in England and Wales together did not annually amount to more than two millions, which was before we had any of that burden which under the name of dead weight is now piled upon us, and which is entirely the result of our thirst for glory.

16.—“In addition to this money which was borrowed from creditors who cheerfully lent it, our government in its thirst for victories, also indirectly raised a great loan from the poor; that is to say, they raised the usual taxes to such a height, that the poor were far more oppressed than ever, and so that the amount of poor and of poor rates increased incredibly.

17.—“The poor taxes annually increase from two to eight millions; the poor have therefore, as it were, a mortgage or hypotheca on the land, and this causes again a debt of six millions, which must be added to those other debts caused by our passion for glory and by the purchase of our victories.

18.—“The dead weight consists of annuities, which we pay, under the name of pensions, to a multitude of men, women and children, as a reward for the services which those men have rendered, or should have rendered, in gaining our victories.

19.—“The capital of the debt which this government has contracted in getting its victories consists of about the following sums:

| | POUNDS STERLING. |
|---|------------------|
| Sums added to the National Debt, - - - - - | 800,000,000 |
| Sums added to the actual debt for poor-rates, - - - - - | 150,000,000 |
| Dead weight, reckoned as capital of a debt, - - - - - | 175,000,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £1,125,000,000 |

That is to say, eleven hundred and twenty-five millions, at five per cent., is the sum total of those annual fifty-six millions; yes, this is about the present total, only that the Poor-rates Debt is not included in the accounts which were laid before Parliament, since the country pays them at once into the different parishes. If any one, therefore, will subtract that six millions from the forty-six millions, it follows that the creditors holding the State Debt, and the dead weight people, really swallow up all the rest.

20.—“The Poor-rates are, however, just as much a *debt* as the debt held by the state's creditors, and apparently sprang from the same source. The poor are crushed to the earth by the terrible load of taxes; every other person has borne, of course, some of the burden, but all, except the poor, contrived to shift it more or less from their shoulders, until it finally fell with a fearful weight entirely on

the latter,* and they lost their beer-barrels, their copper kettles, their pewter plates, their clocks, their beds, and even the tools of their trades; they lost their clothes, and were obliged to dress in rags—yes, they lost the very flesh from their bones. It was impossible to go further; and of that which had been taken from them, something was restored under the name of increased Poor-rates. These are, in consequence, a *real debt*—a real mortgage on the land. The interest of this debt may, it is true, be withheld; but were this done, the people, who have a right to require it, would rise in a body and demand, no matter how, payment of the whole amount. This is consequently a *real debt*, and a debt which must be paid to the uttermost farthing, and, as I distinctly declare, preference will be demanded for it before all other debts.

21.—“It is therefore unnecessary to wonder at the hard case of those who undertake such duties! It would be rather a matter of astonishment if any one would attempt such a task, were it not left to his free will to also undertake, as he pleased, a radical change in the whole system.

22.—“Here there is no possibility of relief, should one undertake to lower the annual expenditure of the state creditors’ debt, and of the dead weight debt, and to expect such a diminution of the debt, or such a reduction from the country, or to hinder its causing great commotion, or to prevent half a million human beings, in or about London, from perishing of hunger, it is necessary that far more appropriate and proportional reductions be made *in other directions*, before the reduction of those two debts, or their interest, be attempted.

23.—“As we have already seen, these victories were purchased with the view of preventing a reform of Parliament in England, and to maintain aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes, and it would be, in consequence, a deed of cruelty which would cry aloud to Heaven, should we take their lawful dues from those persons who lent us the money, or if we withdrew payment from the people who hired us the hands with which we won the victories. It would be a deed of cruelty which would bring down the vengeance of God on us, should we commit such things, while the profitable posts of honor of the aristocracy,

* This simile forcibly recalls a common newspaper paragraph, to the following effect:

“The Revenue is the great subject which interests England, and especially when associated with the present National Debt. Not long ago, an Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom: there of course it rested. “That stone,” said he “resembles the National Debt of my country: it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight is on the lowest.”

[Note by Translator.]

their pensions, sinecures, royal gifts, military rewards, and finally, the tithes of the clergy, remained untouched!

24.—“*Here—here*, therefore, lies the difficulty: he who becomes minister must be minister of a country which has a great passion for victories, which is sufficiently supplied with them, and has obtained incomparable military glory; but which—more’s the pity—has not yet paid for these splendid things, and which now leaves it to the Minister to settle the bill, without his knowing where he is to get the money.”

These be things which bear down a Minister to his grave, or at least make of him a madman. England owes more than she can pay. Let no one boast that she possesses India, and rich colonies. As it appears from the last Parliamentary debates, England does not draw a single farthing of income from her vast, immeasurable India—nay, she must pay thither several millions from her own resources. This country only benefits England by the fact that certain Britons, who there grow rich, aid the industry and the circulation of money at home by their wealth, while a thousand others gain their bread from the East India Company. The colonies, therefore, yield no income to the state, require supplies, and are of service simply to commerce,* and to enrich an aristocracy, whose younger sons and nephews are sent thither as governors and subordinate officials. The payment of the National Debt falls consequently altogether upon Great Britain and Ireland. But here, too, the resources are not so great as the debt itself. Let us hear what COBBET says of this:

“There are people who, to suggest some sort of relief, speak of the resources of the country. These are the scholars of the late CORQUHOUN, a thief-catcher, who wrote a great book to prove that our debt need not trouble us in the least, since it is so small in proportion to the resources of the nation; and, in order that his shrewd reader may get an accurate idea of the vastness of these resources, he makes an estimate of all that the land contains, down to the very rabbits, and really seems to regret that he could not, in addition to them, reckon up the rats and mice. He makes his estimate of the value of the horses, cows, sheep, sucking-pigs, poultry, game, rabbits, fish, the value of household stuff, clothes, fuel, sugar, groceries—in short, of everything in the country; and after he has assumed the whole and added to them the value of the farms, trees, houses, mines—the yield of the grass, corn, turnips and flax—and brought out of it a

* Simply to commerce!—[Note by Translator.]

sum of God knows how many thousand millions. he struts and sneers in his sly, bragging, Scotch fashion—something like a turkey-cock—and laughing with scorn, asks people like me, ‘How, with resources like these, can you fear a national bankruptcy?’

“The man never reflects that all the houses are wanted to live in, the farms, to yield fodder, the clothes to cover our nakedness, the cows, to give milk to quench thirst, the horned cattle, sheep, swine, poultry and rabbits, to eat; yes—the devil take the contrary obstinate Scotchman!—these things are not where they are to be *sold* so that people can pay the National Debt with the proceeds. In fact he has actually reckoned up the daily wages of the workmen among the resources of the nation! This stupid devil of a thief-catcher whose brethren in Scotland made a doctor of him because he wrote such an excellent book, seems to have altogether forgotten that laborers want their daily hire themselves, to buy with it something to eat and drink. He might as well have set a value upon the blood in our veins as if it were stuff to make blood-puddings of!”

So far COBBET. While I translate his words into German, he bursts forth, as if in person, in my memory, as he appeared during last year at the noisy dinner in the Crown and Anchor tavern. I see him again with his scolding red face, and his radical laugh in which the most venomous deathly hatred combined terribly with the scornful joy which sees beforehand in all certainty the downfall of his enemies.

Let no one blame me for quoting COBBET! Accuse him as much as you please of unfairness, of a passion for reviling and of an altogether too vulgar personality, but no one can deny that he possesses much eloquence of spirit, and that he very often, as in the above assertions, is in the right. He is a chained dog,* who attacks at once in a rage every one whom he does not know, who often bites the best friends of the family in the legs, who always barks, and who on that account is not minded even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the aristocratic thieves who plunder England do not regard it as necessary to cast the snarling COBBET a crust and so stop his mouth. This aggravates him most bitterly and he shows his hungry teeth.

* This comparison of COBBET to a bull-dog, “the dog of England” must strike the reader as particularly felicitous. COBBET indeed appears to have entertained a remarkable affection for the animal in question. In speaking of abolishing the baiting of bulls with dogs, he bursts forth against the abolition of “that ancient, hardy and anti-puritanical sport, and of extirpating a race of animals which are peculiar to this island, peculiarly characteristic of its people.” *Vide COBBET’S Register. May 22 to May 29, 1802*

[Note by Translator.]

Old COBBET! dog of England! I do not love you, for every vulgar nature is fatal to me, but I pity you from my deepest soul, when I see that you cannot break loose from your chain, nor reach those thieves, who, laughing slip away their plunder before your eyes, and mock your fruitless leaps and unavailing howls.

8.

THE OPPOSITION PARTY.

A FRIEND of mine has very aptly compared the opposition in Parliament to an opposition coach. Every one knows that this is a public stage-coach, which some speculating company start at their own expense, and run at such low rates, that the travellers give it the preference over the already established line. The latter must also put down their prices to keep passengers, but are soon outbid, or rather underbid by the new opposition coach, ruin themselves by the competition, and are obliged eventually to give up the business. If the opposition coach has at last and after this fashion gained the day, and finds itself the only one on a certain route, it at once puts up the prices, often higher than those of the old coach, and the poor passengers, far from gaining often lose by the change, and must curse and pay until a new opposition coach renews the old game, and then new hopes and new deceptions follow in turn.

How full of blood and pride were the Whigs when the Stuart party were defeated, and the Protestant dynasty ascended the English throne! The Tories then formed the opposition and John Bull, the poor state passenger, had good cause to roar with joy when they got the upper hand. But his joy was of short duration, he was annually obliged to pay a higher and still higher fare, there was dear paying and bad riding, more than that, the coachmen were very rude, there was nothing but jolting and bumping, every corner-stone threatened an upset, and poor John Bull thanked the LORD his maker, when at last the reins of the state-coach were held by other and better hands.

Unfortunately the joy did not last long this time either, the new opposition coachmen fell dead from the coach-box, others got off cautiously when the horses became restive, and the old drivers, the

old courtly riders with golden spurs again took their old places, and cracked away with the old whips.

I will not run this figure of speech to the ground, and I therefore turn again to the words "Whigs" and "Tories," which I have already used to indicate the two opposition parties, and a discussion of the names will be all the better, since they have for a long time been a source of confusion of ideas.

As the names of Ghibellines and Guelfs acquired by mutations and new events, during the middle ages, the vaguest and most opposite significations, so also at a later date in England did those of Whigs and Tories, the origin of which is at present scarcely known. Some assert that they were formerly abusive terms which eventually became honest party names, which often happens, as for instance when a party in Holland baptised themselves "beggars" from *les gueux*, as at a latter date the Jacobins often called themselves *sans culottes*, and as perhaps the serviles and dark-lantern folks of our own time will perhaps, at some future day, bear these names as glorious epithets of honor—a thing which, it must be admitted they cannot now do. The word *Whig* is said to have signified in Ireland something disagreeably sour,* and was there used to ridicule the Presbyterians or new sects in general. The word *Tory* which was used about the same time as a party name, signified in Ireland a sort of scabby thieves. Both nicknames became general in the time of the Stuarts, and during the disputes between the sects and the dominant church.

The general view is, that the Tories incline altogether to the side of the throne, and fight for the crown's privileges; while, on the other hand, the Whigs lean towards the people, and protect their rights. These explanations are, however, vague, and are rather bookish than practical. The terms may be regarded rather as coterie names. They indicate men who cling together on certain opposing questions, whose predecessors and friends held together on the same grounds, and who through political storms, bore in common their joys, sorrows, and the enmity of the opposite party. Principles never enter into consideration; they do not unite on certain ideas, but on certain rules of state government—on the abolition or maintenance of certain abuses—on certain bills, certain hereditary questions,—no matter from what point of view, generally from mere custom. The English do not however

* *Sauertöpfisch*. This word as used by HEINE signifies sour or crabbed, but its component parts of *sauer* or sour, and *Topf*, a pot or pipkin, seem to refer with peculiar aptness to the culinary meaning of "Whig"—i. e., a sort of sour whey.

let themselves be led astray by these party names. When they speak of Whigs, they do not form in so doing a definite idea, as we do in speaking of Liberals, when we at once bring before us men who are, from their very souls, sincere as to certain privileges of freedom—but they think of an external union of people, of whom each one, judged by his private manner of thought, would form a party by himself, and who, as I have already said, fight against the Tories through the impulse of extraneous causes, accidental interests, and the associations of enmity or friendship. In such a state as this, we cannot imagine a strife against aristocracy in our sense of the term, since the Tories are really not more aristocratic than the Whigs, and often even not more so than the *bourgeoisie*, or middle-class, themselves, who regard the aristocracy as something unchangeable as the sun, moon and stars—who see in the privileges of the nobility and clergy that which is not merely profitable to the state, but is actually a necessity of nature, and who would perhaps fight for these privileges with far more zeal than the aristocrats themselves, since they believe more implicitly in them, while the latter have very generally lost their faith. In this point of view, we must admit that the spirit of the English is still over-clouded by the night of the Middle Ages—the holy idea of a citizen-like equality has not, as yet, enlightened them; and many a citizen-statesman in England, who has Tory tendencies, ought not, by any means, to be regarded as servile, or be counted among those servile hounds who *could* be free, and still creep back into their old kennel and bay the sun of freedom.

The names of Whig and Tory are consequently utterly useless, so far as comprehending the British opposition is concerned, and FRANCIS BURDETT, at the beginning of the session of last year, very correctly declared that these names have now lost all their significance. On this remark, THOMAS LETHERIDGE, a man whom the LORD has not endowed with too much wit, made a very good joke—perhaps the only one of his life—which was as follows: “He has un-toried the Tories and un-wigged the Whigs.”

Far more significant are the names, “reformers,” or “radical reformers,” or, in short, “radicals.” They are generally regarded as one and the same, and they aim at the same defects in the State and suggest the same remedies, differing only in the moderation or intensity of their views. The defect alluded to is the well-known evil manner of popular representation, by which the so-called rotten-boroughs—obsolete, uninhabited places—or, to speak more correctly, the oligarchs to whom they belong, have the right to send representa-

tives for the people to Parliament, while great and populous cities, among them many manufacturing towns, have not a single representative. The wholesome cure of this defect is naturally in the so-called Parliamentary Reform. This, of course, is not regarded as an ultimate aim, but as a means. It is hoped that by it the people will attain a better representation of its interests, and the abolition of aristocratic abuses, and help in their affliction. As may be supposed, the Reform—this just and moderate demand—has its champions among moderate men, who are anything but Jacobins; and when they are called *reformers*, it has a meaning differing, as widely as earth from heaven, from that of *radicals*, which is pronounced in an altogether different tone—as for instance, when HUNT or COBBET is mentioned, or any of the impulsive, raging, revolutionary men, who cry for Parliamentary reform that they may bring about the overthrow of all forms, the victory of avarice, and complete mob-rule. The shades in the coryphæi of these parties are consequently innumerable. But, as before said, the English know their men very well; names do not deceive the public, and the latter decides, with great accuracy, where the battle is in earnest and where it is mere show. Often, for years together, the strife in Parliament is little more than an idle game, a tournament, where the champions contend for a color chosen for a freak; but when there is a real strife, we see them all hasten, each man to the flag of his natural party. This we saw in the days of CANNING. The most passionate opponents united when it came to a war of positive interests: Tories, Whigs and Radicals formed a phalanx around the bold citizen-minister, who sought to diminish the pride of the oligarchy. But I still believe that many a high-born Whig, who sat proudly behind CANNING, would have wheeled right about face to the old fox-hunting order, had the question of abolishing all the privileges of the nobility been suddenly agitated. I believe (God forgive me the sin!) that FRANCIS BURDETT himself, who during his youth was one of the hottest radicals, and is not as yet classed among the moderate reformers, would, in such a case, have very quickly have seated himself by Sir THOMAS LETHBRIDGE. The plebeian radicals are perfectly aware of this, and they hate, therefore, the so-called Whigs, who advocate Parliamentary reform—yes, almost more than the utterly hostile high Tories.

At present the English opposition consists more of actual reformers than of Whigs. The leader of the opposition in the Lower House belongs unquestionably to the latter. I allude to BROUGHAM.

We daily read, in the papers, the reports of the speeches of this

bold hero of Parliament. The personal peculiarities which are manifested in the delivery of these speeches are not so well known, and yet we must know them to duly appreciate the latter. The sketch which an intelligent Englishman has made of BROUGHAM's appearance in Parliament, may be appropriately given here :

"On the first bench, at the left side of the Speaker, sits a figure, which appears to have cowered so long by the study-lamp, that not only the bloom of life, but even life's strength, seem to have begun to exhaust themselves ; and yet it is this apparently helpless form which attracts every eye in the house, and which, as it rises in a mechanical, automatic manner, excites all the reporters behind us into rapid movement, while every corner of the gallery is filled as though it were a massy stone vault, and the mob of men without presses in through both the side-doors. In the House below, an equal interest seems to manifest itself, for, as that form slowly unfolds itself in a vertical curve, or rather into a vertical zig-zag of stiff lines joined together, the two zealots on either side, who just before sought in crying out to check each other, have suddenly sunk back into their places, as though they had espied an air-gun hidden under the Speaker's robe.

"After this bustle of preparation and during the breathless stillness which follows, HENRY BROUGHAM has slowly and with thoughtful step, approached the table and there stands bent together—his shoulders elevated, his head inclined forward, his upper lip and nostrils quivering, as though he feared to utter a word. His external appearance, his manner, almost resembles that of one of those preachers who hold forth in the open air—not a modern man of the kind who attracts the indolent crowd on Sunday—but one of those preachers of the olden time, who sought to uphold purity of faith and to spread it forth in the wilderness, when it was banished from the city and even from the church. The tones of his voice are full and melodious, but they rise slowly, thoughtfully, and as we are tempted to believe, even with difficulty, so that we know not whether the intellectual strength of the man is incapable of mastering the subject, or whether his physical strength is inadequate to express it. His first sentence, or rather the first members of his sentence—for we soon find that with him every sentence goes further than the entire speeches of many other people—come forth very coldly and without confidence, and are especially so far from the real question under discussion, that no one can comprehend how he will bring them to bear upon it. It is true that every one of these sentences

is deep, clear and satisfactory in itself, evidently drawn with artistic selection from the most chosen materials, and let them come from what department of science they may, they still contain its purest essence. We feel that they will all be bent in a determined direction and that too with wondrous force; but the force is as yet invisible as the wind, and like it, we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

“But when a sufficient number of these beginning sentences have gone forth in advance; when every lemma which human knowledge can supply to confirm a conclusion has been rendered serviceable; when every exception has, by a single impulse, been successfully thrust forward, and when the whole army of political and moral truths stands in battle array—then it moves forwards to a determination, firmly closed as a Macedonian phalanx, and irresistible as Highlanders when they charge with fixed bayonets.

“When a leading point has been won with this apparent weakness and uncertainty, behind which however a real strength and firmness lies concealed, then the orator rises both physically and mentally, and with a bolder and shorter attack he conquers a second position. After the second he conquers a third, after the third a fourth, and so on until all the principles and the entire philosophy of the question in dispute are, as it were conquered, and until every one in the House who has ears to hear and a heart to feel, is as irresistibly convinced of the truths which he has just heard, as of his own existence, so that BROUGHAM if he would pause here, could pass unconditionally for the greatest logician of Saint Stephen’s Chapel. The intellectual resources of the man are really marvellous, and he almost recalls the old northern legend of one who always slew the first masters of every branch of learning, and thereby became sole heir to all their united spiritual abilities. Let the subject be as it may, sublime or commonplace, abstruse or practical, HENRY BROUGHAM still understands it—and understands it fundamentally. Others may rival him, yes, one or the other may even surpass him in the knowledge of the external beauties of ancient literature, but no one is more deeply penetrated than he by the spirit of the glorious and glowing philosophy, which gleams like a precious gem from the caskets left us by antiquity. BROUGHAM does not use the clear, faultless, and at the same time somewhat courtly language of CICERO, and his speeches are as little in the form of those of Demosthenes, though they have something of their color; but he is not wanting either in the strongly logical conclusions of the Roman orator, nor the terrible words of

scorn of the Greek. Add to this that no one understands better than he, how to use the knowledge of the day in his Parliamentary speeches, so that they sometimes, apart from their political tendency and signification, merit our admiration merely as lectures on philosophy, literature and art.

"It is, however, altogether impossible to analyze the character of the man while hearing him speak. When he, as already described, has laid the foundation of his speech on a good philosophical ground and in the depths of reason; when he again returned to the work, applies to it plummet and measure to see if all is in order, and seems to try with a giant's hand if all holds together securely; when he has firmly bound together the thoughts of all hearers with arguments as with ropes which no one can rend asunder—then he springs in power on the edifice which he has built, he raises his form and his voice, he conjures the passions from their most secret hiding place, and subdues and overwhelms his gaping Parliamentary cotemporaries and the whole murmuring House. That voice which was at first so slow and unassuming, is now like the deafening roar and the endless billows of the sea; that form, which before seemed sinking under its own weight, now looks as though it had nerves of steel and sinews of copper, yes, as though it were immortal and unchangeable as the truths which it has just spoken; that face which before was pale and cold as a stone, is now animated and gleaming, as though its inner spirit were still mightier than the words spoken; and from those eyes, which at first looked so humbly at us with their blue and tranquil rings, as though they would beg our forbearance and forgiveness, there now shoots forth a meteoric fire which lights up every heart with admiration. In this manner he concludes the second, the passionate or declamatory part of his oration.

"When he has attained what might be regarded as the summit of eloquence, when he looks around as if to behold with a scornful laugh the admiration which he has excited, then his form again sinks together and his voice sinks to the most singular whisper, which ever came from human breast. This strange lowering or rather letting fall of expression, gesture and voice which BROUGHAM possesses to a perfection, such as was never found in any other orator, produces a wonderful effect, and those deep, solemn, almost murmured-out words, which are however fully audible, even to the breathing of every single syllable, bear with them a magic power, which no one can resist, even when he hears them for the first time and has not learned their real significance and effect. But let no one believe that the orator or the

oration is exhausted. These subdued glances, these softened tones signify nothing less than the beginning of a peroration, wherewith the orator, as though he feels that he has gone too far, will again soothe his opponent. On the contrary, this contraction of the body is no sign of weakness, and this lowering of the voice is no prelude to fear and exhaustion; it is the loose, hanging inclination of the body, in a wrestler, who looks for an opportunity by which he can grasp his adversary the more powerfully, it is the recoil of the tiger, who an instant after leaps with more certain claws upon his prey, it is the indication that HENRY BROUGHAM puts on all his armor, and grasps his mightiest weapons. He was clear and convincing in his arguments, in conjuring up the passions he was it is true somewhat supercilious, yet powerful and triumphant; now, however, he puts the last and longest arrow to his bow—he will be terrible in his invectives. Woe to the man on whom that eye, which was once so calm and blue, now flashes from the mysterious darkness of its contracted brows! Woe to the wight to whom these half-whispered words are a portent of the terrible fate which hangs over him!

“He, who as a stranger, visits to-day perhaps for the first time the Gallery of Parliament, does not know what is coming. He merely sees a man, who convinces him with his arguments, who has warmed him with his passion, and who now appears to arrive with that strange whispering, at a weak and impotent conclusion. O stranger! wert thou acquainted with the phenomena of this House, and on a seat whence thou could'st see all the members of Parliament, thou would'st soon mark that they are by no means of thy opinion so far as concerns a lame and impotent conclusion. Thou would'st see many a man, whom party feeling or presumption has driven without proper ballast or needful helm, into this stormy sea, and who now glances around as fearfully and anxiously as a sailor on the China Seas, when he on one side of the horizon discovers the dark calm, which is a sure presage that on the other, ere a minute has passed away, the typhoon will blow with its destructive breath—thou would'st perceive some shrewd man well nigh groaning, and who trembles in body and soul like a small bird, which yielding to the fascination of a rattlesnake feels with terror its danger, yet cannot help itself, and which yields in a miserably foolish manner to destruction; or thou would'st observe some tall antagonist who clings with shaking legs to the benches, lest the approaching storm should drive him away; or thou would'st perhaps even see a stately pursy representative of some fat county, who digs both fists into the

cushions of his bench, fully determined, in case a man of his weight should be cast from the House, still to keep his seat and to bear it thence, beneath him. And now it comes—the words, which were so deeply whispered and murmured, swell out so loudly that they out-sound even the rejoicing cry of his own party, and after some unlucky opponent has been flayed to the bones, and his mutilated limbs have been stamped on through every figure of speech, then the body of the orator is as if broken down and shattered by the power of his own soul, he sinks back on his seat, and the assenting applause of the assembly bursts forth without restraint.”

I was never so fortunate as to be able to see BROUGHAM at my leisure, during the delivery of such a speech in Parliament. I only heard him speak in fragments, or on unimportant subjects, and I seldom saw his face while so doing. But always, as I soon observed, whenever he began to speak, an almost painful silence at once followed. The sketch of him given above, is most certainly not exaggerated. His figure, of ordinary stature, is very meagre and in perfect keeping with his head, which is thinly covered with short black hair which lies smooth towards the temples. This causes the pale, long face to look even thinner, its muscles are ever in strange nervous movement, and he who observes them, sees the orator's thoughts, before they are spoken. This spoils his witty outbursts; since jests like borrowers should, to succeed, surprise us unawares. Though his black dress is altogether gentlemanly, even to the very cut of the coat, it still gives him a certain clerical appearance. Perhaps this is owing more to his frequent bending of the back, and the lurking, ironic suppleness of his whole body. One of my friends first called my attention to this “clerical” appearance in BROUGHAM'S manner and the above sketch fully confirms the acuteness of the remark. The “lawyerlike” in his general appearance, was first suggested to me by the manner in which he continually demonstrates with his pointing finger, while he nods assentingly with his head.

The restless activity of the man is his most wonderful feature. These speeches in Parliament are delivered after he has been eight hours at his daily tasks, that is to say, practising law in the courts, and when he perhaps has sat up half the night, writing an article for the Edinburgh Review, or laboring on his improvements of Popular Education and Criminal Law. The first mentioned work, that on Criminal Legislation, with which BROUGHAM and PEEL are now principally busied, is perhaps the most useful, certainly the most neces-

sary; for England's laws are even more cruel than her oligarchs. BROUGHAM'S celebrity was first founded by the suit against the QUEEN. He fought like a knight for this high dame, and, as any one might suppose, GEORGE IV. will never forget the service rendered to his wife. Therefore, when, in April last, the Opposition conquered, BROUGHAM did not enter the ministry; although, according to old custom, such an entry was due to him, as leader of the Opposition.

THE EMANCIPATION.

TALK *politics* with the stupidest Englishman, and he will be sure to say something sensible. But so soon as the conversation turns on *religion*, the most intelligent Englishman utters nothing but silly speeches. Hence arises all that confusion of ideas, that mixture of wisdom and nonsense, whenever Catholic Emancipation is discussed in Parliament: a question in which politics and religion come into collision. It is seldom possible for the English, in their Parliamentary discussions, to give utterance to a principle; they discuss only the profit or loss of things, and bring forth *facts*, *pro* or *con*.

With mere *facts*, there can indeed be much fighting, but no victory—they induce nothing but blows on one or the other side; and the spectacle of such a strife reminds us of the well-known *pro patria* conflicts of German students, the results of which are, that so and so many lunges are exchanged, and so and so many carte and tierce thrusts made, and nothing gained with it all.

In the year 1827, as a matter of course, the Emancipationists again fought the Orangemen in Westminster, and as another matter of course, nothing came of it. The best "hitters" of the Emancipation party were BURDETT, PLUNKETT, BROUGHAM and CANNING. Their opponents, with the exception of PEEL, were the well known, or more correctly speaking, the not-at-all-known, fox-hunting squirearchy.

At all times, the most intelligent and gifted statesmen of England have fought for the civil liberty of the Catholics; and this they did, inspired as much by the deepest sense of right, as by political shrewdness. PITT himself, the discoverer of the firm system, held to the Catholic party. In like manner, BURKE, the great renegade of free-

dom, could not so far suppress the voice of his heart as to act against Ireland. Even CANNING, while yet a slave to Toryism, could not behold, without emotion, the misery of Ireland; and at a time when he was accused of luke-warmness, he showed, in a naively touching manner, how dear its cause was to him. In fact, a great man can, to attain great aims, often act contrary to his convictions, and go ambiguously from one party to another; and, in such cases, we must be complaisant enough to admit, that he who will establish himself on a certain height must yield accordingly to circumstances, like the weather-cock on a church spire, which, though it be made of iron, would soon be broken and cast down by the storm-wind, if it remained obstinately immoveable, and did not understand the noble art of turning to every wind. But a great man will never so far contradict his own feelings as to see, or it may be, increase, with cold-blooded indifference, the misfortunes of his fellow countrymen. As we love our mother, so do we love the soil on which we were born, and even so do we love the flowers, the perfume, the language and the men peculiar to that soil. No religion is so bad and no politics so good, that they can extinguish such a love in the bosoms of its devotees, and BURKE and CANNING, though Protestants and Tories, could not, for all that, take part against poor green Erin. Those Irishmen who spread terrible misery and unutterable wretchedness over their fatherland, are men—like the late CASTLEREAGH.

It is a regular matter of course that the great mass of the English people should be opposed to the Catholics, and daily besiege Parliament for the purpose of withholding privileges from the latter. There is a love of oppression in human nature, and when even we, as is constantly done, complain of civil inequality, our eyes are always directed upwards—we see only those who stand over us, and whose privileges abuse us. But we never look downwards when complaining thus—the idea never comes into our heads to raise to our level those who are placed by unjust custom below us; yes, we are soundly vexed when they seek to ascend, and we rap them on the head. The Creole demands equality with the European, but oppresses the Mulatto, and flares up in a rage when the latter puts himself on an equality with him.* Just so does the Mulatto treat the Mestizo, and he in turn the Negro. The small citizen of Frankfort worries himself over the privileges of the nobility, but he worries himself much more, when any one suggests to him the emancipation of his Jews. I have

* HEINE appears to have labored under the common, but erroneous, European idea, that a *Creole* is one of mixed blood.—[Note by Translator.]

a friend in Poland, who is wild for freedom and equality, but who, to this hour, has never freed his peasants from their serfdom.

No explanation is requisite to show why the Catholics are persecuted, so far as the English clergy is concerned. Persecution of those who think differently is everywhere a clerical monopoly, and the Angelican Church strongly asserts her rights. Of course tithes are the main thing with her; by emancipating the Catholics, she would lose a great part of her income, and the sacrifice of *self-interest*, is a talent manifested as little by the priests of love, as by sinful laymen. Hence it happened, that that glorious revolution, to which England owes most of her present liberty sprang from religious Protestant zeal: a circumstance, which imposes special duties of gratitude towards the dominant church, and causes her to regard the latter, as the main bulwark of her freedom. Many a fearful soul may at present really dread Catholicism and its restoration, and think of the flaming piles of Smithfield—and a burnt child dreads the fire! There are also timid members of Parliament, who dread a new Gunpowder Plot—those fear powder most, who have not discovered it—and so they often feel as if the green benches on which they sit in St. Stephen's Chapel, became, little by little, warmer; and when an orator, as very often happens, mentions the name of GUY FAWKES, they cry out "hear! hear!" as if in terror. As for the Rector of Goettingen, who has an appointment in London as King of England, he is fully familiar with his policy of moderation and forbearance; he declares himself in favor of neither party, he sees both mutually weaken themselves by combat, he smiles in his hereditary manner when they peaceably court him; he knows every thing, does nothing, and in cases of difficulty, leaves everything to his head catch-poll, WELLINGTON.

I trust that I may be pardoned for treating in a flippant tone, a question on whose solution depends the happiness of England, and with it perhaps directly, that of all the world. But just the weightier the subject, so much the more merrily must we manage it; the bloody butchery of battles, the fearful whetting of the sickle of death, would be beyond all-bearing, did there not ring out with it, and through it, deafening military music, with its joy-inspiring drums and trumpets. This the English know right well, and therefore, their Parliament displays a cheerful comedy of the most unrestrained wit, and of the wittiest unrestraint. In the most serious debates, where the lives of thousands and the welfare of whole countries is at stake, it never occurs to any one to make a stiff German district-

representative face,* or to declaim French-pathetically, and their minds like their bodies act freely and without restraint. Jest, self-quizzing, sarcasms, natural disposition and wisdom, malice and good nature, logic and verse, spray forth in the freshest variations of color, so that the annals of Parliament, years after, afford us a most glorious entertainment. How strongly do these debates contrast with the empty, bolstered-up, blotting-paper speeches, of our South German Chambers, whose tiresomeness defies the patience of the most unwearied newspaper reader; yes, whose very aroma, suffices to scare away any living reader, so that we must believe that the tiresomeness in question, is a secret and deliberate intention to frighten the public from reading their acts, and thereby, to keep them secret, despite their publicity.

If the manner in which the English treat the Catholic question in Parliament is but little adapted to produce a result, it is not the less true, that the reading of these debates is on that account, all the more interesting, because facts are more entertaining than abstractions, and they are especially amusing, when a cotemporary event is narrated in a story-telling form, which handles it with witty persiflage, and thereby illustrates it, it may be, in the best possible manner. In the debate on the royal speech, December 3d, 1825, we had in the Upper House, one of these parallel histories, such as described, and which I here literally translate: (vid. Parliamentary History and Review during the session of 1825-1826, page 31.)

“Lord KING remarked, that if England could be called flourishing and happy, there were notwithstanding, six millions of Catholics in an altogether different condition, on the other side of the Irish Channel, and that the bad government there, was a shame to our age and to every Briton. The whole world, said he, is now too reasonable to excuse governments which oppress their subjects, or rob them of a right, on account of differences in religion. Ireland and Turkey could be regarded as the only countries in Europe, where whole classes of men were oppressed and made to suffer, on account of their creeds. The Grand Sultan had endeavored to convert the Greeks, in the same manner in which the English Government had attempted the conversion of the Catholics, but without result. When the unfortunate Greeks bewailed their sufferings, and begged in the humblest manner to be treated a little better than Mahometan dogs, the Sultan summoned his Grand Vizier to give council. This Grand

* *Land tondgesicht* :—a face for Bunkum.

Vizier had been formerly a friend and more recently an enemy of the Sultana. He had thereby suffered considerably in the favor of his lord, and was obliged to endure, in his own Divan, many contradictions from his own officers and servants. (Laughter.) He was an enemy of the Greeks. The second person in influence in the Divan was the Reis Effendi, who was favorably inclined to the just demands of that unlucky race. This officer, as was well-known, was Minister of Foreign Affairs and his policy merited and received general approbation. He manifested in this field extraordinary liberality and talent, he did much good and would have effected much more, had he not been impeded in all his measures by his less enlightened colleagues. He was in fact the only man of real genius in the whole Divan, (Laughter,) and he was esteemed as an ornament to the statesmen of Turkey, since he was also endowed with poetic talent. The Kiaya-Bey or Minister of the Interior and the Kapitan Pasha were also opposed to the Greeks; the leader of the whole opposition to the demand for rights of this race was the Grand Mufti, or the head of the Mahometan Faith. (Laughter.) This officer was an enemy to every change. He had regularly opposed every improvement in commerce, every improvement in justice, every improvement in foreign policy. (Laughter.) He declared and showed himself on every occasion to be the great champion of existing abuses. He was the most finished intriguer in the whole Divan. (Laughter.) At an earlier time he had declared for the Sultana, but he had turned against her so soon as he feared that he thereby might lose his seat in the Divan, and had even gone over to the party of her enemies. The proposition was once made to enlist some Greeks into the corps of regular troops or Janissaries, but the Head-Mufti raised against this such a terrible hue and cry—something like our No-Popery cry,—that those who adopted the measure were obliged to quit the Divan. He gained the upper hand and so soon as this was done, he declared himself in favor of the very cause against which he previously displayed all his zeal. He took care of the Sultan's conscience and of his own; but it had been remarked that his conscience was never in opposition to his interests. (Laughter.) Having studied the Turkish Constitution with the utmost accuracy, he had found in it that it was substantially Mahometan, (Laughter,) and consequently must be inimical to all the rights of the Greeks. He had therefore determined to adhere firmly to the cause of intolerance, and was soon surrounded by Mollahs, Imans and Dervishes, who confirmed him in his noble determinations. To complete this picture of a perfect

division in the Divan, it should also be mentioned that its members had agreed to unite on certain questions, and to oppose one another on others, without breaking up their union. After the evil arising from such a Divan had been seen, after it had been seen too how the Musselman realm had been torn, and that by their intolerance to the Greeks, and by their own want of harmony; we should pray Heaven to preserve the father land from such a division in the Cabinet."

It requires no remarkable acuteness to guess who the persons are, here disguised in Turkish names; still less is it necessary to set forth the moral of the tale in dry words. The cannon of Navarino have spoken it out loud enough; and when the Sublime Porte shall be shattered—and shattered it will be, despite Pera's plenipotentiaries lackeys, who oppose the ill-will of the people—then John Bull may call to mind that, with changed names, the fable applies to him. England may already surmise something of the kind, since its best journalists have declared against the war of intervention, and signified, naively enough, that the other nations of Europe might, with equal right, take up the part of Catholic Ireland, and compel the British Government to a better treatment of it. They think that they have thereby fully refuted the right of intervention, whereas they have simply illustrated it more perfectly and intelligibly. Of course, the nations of Europe would have the most sacred right to remedy, by force of arms, the sufferings of Ireland; and this right would soon be realized, were not injustice the stronger. It is no longer crowned-heads, but the people themselves, who are the heroes of modern times, and these heroes have also formed their holy alliance. They hold together wherever there is a question of the common weal, or the popular rights of political and religious liberty; they are connected by the *Idea*; they have sworn themselves to it, and bleed for it—yes, they themselves have become an idea—and therefore it runs like a sharp pain through the hearts of all the people, when the Idea is made to suffer, though it be in the uttermost corner of the earth.

10.

WELLINGTON.

THE man has the bad fortune to meet with good fortune everywhere, and wherever the greatest men in the world were unfortunate;

and that excites us, and makes him hateful. We see in him only the victory of stupidity over genius—ARTHUR WELLINGTON triumphant where NAPOLEON BONAPARTE is overwhelmed! Never was a man more ironically gifted by Fortune, and it seems as though she would exhibit his empty littleness by raising him high on the shield of victory. Fortune is a woman, and perhaps, in womanly wise, she cherishes a secret grudge against the man who overthrew her former darling, though the very overthrow came from her own will. Now she lets him conquer again on the Catholic Emancipation question—yes, in the very fight in which GEORGE CANNING was destroyed. It is possible that he might have been loved had the wretched LONDONDERRY been his predecessor in the ministry; but it happens that he is the successor of the noble CANNING—of the much wept, adored, great CANNING,—and he conquers where CANNING was overwhelmed. Without such an adversity of prosperity, WELLINGTON would perhaps pass for a great man; people would not hate him, would not measure him too accurately, at least not with the heroic measure with which a NAPOLEON and a CANNING is measured, and consequently it would never have been discovered how small he really is as a man.

He is a small man, and smaller than small at that. The French could say nothing more sarcastic of POLIGNAC, than that he was a WELLINGTON without celebrity. In fact, what remains when we strip from a WELLINGTON the field-marshal's uniform of celebrity?

I have here given the best apology for Lord WELLINGTON—in the English sense of the word. My readers will be astonished when I honorably confess that I once praised this hero—and clapped on all sail in so doing. It is a good story, and I will tell it here:

My barber, in London, was a radical, named Mr. WHITE—a poor little man in a shabby black dress, worn until it almost shone white again; he was so lean that even his full face looked like a profile, and the sighs in his bosom were visible ere they rose. These sighs were caused by the misfortunes of Old England—by the impossibility of paying the National Debt.

“Ah!” I generally heard him sigh, “why need the English people trouble themselves as to who reigns in France, and what the French are a-doing at home? But the high nobility, sir, and the High Church, were afraid of the principles of liberty of the French Revolution, and, to keep down these principles, John Bull must give his gold and his blood, and make debts into the bargain. We’ve got all we wanted out of the war—the revolution has been put down, the French eagles of liberty have had their wings cut, and the High

Church may be cock-sure that none of them eagles will come a-flying over the Channel; and now the high nobility and the High Church between 'em ought to pay, any way, for the debts, which were made for their own good, and not for any good of the poor people. Ah!—the poor people!"

Whenever Mr. WHITE came to the "poor people," he always sighed more deeply than ever, and the refrain then was, that bread and porter were so dear, that the poor people must starve to feed fat lords, stag-hounds and priests, and that there was only one remedy. At these words he was wont to whet his razor, and as he drew it murderously up and down the strop, he murmured grimly to himself, "Lords, priests, hounds!"

But his radical rage boiled most fiercely against the Duke of Wellington; he spat gall and poison whenever he alluded to him, and as he lathered me, he himself foamed with rage. Once I was fairly frightened, when he, while barbering away at my neck, burst out in wonted wise against WELLINGTON, murmuring all the while: "If I only had him *this* way under my razor, I'd save him the trouble of cutting his own throat, as his brother in office and fellow countryman, LONDONDERRY did, who killed himself that-a-way at North Cray, in Kent—God damn him!"

I felt that the man's hand trembled, and fearing lest he might imagine in his excitement that I really was the Duke of Wellington, I endeavored to allay his violence, and in an underhanded manner, to soothe him, I called up his national pride, I represented to him that the Duke of Wellington had advanced the glory of the English, that he had always been an innocent tool in the hands of others, that he was fond of beefsteak, and that he finally—but the Lord only knows what fine things I said of WELLINGTON, as I felt that razor tickling around my throat!

* * * * *

What vexes me most is the reflection that WELLINGTON will be as immortal as NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. It is true that in like manner the name of PONTIUS PILATE will be as little likely to be forgotten as that of CHRIST. WELLINGTON and NAPOLEON! It is a wonderful phenomenon that the human mind can at the same time think of both these names. There can be no greater contrast than the two, even in their external appearance. WELLINGTON, the dumb ghost, with an ashy grey soul in a buckram body, a wooden smile in his freezing face—and by the side of *that* think of the figure of NAPOLEON, every inch a god!

That figure never disappears from my memory, I still see him, high on his steed with eternal eyes in his marble-like, imperial face, glancing calm as destiny on the guards defiling past—he was then sending them to Russia, and the old grenadiers glanced up at him, so terribly devoted, so all-consciously serious, so proud in death—

Te, Cæsar, morituri, salutant!

There often steals over me a secret doubt, whether I ever really saw him, if we were ever cotemporaries, and then it seems to me as if his portrait torn from the little frame of the present, vanished away more proudly and imperiously in the twilight of the past. His name even now sounds to us like a word of the early world, and as antique and as heroic as those of Alexander and Cæsar. It has already become a rallying word among races, and when the East and the West meet, they fraternise on that single name.

I once felt in the deepest manner how significantly and magically that name can sound. It was in the harbor of London, at the India Docks, and on board an East Indiaman just arrived from Bengal. It was a giant-like ship fully manned with Hindoos. The grotesque forms and groups, the singularly variegated dresses, the enigmatical expressions of countenance, the strange gestures, the wild and foreign ring of their language, their shouts of joy and their laughter, with the seriousness ever rising and falling on certain soft yellow faces, their eyes like black flowers which looked at me as with wondrous woe—all of this awoke in me a feeling like that of enchantment, I was suddenly as if transported into Scherezade's story, and I thought that broad leaved-palms, and long-necked camels, and gold covered elephants and other fable-like trees and animals must forthwith appear. The supercargo who was on the vessel, and who understood as little of the language as I myself, could not in his real English narrow-mindedness narrate to me enough of what a ridiculous race they were, nearly all pure Mahometans collected from every land of Asia, from the limits of China to the Arabian sea, there being even some jet black, woolly-haired Africans among them.

To one whose whole soul was weary of the spiritless West, and who was as sick of Europe as I then was, this fragment of the East which moved cheerfully and changingly before my eyes was a refreshing solace, my heart enjoyed at least a few drops of that draught which I had so often tasted in gloomy Hanoverian or Royal Prussian winter nights, and it is very possible that the foreigners saw in me how agreeable the sight of them was to me, and how gladly I would

have spoken a kind word to them. It was also plain from the very depths of their eyes how much I pleased them, and they would also have willingly said something pleasant to me, and it was a vexation that neither understood the other's language. At length a means occurred to me of expressing to them with a single word my friendly feelings, and stretching forth my hands reverentially as if in loving greeting, I cried the name, "MAHOMED!" Joy suddenly flashed over the dark faces of the foreigners, and folding their arms as reverentially in turn, as a cheerful greeting they exclaimed "BONAPARTE!"

11.

THE LIBERATION.

SHOULD the time for leisurely research ever return to me, I will prove in the most tiresomely fundamental manner, that it was not India, but Egypt which originated that system of castes, which has for two thousand years disguised itself in the garb of every country, and has deceived every age in its own language, which is now perhaps dead, yet which counterfeiting the appearance of life wanders about among us, evil-eyed and mischief making, poisoning our blooming life with its corpse vapor; yes, which like a vampire of the Middle Ages, sucks blood from the nations, and light from their hearts. It was not merely crocodiles which knew so well how to weep, which sprang from the mud of the Nile, but also priests who understand it far better, and that privileged hereditary race of warriors, who in their lust of murder and ravenous appetites far surpass any crocodiles.

Two deeply thinking men of the German nation discovered the soundest and best counter-charm to the worst of all Egyptian plagues, and by the black art—by gunpowder and the art of printing—they broke the force of that clerical and laical hierarchy, which had formed itself from an union of the priesthood and warrior caste, that is to say, from the so-called Catholic Church, and from the feudal nobility, and which enslaved all Europe both in body and in the spirit. The printing-press burst asunder the walls of the building of dogmas in which the great priest of Rome had imprisoned souls, and Northern Europe again breathed freely, freed from the night-mare of that

clergy which had indeed abandoned the *form* of Egyptian inheritance of rank, but which remained all the truer to the Egyptian priestly spirit, since it presented itself with greater sternness and asperity, as a corporation of old bachelors, continued not by natural propagation, but by a Mameluke system of recruiting. In like manner we see how the warlike caste has lost its power since the old routine of the business is worth nothing in the modern methods of war. For the strongest castles are now thrown down by the trumpet-tones of the cannon as the walls of Jericho were thrown down of old, the iron harness of the knight is no better protection against the leaden rain, than the linen blouse of the peasant; powder makes men equal; a citizen's musket fires as well as a nobleman's—the people rise.

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The earlier efforts of which we read in the history of the Lombard and Tuscan republics, of the Spanish communes, and of the free cities in Germany and other countries, do not deserve the honor of being classed as a movement on the part of the people; they were not efforts to attain liberty, but merely liberties; not battles for right, but for municipal rights; corporations fought for privileges, and all remained fixed in the bonds of guilds and trade's unions.

Not until the days of the Reformation did the battle assume general and spiritual proportions, and then liberty was demanded, not as an imported, but as an aboriginal; not as an inherited, but as an inborn right. Principles were brought forward instead of old parchments; and the peasants in Germany, and the Puritans in England, fell back on the gospel whose texts then were of as high authority as our modern reasoning. Yes, and even higher, since they were regarded as the revealed reason of God himself. There it stood legibly written, that men are of equal birth, that the pride which exalts itself must be damned, that wealth is a sin, and that the poor also are summoned to enjoyment in the beautiful garden of God, the common Father of all.

With the Bible in one hand and with the sword in the other, the peasants swept over South Germany, and announced to the proud and wealthy burgher-hood of high-towered Nuremberg, that in future no house should be left standing, which seemed other than a peasant's house. So truly and so deeply had they comprehended the truth. Even at the present day in Franconia and in Suabia, we see traces of this doctrine of equality, and a shuddering reverence of the holy spirit creeps over the wanderer, when he sees in the moonshine the

dark ruins of castles from the time of the Peasant's War. It is well for him, who, in sober, waking mood, sees naught besides ; but if one is a "Sunday child"—and every one familiar with history is that—he will also see the high hunt, in which the German nobility, the rudest and sternest in the world, pursued their victims. He will see how unarmed men were slaughtered by thousands ; how they were racked, speared and martyred ; and from the waving corn-fields he will see the bloody peasant's heads nodding mysteriously, while above a terrible lark is heard whistling, piping revenge, like the Piper of Helfenstein.*

The brothers in England and Scotland were more fortunate ; their defeat was neither so disgraceful nor so unproductive, and to the present day we see there the results of their rule. But they did not effect a firm foundation of their principles, the dainty cavaliers now rule again as before, and amuse themselves with merry tales of the stiff old Roundheads, which a friendly bard has written so prettily to entertain their leisure hours. No social overthrow took place in Great Britain, the frame-work of civil and political institutions remained undisturbed, the tyranny of castes and of trade-guilds has remained there, till the present day, and though penetrated by the light and warmth of modern civilization, England is still congealed in a mediæval condition, or rather in the condition of a fashionable Middle Age. The concessions which have there been made to liberal ideas, have been with difficulty wrested from this mediæval immovability, and all modern improvements have there proceeded, not from a principle, but from actual necessity, and they all bear the curse of that half-way system which inevitably makes new exertion and new conflicts to the death, with all their attendant dangers, a matter of necessity. The religious reformation in England is consequently but half perfected, and one finds himself much worse off between the four bare prison walls of the Episcopal Anglican Church, than in the large, beautifully painted and softly cushioned prison for the soul, of Catholicism. Nor has it succeeded much better with the political reformation ; popular representation is in England as faulty as possible, and if ranks are no longer distinguished by their coats, they are at least divided by different courts of justice, patronage, rights of court presentation, prerogatives, customary privileges and similar fatalities ; and if the rights of person and property of the people depend no longer upon aristocratic caprice, but upon laws,

* Or perhaps the piper of Hamelin, so quaintly sung by BROWNING?

still these laws are nothing but another sort of teeth with which the aristocratic brood seizes its prey, and another sort of daggers, wherewith it treacherously murders the people. For in reality, no tyrant upon the Continent squeezes, by his own arbitrary will, so many taxes out of his subjects, as the English people are obliged to pay by law; and no tyrant was ever so cruel as England's Criminal Law, which daily commits murder for the amount of one shilling, and that with the coldest formality. Although many improvements have recently been made in this melancholy state of affairs in England; although limits have been placed to temporal and clerical avarice, and though the great falsehood of a popular representation, is, to a certain degree, occasionally modified by transferring the perverted electoral voice of a rotten borough to a great manufacturing town, and although the harshest intolerance is here and there softened by giving certain rights to other sects, still it is all a miserable patching up which cannot last long, and the stupidest tailor in England can foresee that, sooner or later, the old garment of state will be rent asunder into the wretchedest of rags.

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"No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment; for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved."

The deepest truth blooms only from the deepest love, and hence comes the harmony of the views of the elder Preacher in the Mount, who spoke against the aristocracy of Jerusalem; and those later preachers of the mountain, who from the summit of the Convention in Paris, preached a tri-colored gospel, according to which, not merely the form of the State, but all social life should be, not patched, but formed anew, and be not only newly-founded, but newly-born.

I speak of the French Revolution, that epoch of the world, in which the doctrines of freedom and of equality rose so triumphantly from those universal sources of knowledge which we call reason, and which must, as an unceasing revelation which repeats itself in every human head, and founds a distinct branch of knowledge, be far preferable to that transmitted revelation which makes itself known only in a few of the elect, and which can only be *believed* by the multitude. The privileged aristocracy, the caste-system with their

peculiar rights, were never able to combat this last-mentioned sort of revelation, (which is itself of an aristocratic nature,) so safely and surely as reason, which is democratic by nature, now does. The history of revolution is the military history of this strife, in which we have all taken a greater or lesser part; it is the fight to the death with Egyptianism.

Though the swords of the enemies grow duller day by day, and though we have already conquered the best positions, still we cannot raise the song of victory until the work is perfected. We can only during the night, between battles, when there are armistices, go forth with the lantern on the field of death to bury the dead. Little avails the short burial service! Calumny, the vile insolent spectre, sits upon the noblest graves.

Oh, that the battle were only with those hereditary foes of truth who so treacherously poison the good name of their enemies, and who even humiliated that first Preacher of the Mount; since when they could no longer deny that he was the greatest of men, they made of him the least of gods. He who fights with priests may make up his mind to have his poor good name torn and befouled by the most infamous lies and the most cutting slanders. But as those flags which are most rent, or blackened by powder-smoke in the battle, are more highly prized than the whitest and soundest recruiting banners, and as they are at last laid up as national relics in cathedrals, so at some future day the names of our heroes, the more they are torn and blackened will be all the more enthusiastically honored in the holy Genofeva Church of Freedom.

The revolution itself has been slandered, like its heroes, and represented as a terror to princes, and as a popular scare-crow in libels of every description. All of the so-called "horrors of the Revolution" have been learned by heart by children in the schools, and at one time nothing was seen in the public fairs but harshly-colored pictures of the Guillotine. It cannot be denied that this machine which was invented by Monsieur GUILLOTIN, a French physician and a great world orthopædist, and with which the stupidest heads are easily separated from evil hearts, this most excellent and wholesome machine, has indeed been applied rather frequently, but still only in incurable diseases, in such cases for example as treachery, falsehood and weakness, and the patients were not for a long time tortured, racked and broken on the wheel as thousands upon thousands of and *vilains*, citizens and peasants were tortured, racked and broken *roturiers* on the wheel in the good old time. It is of course terrible,

that the French, with this machine, once even amputated the head of State and no one knows whether they ought to be accused, on that account, of parricide or of suicide ; but on more moderate and thorough reflection, we find that Louis of France was less a sacrifice to passion than to circumstances, and that those men who forced the people on to such a sacrifice, and who have themselves in every age, poured forth princely blood far more abundantly, should not appear solely as accusers. Only two kings, both of them rather kings of the nobility than of the people, were sacrificed by the people, and that not in a time of peace, or to subserve petty interests, but in the extremest needs of war, when they saw themselves betrayed, and when they least spared their own blood. But certainly more than a thousand princes were treacherously slain, on account of avarice or frivolous interests, by the dagger, by the sword, and by the poison of nobility and priests. It really seems as though these castes regarded regicide as one of their privileges, and therefore bewail the more selfishly the death of Louis the XVI. and of CHARLES I. Oh ! that kings at last would perceive, that they, could live more safely as kings of the people, and protected by the law, than under the guard of their noble body-murderers.

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But not only have the heroes of our revolution and the revolution itself, been slandered, but even our entire age has been parodied with unheard-of wickedness, and if one hears or reads our vile traducers and scorners, then he will learn that the people are the *canaille*—the vile mob—that freedom is insolence, and with heaven-bent eyes and pious sighs, our enemies complain and bewail that we were frivolous and had, alas ! no religion. Hypocritical, sneaking souls, who creep about bent down beneath the burden of their secret vices, dare to vilify an age which is, perhaps, holier than any of its predecessors or successors, an age that sacrifices itself for the sins of the past and for the happiness of the future, a Messiah among centuries, which could hardly endure its bloody crown of thorns and heavy cross, did it not now and then trill a merry vaudeville, and crack a joke at the modern Pharisees and Sadducees. Its colossal pains would be intolerable without such jesting and persiflage ! Seriousness shows itself more majestically when laughter leads the way. And the age in this shows itself exactly like its children among the French, who have written very terrible, frivolous books, and yet have been very strong and serious when strength and seriousness were necessary, as for instance DU CLOS, and even LOUVET DE

COUVRAI, who both, when it came home to them, fought for freedom with the boldness of martyrs and with self-sacrifices, yet who wrote very trivially and lasciviously, and, alas! had no religion!

As if freedom were not as good a religion as any other! And since it is ours, we may, measuring with the same meter, declare its contemnners to be themselves frivolous and irreligious.

Yes, I repeat the words, with which I opened these pages: freedom is a new religion, the religion of our age. If CHRIST be no longer the God of this religion, he is nevertheless one of its high-priests, and his name shines consolingly into the hearts of the younger believers. But the French are the chosen race of the new religion, the first gospels and dogmas were penned in their language. Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan, which separates the land of liberty from the country of the *Philistines*.

CONCLUSION.

WRITTEN NOVEMBER 29, 1830.

It was in depressed times in Germany—times which were under arrest—when I wrote the second volume of the Pictures of Travel, and had it printed as I wrote. But before it appeared, something relative to it was whispered about; it was said that my book would encourage and awaken the cowed-down spirit of freedom, and that measures were being taken to suppress it. When such rumors were afloat, it was advisable to bring out the book as quickly as possible, and to drive it through the press. As it was necessary that it should contain a certain number of leaves, to escape the requisitions of the eminently estimable censorship, I followed the example of BENVENUTO CELLINI, who, when he, in founding his Perseus, found himself short of bronze, to supply the deficiency, and to fill up the mould, threw into the melted metal all the tin plates which he could find. It was, beyond question, easy enough to detect the difference between the tin—especially the tin termination of the book—and the better bronze; but any one who understood the business, would not betray the secrets of the workman.

But as everything in this world is liable to turn up again, so it came to pass that, in this very volume, I found myself again in the same

scrape, and I have been obliged to again throw some tin into the mould—let me hope that this renewed melting of baser metal will simply be attributed to the pressure of the times.

Ah! the whole book sprang from the pressue of the times, as did the similar tendency of earlier writings. The more intimate friends of the writer, who are acquainted with his private circumstances, know well how little his own vanity forced him to the tribune, and how great were the sacrifices which he was obliged to make for every independent word which he has spoken since then and—if God will!—which he still means to speak. Now-a-days, a word is a deed whose consequences cannot be measured, and no one knows whether he may not eventually appear as blood-witness for every word.

For years I have waited in vain for the words of those bold orators, who once in the meetings of the German Burschenschaft, so often claimed a hearing, who so often overwhelmed me with their rhetorical talent, and spoke a language spoken so oft before; they were then so forward in noise—they are now so backward in silence.* How they then reviled the French and the Southern Babel, and the un-German frivolous betrayers of the Fatherland, who praised French-dom. That praise verified itself in the great week!

Ah, the great week of Paris! The spirit of freedom, which was wafted thence over Germany, upset, of course, here and there, some night-lamps, so that the red curtains of sundry thrones took fire, and golden crowns grew hot under blazing night-caps; but the old catch-polls, in whom the royal police trusted, are already bringing out the fire-buckets, and now scent around all the more suspiciously and forge all the more firmly their secret chains, and I mark well that a far more impenetrable prison vault is being arched over the German people.

Poor imprisoned people! be not cast down in your need—Oh, that I could speak catapults! Oh, that I could shoot falaricas from my heart!

The aristocratic icy coat of reserve melts from my heart, a strange sorrow steals over me—is it love, and naught save love for the German race? Or is it sickness?—my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is an unfortunate occurrence for a writer, who should command his material, and remain nicely objective, as the schools of art require, and as GÖTTE himself did—he has grown to be eighty years old in so doing, and a minister, and portly at that—poor German race! that is thy greatest man!

* Sie waren sonst so vorlaut, und sind jetzt so nachstill.

